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TRUMPETS IN LOHENGRIN

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

HARK! 'Tis the golden trumpets of the dawn
Sounding the day!
Music, O Music fain!
From rosy reaches drawn,
And fall of silver rain,
Along the call how swift the sunrise streams!
Sound, sound again,
O magical refrain!
Peal on peal winding through the dewy air,
Peal on peal answering far off and fair,
Peal on peal bursting in victorious blare!
Sound, sound again,
With your delicious pain,
O wild sweet haunting strain,
Till the sky swell with hint of heavenly gleams
And the heart break with gladness loosed from dreams!

What buoyant spirit breathes the breath of morn
And earth's delight,
Trumpets, O trumpets blest!
Great voices, born
Of consecrated gest,
Across the ramparts ring and faint and fail!
O echoes, pressed
On some ethereal quest,
Touch all the joyance to a tearful dew,
With melancholy gathering o'er the blue—
Infinite hope, infinite sorrow, too!
And, heard, or guessed,
Sweet, sweet, O sweet and best,
Fall'n from some skyey crest,
O horns of heaven, give your hero hail,
Blown to him from the Kingdom of the Grail!

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By F. Marion Crawford

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. S. REINHART

THE first impression made by Bar Harbor at the height of its season upon the mind of one fresh from a more staid and crystallized civilization is that it is passing through a period of transition, in which there is some of the awkwardness which we associate with rapid growth, and something also of the youthful freshness which gives that very awkwardness a charm. The name of Mount Desert suggests, perhaps, a grim and forbidding cliff, frowning upon the pale waves of a melancholy ocean. Instead, the traveller who crosses the bay in the level light of an August afternoon looks upon the soft, rolling outline of wooded hills, on the highest of which a little hotel breaks the sky-line, upon a shore along which villas and cottages stretch on either side of a toy wooden village, which looks as though it were to be put away in a box at night, and upon the surrounding sea, an almost land-locked inlet, in which other islands, like satellites of Mount Desert, are scattered here and there. As the little steamer draws up to her moorings the groups of people waiting on the pier stand out distinctly, and the usual types detach themselves one by one. The clusters of hotel-runners and express-men are lounging listlessly until they shall be roused to clamorous activity by the landing of

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the first passenger; in knots and pairs, those serenely idle people of all ages, who, in all places and seasons, seem to find an ever-new amusement in watching the arrival of trains or boats, are as deeply interested as usual; the inevitable big and solemn dog, of nondescript breed and eclectic affections, is stalking about with an air of responsibility. And yet the little crowd is not quite like other gatherings on other piers. Girls in smart cotton frocks are sitting in shining little village carts, with grooms at their horses' sleek heads, wedged in between empty buckboards that look like paralyzed centipedes, the drivers of which wear clothes ranging from the livery of the large stables to the weather-bleached coat of the "native" from Cherryfield or Ellsworth, who has brought over his horse to take his share of the "rusticator's" ready money during the short season. There are no hotel omnibuses, no covered traps of any kind, as becomes a holiday place where winter and rough weather are enemies not meant to be reckoned with; everybody seems either to know everyone else, or not to care if he does not, and there is an air of cheerful informality about the whole scene which immediately makes one feel welcome and at home. In order not to be behind every self-respecting town throughout the Western world Bar Harbor has a Main Street, which plunges violently down a steep place toward the pier, and which is beautified for a short distance by a mushroom growth of tents and shanties, the summer home of the almond-eyed laundryman, the itinerant photographer with a specialty of tintypes, and the seller of weary-looking fruit, of sandwiches that have seen better days, and temperance drinks of gorgeous hues. Plymouth Rock also vaunts its "pants," and young ladies are recommended to grow up with Castoria. Then come the more necessary shops—the tinsmith's, at whose door a large bull-terrier benevolently grins all day; the tailor's, where one may study the fashions of New York filtered through Bangor; the china shop, where bright-colored lamp-shades spread themselves like great butterflies in the window, and the establishment of Mr. Bee, the locally famous and indispensable provider of summer literature, and of appropriate alleviations for the same, in the shape of caramels, cigarettes, and chewing-gum. Directly opposite stands a huge hotel, apparently closed or almost deserted, but evidently built in the years when the gnawing tooth of the national jig-saw grievously tormented all manner of wood-work, a melancholy relic of an earlier time when, as "Rodick's," it was almost another name for Bar Harbor itself. No lover of Bar Harbor has been found bold enough to say that Main Street is pretty; and yet, between ten and twelve o'clock on a summer's morning, it has a character, if not a beauty, of its own. Alongside of the "board walk," which takes the place of a pavement, the buckboards are drawn up, waiting to be hired; in some of them, often drawn by four horses, are parties of people, consisting usually of more women than men, as is becoming in New England, already starting upon one of the longer expeditions, and only stopping to collect a stray member or to lay in a stock of fruit and sugar-plums. Farmers' carts, with closed hoods like Shaker sunbonnets, are on their rounds from one cottage to another, meandering through the crowd, and driven with exasperating calmness by people who sit far back in their little tunnels, and cannot possibly see on either side of them to get out of anyone else's way. Then there are all sorts of light private traps, usually driven by women or girls bound on household errands or visits, and psychologically unbalanced between their desire to speak to the friends who meet them on foot, and their anxiety lest they should be forced to recognize the particular acquaintance on whom they are just going to call. Along the board walk there is a row of little shops, some of them scarcely larger than booths, the proprietors of which perch like birds of passage, pluming themselves in the sunshine of the brief season, and taking flight again before the autumn gales. In one window a lot of Turkish finery looks curiously exotic, especially the little slippers, gay with tassels and embroidery, turning up their pointed toes as if scorning the

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On the Corniche Road.

stouter footgear which tramps along outside. Another shop is bright with the crude colors of Spanish scarfs and pottery; in another, Japanese wares manage to keep their faint smell of the East in spite of the salt northern air, and farther on you may wonder at the misplaced ingenuity of Florida shell jewelry, and be fascinated by the rakish leer of the varnished alligator.

By one of the contrasts which make Bar Harbor peculiarly attractive, next door to these cosmopolitan shops there still thrives one of the indigenous general stores, where salt fish are sold, and household furniture and crockery, and the candy peculiar to New England stores and New York peanut stands, which keeps through all vicissitudes a vague odor of sawdust, and where you may also buy, as was once advertised by the ingenuous dealer, "baby carriages, butter, and paint."

Should you wish to give a message to a friend without the trouble of writing a note, the chances are more than even that you will find him or her any morning on the board-walk, or in the neighborhood of the post-office, for as there is no delivery at Bar Harbor, and as the mails are often delayed, there is ample opportunity to search for an acquaintance in the waiting crowd. Here also congregate the grooms in undress livery, with leather mail-bags slung under one arm, who have ridden in from the outlying cottages, and who walk their horses up and down, or exchange stable notes with their acquaintances; sailors from private yachts, usually big, fair Scandi-

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navians; mail orderlies from any men-of-war which may happen to be in port; boys and girls who do not find the waiting long, and all that mysterious tribe of people who look as if they could not possibly receive a dozen letters a year, and yet who are always assiduously looking out for them. As usual, the post-office is a loadstone for all the dogs in the village, and as there are many strangers among them, of all breeds and ages and tempers, walking round and round one another with stiff legs and bristling backs, unregenerate man is kept in tremulous expectation of a dog-fight as free as any in Stamboul. But somehow the fight rarely comes off, though the resident canine population has become fearfully and wonderfully mixed, through the outsiders who have loved and ridden away. One nondescript, especially, is not soon forgotten, a nightmare cross of a creature in which the curly locks and feathery tail of the spaniel are violently modified by the characteristic pointed breastbone and bandy legs of a dachs-hund.

Wandering through the streets of the little village one is struck again and again by the sharp contrast between what may be called the natural life of the place and the artificial conditions which fashion has imposed upon it. In some of the streets almost every house is evidently meant to be rented, the owners usually retiring to restricted quarters at the back, where they stow themselves away and hang themselves up on pegs until they may come into their own again. Here and there a native cottage has been bought and altered by a summer resident, and over the whole there is the peculiarly smug expression of a quarter which is accustomed to put its best foot foremost for a few months of the year. But in the back lanes and side-streets there are still the conditions of the small New England community, in which land is poor and work is slack during the long winter, so that although there is no abject poverty in the sense in which it is known to cities, there is also little time or inclination for the mere prettinesses of life. An element of the picturesque is supplied by an Indian camp, which used for years to be pitched in a marshy field known as Squaw Hollow; but with the advent of a Village Improvement Society certain new-fangled and disturbing ideas as to sanitary conditions obtained a hearing, and the Indians were banished to a back road out of the way of

Canoeing.

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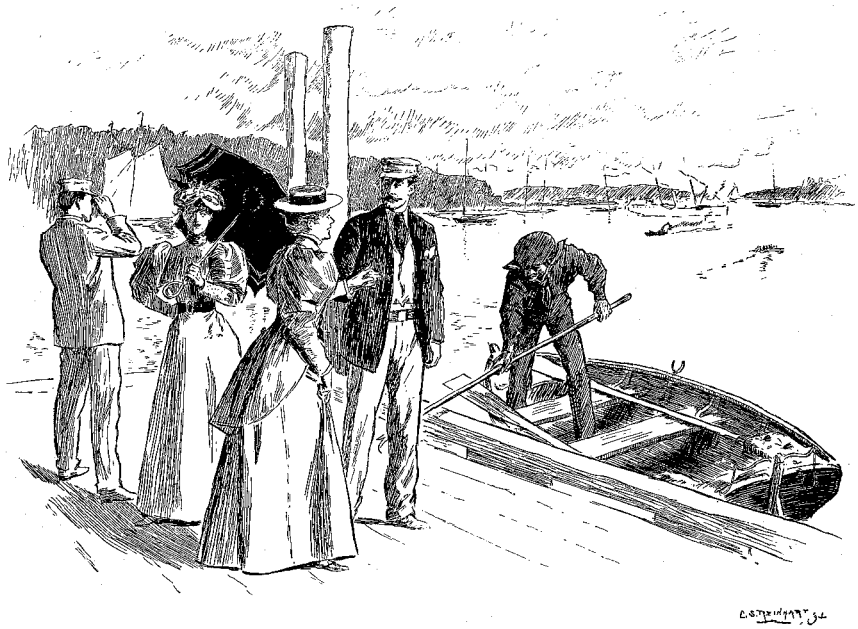
sensitive eyes and noses. They claim to be of the Passamaquoddy tribe, speak their own language, and follow the peaceful trades of basket-weaving, moccasin-making, and the building of birch-bark canoes. Their little dwellings—some of them tents, some of them shanties covered with tar-paper and strips of bark—are scattered about, and in the shadow of one of them sits a lady of enormous girth, who calls herself their queen, and who wears, perhaps as a badge of sovereignty, a huge fur cap even in the hottest weather. She is not less industrious than other "regular royal" queens, for she sells baskets, and tells fortunes even more flattering than the fabled tale of Hope. Some of the young men are fine, swarthy, taciturn creatures, who look as though they knew how to put a knife to other uses than whittling the frame of a canoe; but one does not feel tempted to rush upon Fate for the sake of any of the dumpy and greasy-looking damsels who will soon become like their even dumpier and greasier mothers. The whole encampment is pungent with the acrid smoke of green wood, and many children—round, good-natured balls of fat in all shades of yellow and brown—roll about in close friendship with queer little dogs, in which the absence of breed produces a family likeness. It is curious to see in the characteristic work of these people the survival of the instinctive taste of semi-savage races, and the total lack of it in everything else. The designs cut on the bark of their canoes, the cunningly blended colors in their basket-work, are thoroughly good in their way; but contact with a higher civilization seems to have affected them as it has the Japanese, turning their attention chiefly to making napkin-rings and collar-boxes, and to a hideous delight in tawdry finery, which is fondly, though distantly, modelled on current American fashions.



The Landing-Stage.

Bar Harbor drinks the cup of summer standing. In mid-April the snow may lie six feet deep, and before the end of October long icicles are often hanging on the north side of the rocks, while even in August the northern lights shoot up their quivering, spectral spears from the horizon to the zenith. Some fierce days of heat there are in July, but on the whole the tem-

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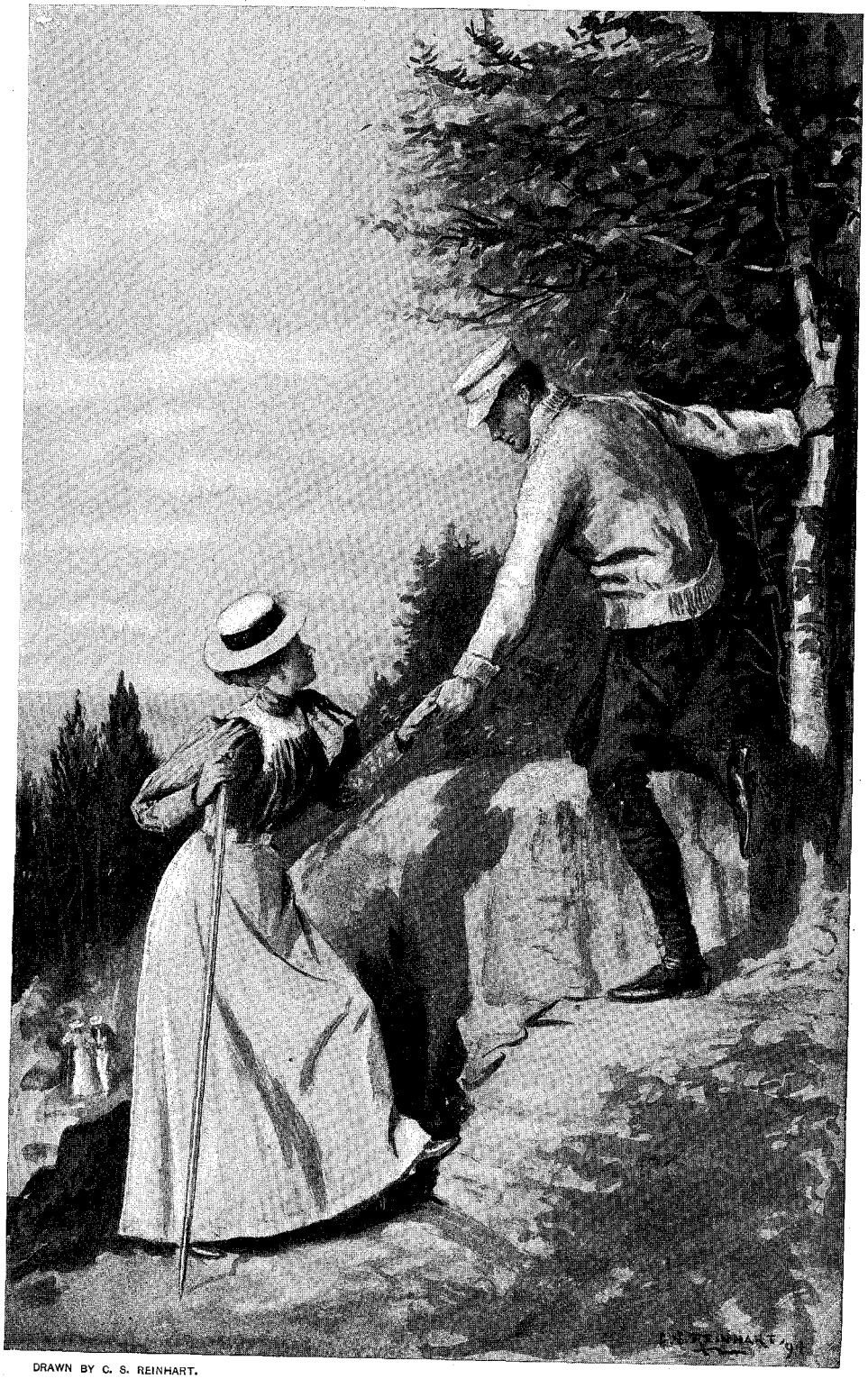

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

Climbing Newport Mountain.

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perature is decidedly arctic, especially to one accustomed to a less rigorous climate. In New York we are used to having the kindly fruits of the earth brought to us long before their natural season, and it sounds strangely to be told at Bar Harbor that the first garden strawberries may be looked for about the fourth of July, and that June lilies will bloom early in August; but such trifles only give one a feeling of chasing the summer, as climate-fanciers follow the spring, and are certainly not to be reckoned as grievances. The people who have a certain very slight right to complain are the artists, who, having heard of the beauties of Mount Desert, come prepared to carry away at least a reminder of them on canvas or paper. They find that they have fallen upon a spot almost entirely deficient in what painters term "atmosphere," and of which the characteristic effects almost defy reproduction. In what is known as a "real Bar Harbor day" the air is so thin and clear that there seem to be no distant effects, and objects lose their relative values. The sea is of a darker blue than the sky, and the rocks are very red or very gray, and the birches are of a brighter green than the firs, which stand out against the sky with edges as sharp as those of the tightly curled trees on wooden stands in the toy Swiss farm-yards dear to our youth. But that is all. Even the clouds seem to abjure mystery and take definite outlines; the water is spangled with shining points where the light breeze ruffles it, and one can see every patch on the sail of the old fishing-schooner making her leisurely way to her anchorage. Any attempt at a faithful rendering of such dry brilliancy is apt to have a fatal likeness to a chromo-lithograph, and the artist usually ends by leaving his paint-box at home, and giving himself up to enjoyment of the keen air that tingles through his veins like wine.

The truthful chronicler is forced to admit that the climate of Bar Harbor has two drawbacks—high wind and fog, one usually following the other. Out of a clear sky, without a cloud, while the sun grins away derisively overhead, a southwest gale will often blow a whole day, filling the village streets with stinging dust and the whirling disks of vagrant hats, and making the little fleet of catboats and launches in the harbor duck and strain at their moorings; turning venturesome girls who try to walk into struggling pillars of strangely twisted drapery, and even in the heart of the warm woods tearing at the crowded trees so that they sigh and creak as they rub their weary old limbs against one another. The second day is gray and cloudy, on the third it rains, but still the wind blows, a nervous wind that makes one long to pick a quarrel with one's best friend. And then the wind drops as suddenly as it rose, and

"Landed."

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A Yachting Party.

the next day all discomfort, past and to come, is forgotten for awhile in sheer delight of beauty. For the air is still, and the sun shines gently on a dull green sea over which little shivers run now and then, and far in the offing there is the gray line of a fog-bank. Slowly it comes in with the southeast wind, stealing along the surface of the water, now closing softly round an island, then rising from it like a wreath of smoke, here piled into a fleecy mass, there turned to silver and scattered by a sunbeam, but coming on and on, and creeping up and up, until the trees on the Porcupines have their feet in the clouds like Wagnerian heroes; and presently they also are hidden, and the whole harbor is swathed in a soft cloud, from the depths of which come now and then the muffled, anxious whistles of the little steamers which ply about the bay—the Silver Star, from Winter Harbor; the Cimbria, from Bangor; and louder and deeper, the hoarse note of the Sappho as she feels her way across with passengers from the ferry. When the oldest inhabitant is asked how long a fog may last he will shake his head, shift his quid, and decline to commit himself. There is a legend of a young man who came in on a yacht some years

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ago, duly prepared to enjoy himself and admire the scenery. His skipper groped his way to an anchorage in a mist so dense that he could not see fifty feet ahead or astern; the luckless young man went about for nine mortal days, swathed in a soft, smothering blanket; on the tenth day he sailed away, still in a thick fog, and swearing mighty oaths. Even when the fog lies over the bay the air may be quite clear inland, and after a drive among the hills it is a curious sensation to come back to the shore. In the wooded uplands all is sunny and cheerful, but when the village is reached a cold breath is stealing through it as though the door of an ice-house had been left open, and on turning down a side-street a gray wall of mist blots out trees and shore alike.

To anyone not familiar with it, catboat sailing in a thick fog does not suggest itself as an amusement. It has a strong attraction of its own, however, for the breeze is usually steady, and the entire obliteration of the familiar landmarks gives an element of uncertainty and adventure. The course must be steered by the compass, and it is necessary to have accurate notes of the local bearings. If the harbor is at all crowded the little boat feels her way out slowly, close-hauled, as carefully as though she were alive; but once in the freer water the sheet is started, and she slips forward into infinite mystery. Every sense is strained to take the place of sight, which is baffled and almost useless in the thickly pressing veil that now and then grows thinner for a moment, only to close in again more densely. The sharp lapping of the water against the sides of the boat, the wash of the rising tide upon some island, the shrill scream of a gull overhead, the whistle of a launch astern in the harbor — all these make to themselves echoes, and by and by the far-off beat of a side-wheel steamer throbs with a great palpitation in the stillness. Boats which ply for profit or sail for pleasure are apt to make noise enough in a fog; but the fishermen give themselves less trouble, and slipping along, ghost-like, one may be suddenly aware of a larger and darker phantom ahead, to which it is wise to give a respectfully wide berth, without insisting too much upon the privileges of the starboard tack and the possible right of way, when the water is over-cold for much swimming. There does not seem to be any particular reason for ever turning back, when one is not bound for any visible point, and you may dream your dream out before you come about and run free for the harbor again. The fog is, if anything, thicker than when you started, and it is no easy matter to find your berth; but the boat seems to "kinder smell her way," as an old sailor once remarked in a like case, and at last she bumps gently against her mooring-buoy.

The most beautiful effects of fog at Bar Harbor are to be seen from Newport Hill, which is about a thousand feet high, and is a mile or two out of the village. At first the path leads upward among thick woods, through which the sunlight falls in yellow patches, and where the squirrels chatter angrily from the spruce boughs. This part of the way is very pretty, though it is apt to be warm, and in early summer the black flies make succulent meals on the nape of the pilgrim's neck. A little farther on, the path leads out over broad open stretches of granite rock, scratched and furrowed by a primeval glacier, with scrubby tufts of mountain laurel growing in the stony hollows, and blueberry bushes holding on for dear life everywhere. Oddly enough, it is the easiest thing in the world to lose the path, although it has been considerately marked with a line of small cairns, which, however, are set at varying distances apart, often as far as a couple of hundred feet each from the next, and are built up of fragments of the rock itself, so that they are hard to distinguish in a failing light. To miss the path means wandering aimlessly over the slippery rock-slopes, or striking down the hill-side through the almost impenetrable underbrush, with the further penalty, especially if one happen to have a companion of the other sex, of being unmercifully jeered at; for to have lost one's way on Newport Mountain is as well-worn an excuse at Bar Harbor as

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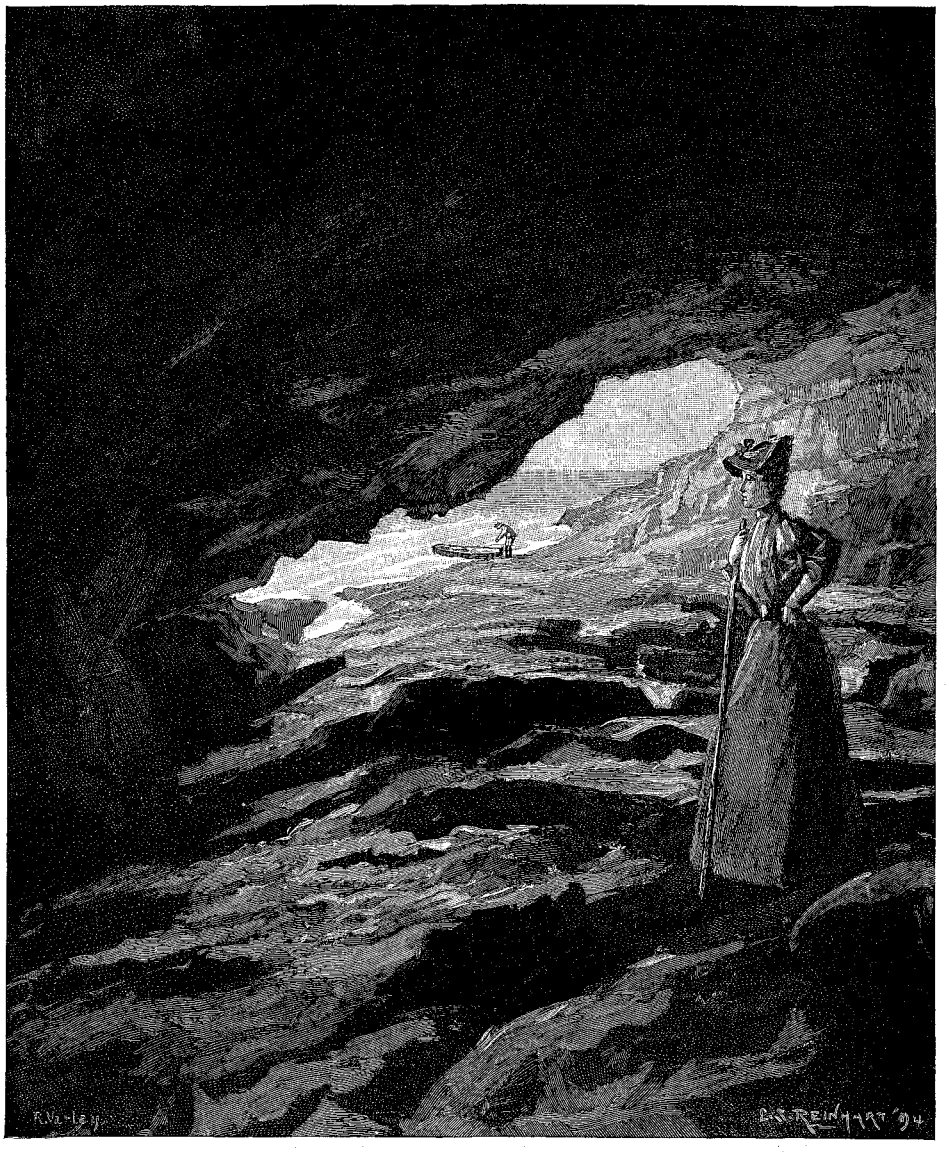

Anemone Cave.

it is, in town, to say that one's cab did not come. Once fairly at the top, and having conscientiously looked at the view all round, there is no lack of sheltered corners for smoke and contemplation. On the one hand the open sea stretches out, a sheet of gray steel, with great patches of speckled froth and foam here and there, near the shore, like white leopard skins, flung off by the grim puritan rocks that will have none of such heathenish adorning. On the other hand the mainland stretches its cruel, jagged line beyond Schoodic, and the lighthouse on Egg Rock stands up straight as a sentinel to guard the bay. Two or three big men-of-war lying in the harbor might be taken for neat models of themselves, and the little craft moving about them are like water-beetles or flitting white moths. But the sea has changed suddenly, and it shivers all over as though the cold water could feel yet colder, and all at once the fog-

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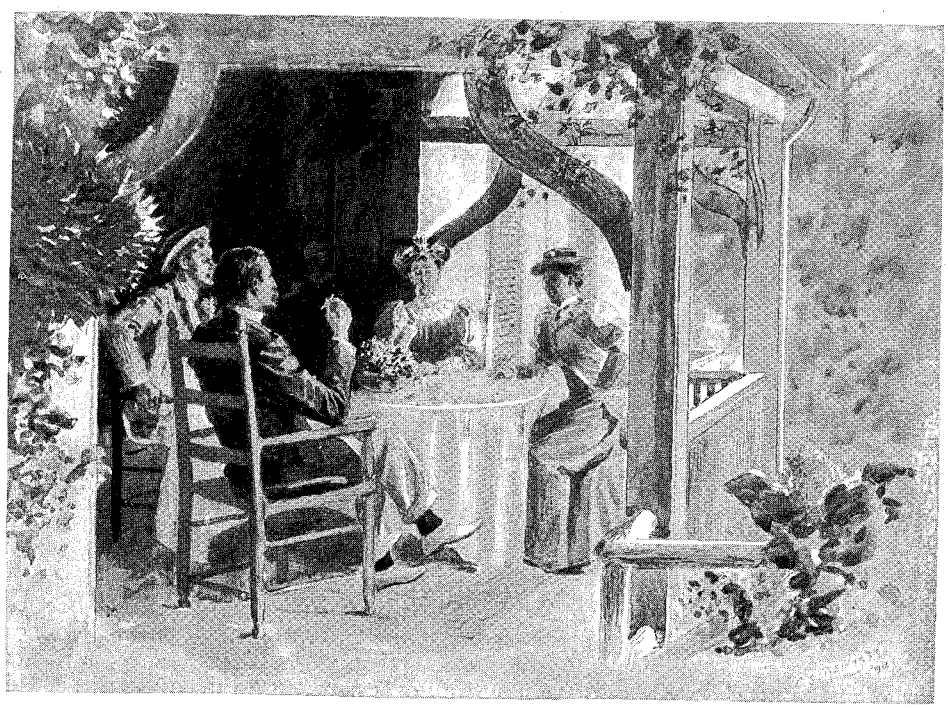
bank that has been lying so innocently outside begins to unfold itself and steal forward over the surface. There does not seem to be much air above, and the trees on the Porcupines are still free. But on the right all is very different. Through the deep gorge or cleft between Newport and Dry Mountain, into which the sun has been beating all day, the chilly fog-wind now draws hard, and the fleecy cloud pours after it. Nothing, perhaps, could be less like the stern side of Dry Mountain than the gracious sweep of Mount Ida, and yet, as one looks, the lines of Tennyson's "Œnone" rise to the memory:

"The swimming vapor slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn."

But you will do well not to loiter too long yourself, for gray cairns are ill to find in a gray mist, and you had better gain the woods by the time the top of Newport is swathed in cloud as though it were a real grown-up mountain.

Mount Desert is lucky in its proper names of places, having been discovered as a summer resort late enough to escape the semi-classical namings of "Baths" and "Mirrors" and "Bowers," which have sentimentalized the rocks and pools of the White Mountains. A few French words still linger as a reminder of the time when Louis XIV. gave the original grant to the Sieur de la Motte Cadillac; but most of them, like Hull's Cove and Town Hill, have an honest colonial American ring, while about Pretty Marsh Harbor there is a certain echo of romance, and "Junk o' Pork" and "Rum Key," two little islands, or rather rocks, in the bay, have a very nautical, and even piratical, suggestiveness. At the first glance the island, on a map, reminds one somewhat of the dejected lamb which hangs by his middle in the order of the Golden Fleece. The deep indentation is Somes's Sound, running far inland, with Somesville at its head, a quiet New England village, with a white meeting-house, and many other houses, most of them also white, and standing among gnarled apple-trees, in a gentle, dozing tranquillity from which the place is roused when parties drive over from Bar Harbor to eat broiled



Cottage Life — a Luncheon Party.

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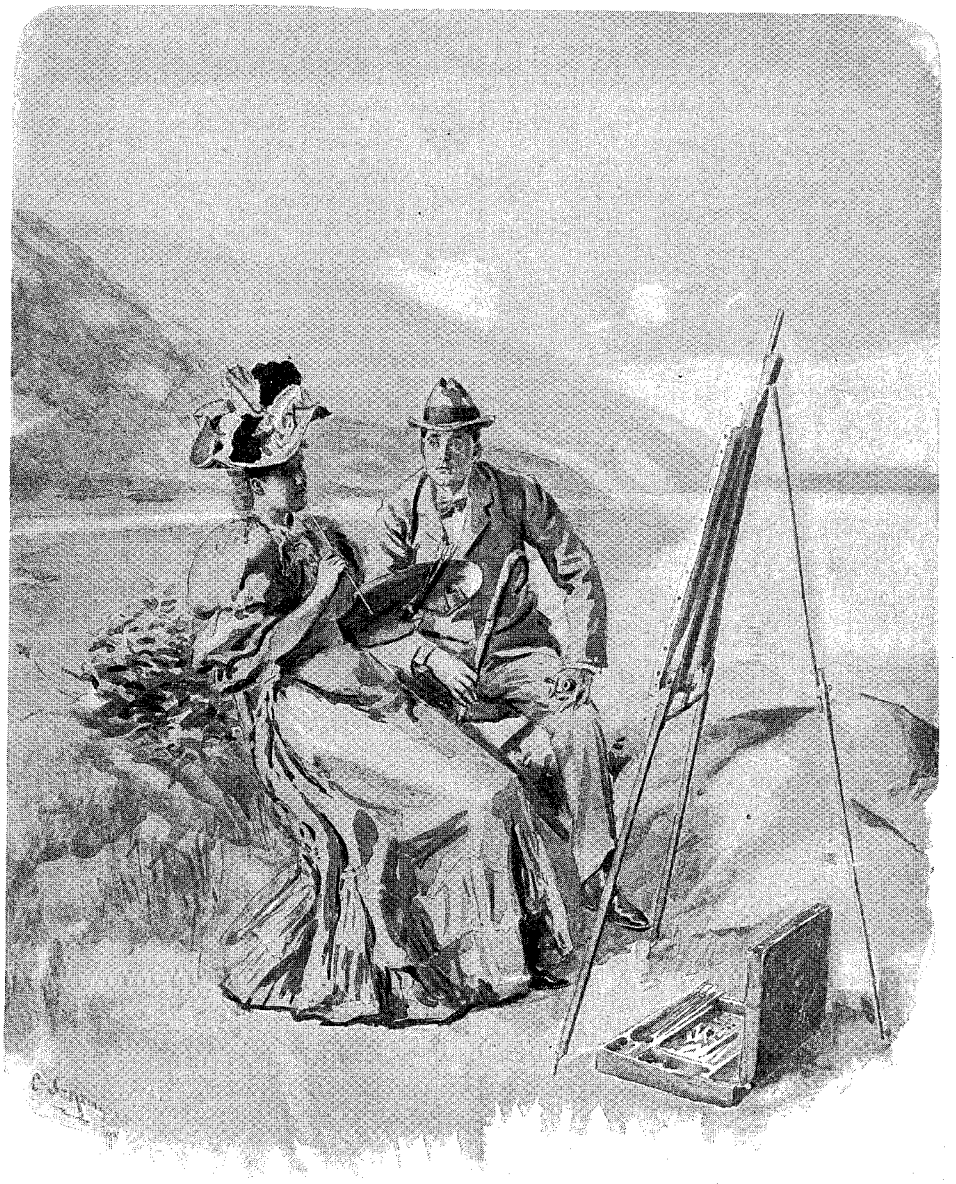

Eagle Lake.

chickens and "pop-overs" at the local hotel, and to drive back by moonlight —expeditions which are considered to have sufficient local color to entitle them to notice, without omission of the pop-overs, in Baedeker's recent "Guide to the United States." In the neighborhood of Somesville the characteristics of the native population are much more noticeable than at Bar Harbor, only eight miles away, where a watering-place has been grafted on a fishing village. At some time or other in his life almost every islander seems to have followed the sea; the man who drives your buckboard may have been more than once to China, and it is extremely likely that the farmer who brings you your green peas has been tossed for many a week of hours in a crazy dory off the

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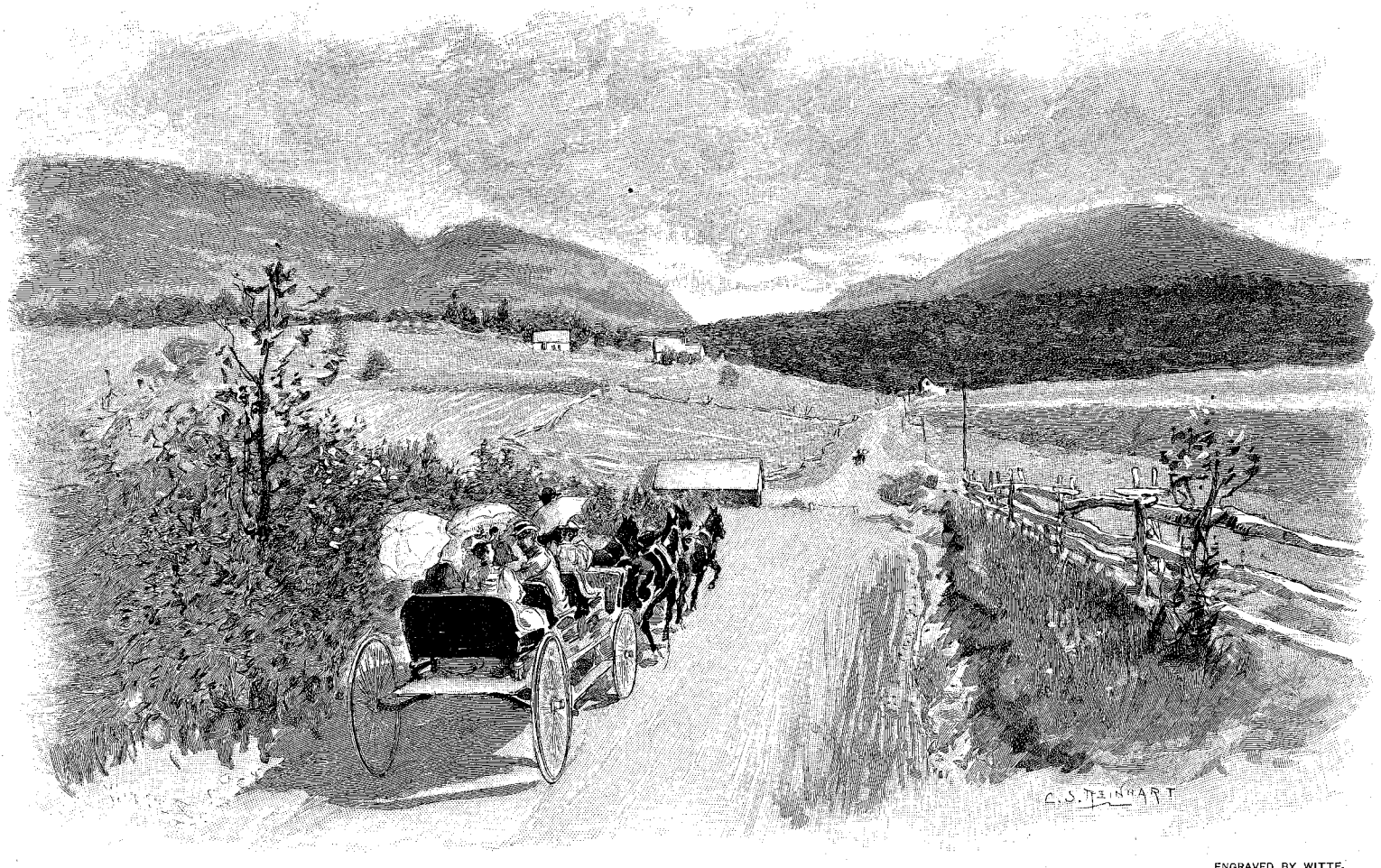

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

A Buckboard Party.

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deadly Banks, which cost us every year so many lives. In nearly every home there is some keepsake from far away lands, some tribute from arctic or tropic seas, and when at last an old captain makes up his mind to stay ashore it is certain that there will be something about his house to show his former calling—a pair of huge whale-ribs on either side of the front door, flowers growing in shells that have held the murmur of the Indian Ocean, and, instead of a cock or banner, a model of some sort of boat perched on the barn for a weather-vane. That a sailor-man is a handy man is true the world over, but the Maine man seems to have an especial knack with wood, from the lumber-camp to the cabinetmaker's bench, and many a carpenter working by the day will turn out a well-finished sideboard or an odd piece of artistic furniture from the roughest sort of pencil sketch. They are good smiths, too, and the best of their wrought-iron recalls the breadth and freedom of the early German and Italian work.

Society at Bar Harbor does not now differ in any particularly salient manner from good society anywhere else, except that it is rather more cosmopolitan. When the guests at a small dinner or luncheon may have come from New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, and Chicago, it is impossible that the conversation should fall into that jargon of a clique which often makes the talk of the most centralized society, like that of Paris or London, seem narrow and provincial to the unfortunate outsider. One amusing survival of the simpler early days is the habit of going out in the evening in uncovered traps. There are a few private broughams, but if you are dining out, and happen to reach the house as a lady drives up, the chances are that you will help her to alight from an open buckboard, her smart French frock shrouded in a long cloak, and her head more or less muffled and protected. One or two of the livery-stables have hacks which must have been very old when they were brought from Bangor, and which now hold together almost by a miracle. A year or two ago one of them could never be sent out without two men on the box, not indeed for the sake of lending the turn-out any fictitious splendor, but because one of them had to "mind the door," which was broken, and could neither be shut nor opened by any one inside. If two or three entertainments take place on the same night there is telephoning loud and long for these antediluvian vehicles, as the only other alternative is to take a sort of carry-all with leather side-curtains which have a treacherous way of blowing open and dropping small water-spouts down the back of one's neck.

It would be out of place for a mere visitor to launch into predictions regarding the social future of Bar Harbor. But one thing at least seems certain—it can never be in any sense a rival to Newport. The conditions which make the summer life of the latter more brilliant than that of any other watering-place in the world, mark it also as the playground of a great commercial metropolis, and a large proportion of its pleasure-seekers would not dare to be eighteen hours distant from New York, as they must be at Bar Harbor, until our means of getting about shall be singularly improved.

Then there are not the opportunities for display of riches and for social competition which already exist at Newport. The villas and cottages are scattered and isolated; there is no convenient central point of general meeting, and the roads are too hilly for any but light American carriages. Some victorias manage to trundle about, but the horses which draw them, or hold back their weight, look far from comfortable, and although occasional coaches have made a brief appearance they have not been a success, as on most of the thickly wooded roads their passengers are in danger of the fate of Absalom. There is an Ocean Drive which is fine in parts, and another road runs above the upper bay, seeming in some places to overhang the water, and affording a charming view of the Gouldsboro' hills on the mainland; but on the whole there are few roads. There is no turf on which to ride, and the pleasure of keeping horses, except as a convenient means of getting from one place to another, is limited. But there is always the sea, and to that one comes back with a love that is ever

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new. Men who know what they are talking about say that Frenchman's Bay is apt to be dangerous for small craft, on account of the sudden squalls which come over the hills and drop on the water like the slap of a tiger's paw, and it would certainly be hard to find a place in which there can be at the same time such an amiable diversity of winds. It is not at all uncommon to see two schooners within a couple of miles of each other, both running close-hauled or both before the wind, but on the same tack and in opposite directions. Another experience, familiar but always trying, consists in starting with a light but steady southeast breeze which feels as if it would hold through the morning, but which drops out suddenly and completely within half an hour, leaving one bobbing and broiling in a flat calm, until, without warning, it begins to blow hard from some point of the west. Sometimes there is a good sailing breeze at night when the moon is near the full, and to be on the water then is an enchantment. The glistening wake has here and there a shining point of phosphorescence; the familiar lines of the islands are softened with a silver haze; and the whole scene has a certain poetic quality which the positive beauty of daylight cannot lend to it. One is reminded of a woman of the world whom one has known as always sure of herself and almost hard, until in a moment of weariness, of weakness, or of sadness, of fatigue or despondency, the gentler nature glimmers under the mask.

Entirely apart from the question of exercise nothing perhaps affords such lasting amusement at Bar Harbor as rowing, for it rarely blows so hard that one cannot get out, and one is independent of calms and master of one's own time. All along the shore the granite rocks come down to the edge of the water, which in many places lies deep under sheer cliffs. The tide rises and falls about a dozen feet, and one may do duller things on a hot morning than pull slowly, very slowly, along in the shade at half-tide, watching the starfish that hold on to the face of the rock with their red hands, and the brown weed rising and falling as the water swings slowly back and forth. If the tide is not too high one may explore the moderately thrilling recesses of the caves which abound on some of the islands, and if the hour is not too late one may have agreeable converse with some old gentleman who has been visiting his lobster-pots, and who has probably sailed every known sea in his time. Of late years several of our ships of war have been at Bar Harbor every summer, and more than once a whole squadron; and the yachts of the New York and Eastern Clubs put in either separately or in little parties. While they are in port the harbor is gay with bunting and laughter and music, and as one sits on the deck of a yacht in the evening the lights of the village, as they go straggling up the hill and along the shore, have a very foreign look, and the cardboard masses of its wooden hotels loom up as if they were really substantial habitations.

After being a few days at Bar Harbor one begins to feel some curiosity about the phases through which it must have passed. There are now a number of cottages, most of them simple, with here and there a few that are more elaborate, and about a dozen hotels, three or four of which seem to be always full and prosperous, while some others find it at least worth their while to keep open; but there are still others which have frankly given up the game, and are permanently closed and for sale, though no one seems anxious to buy them. Yet they must have been needed when they were built in the bygone days, which were not long ago, and after exhausting a friend or two with questions one learns that Bar Harbor already has a past which does not seem likely to repeat itself. It was discovered nearly thirty years ago by a few artists and students roaming, like Dr. Syntax, in search of the picturesque, and most of them, if they survive, can be moved to rage like the heathen, even at the present day, by reminding them that they could then have bought land for a song by the acre where it now sells by the foot. A few comfort themselves with the reflection that they were only rich in youth and strength in those days, and had no money wherewith to buy land anywhere. Year by year the

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fame of Bar Harbor spreads far and wide, and as one hotel became too crowded another sprang up beside it, until about twelve years ago the place was in the full height of popularity. The few private houses were extremely simple, and nearly everybody lived either in the hotels or in little wooden cottages with no kitchens. The cottagers had to go to one of the hotels for their food, and were known as "mealers" if they were near enough to walk, and "hauled mealers" if they had to be collected with a cart. The little houses were very uncomfortable, and the things to eat at the hotels very bad. Biscuits and preserves formed an appreciable part of the visitor's luggage, and the member of a table who could and would make good salad-dressing became a person of importance, for fresh lobsters and stringy chickens could be bought cheap, and a judicious regular subsidy to the hotel cook was an excellent investment. If one was asked to dine at a private house it was thought better taste not to boast of it beforehand, nor to talk of it overmuch afterward, and the host on his part always expected to provide enough food to satisfy a crew of famished sailors. For several seasons men rarely wore evening dress, and such unusual occasions required previous consultation and discussion, lest one man should seem to be more formal or ostentatious than the rest. This was among the quieter "cottage colony," but at the large hotels, of which Rodick's was the most popular, there was little question of sumptuary laws, and at the occasional "hops" young fellows in flannels and knickerbockers were the partners of pretty girls gay in the fresh finery which a woman seems able always to carry in the most restricted luggage.

The principal characteristic of the place was an air of youth—it did not seem as if any one could ever be more than twenty-five years old. Parties of half a dozen girls were often under the nominal care of one chaperon, generally chosen because she was good-natured and not too strict, but as a matter of fact the young people protected themselves and one another. Large picnic parties frequently went off for the day in buckboards, and there is a lonely sheet of water among the hills, called Eagle Lake, which used to be a favorite goal for afternoon expeditions. There were canoes and row-boats to be had, and in the evening supper was obtainable, and better than in the Bar Harbor hotels, at a little tavern where the prohibition laws of the State were defied. The usual result followed, and very bad things to drink were sold at very high prices, after paying which the party came home, making the woodroads ring with laughter and singing. That is all changed now. The tavern is burnt down, a great wooden box in the lake marks the sluice which takes the village water-supply, people only cross it on the way to Jordan's Pond, and on moonlight nights it hears but the occasional splash of a fish, or now and then the wild laughter of the loon. Although parties were popular enough, the pairs who happened to have a temporary affinity were generally in each other's company all day long, wandering over the hills, rowing or paddling on the bay, or sitting on the rocks and islands, each pair out of ear-shot of the next. On any one of the "Porcupines" there were always sure to be two or three row-boats or canoes drawn up on the little beach; and, as many of their navigators were not used to so high a tide-rise, the skiffs frequently floated off, and it was part of the boatmen's regular business to pick them up and rescue the helpless couples to whom they belonged. In the evenings when there was moonlight the sight on the bay was really charming. The meal called tea at the hotels tempted no one to linger over it, and as soon as it was over the board-walk was alive with boys and girls hurrying down to the landing-stages, the young man in light flannels, sunburnt and strong, with his companion's bright shawl flung over one shoulder, while the maiden pattered along beside him, her white frock drawn up over a gay striped petticoat, after the fashion of those days, and often her own special paddle in her hand, perhaps with her initials carved carefully thereon and filled in with sealing-wax, rubbed smooth. Then there was a scramble at the floats, and a few minutes later the harbor was

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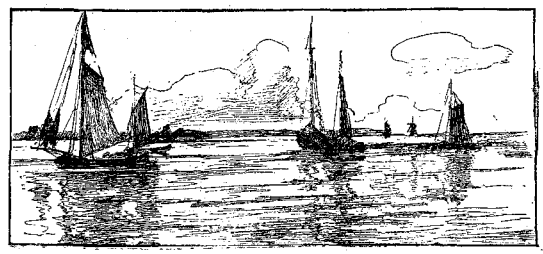
covered with boats and canoes, while those who were crowded out consoled themselves by sitting on the rocks along the shore. Slowly each little craft drew away from its neighbor on the quiet water, the young man pulling lazily or wielding the paddle silently with sweeping strokes of his bare brown arm—the girl sitting luxuriously in the stern-sheets, or on a deer-skin in the bottom of the canoe. The sun went down toward Hull's Cove; and as the red glow faded on the upper bay and the moon rose behind Schoodic, twilight merging into moonlight, the rippling note of a girl's laughter or the twang of a banjo ran softly over the water, a white speck showed where a boat was beached on the shingle of an island, while another floated like a black bar into the silver wake of the moon. Late in the evening the boats came in, one by one, and for those who could afford it there were little supper-parties at Sproul's restaurant, while others contented themselves with mild orgies of biscuits, jam, and the sticky but sustaining caramel. The famous "fish-pond" at Rodick's was a large hall in which the young people used to assemble after breakfast and the early dinner, and in which the girls were supposed to angle for their escorts. It must have been a curious sight. Some of the prettiest girls in all the country were gathered together there, and the soft vowels of the South mingled with the decided consonants of the Westerner. As a school of manners the fish-pond had its drawbacks for young men. They were always rather in the minority, and a good-looking college boy was as much run after as a marriageable British peer, with no ulterior designs, however, on the part of his pursuers, but only the frank determination to "have a good time." People who belonged to the elders even then, and bore the mark of the frump, still tell how startling it was to see a youth sitting on the broad counter of the office and swinging his legs, with his polo cap on the back of his head, while two of the prettiest girls in the world stood and talked to him, in smiling unconsciousness of his rudeness. Of course such conditions were only possible in a society which still had traditions of a time not very remote, when boys and girls had tramped to and from the village meeting-house and singing-school together, and on the whole it does not seem that any particular harm came of it at all. A few imprudent early marriages, a large number of short-lived betrothals, kisses many, and here and there a heartache would sum up the record of a summer at Bar Harbor in the old days. The young men got over their heartaches and married girls whom they would have thought slow at Mount Desert; the beauty of the board walk married a quiet man who had not been there, and advised her mother not to let her younger sister go, and after a while the newspaper correspondent began to accumulate the stock of stories about summer girls and engagement rings, on which he has been drawing ever since. The quiet people who liked the climate got tired of living on fried fish and lemon pie, and built themselves houses in chosen spots, with kitchens, and each of them is convinced, and ready to maintain, that he occupies the most thoroughly desirable spot on the island. Fortunately, so far as that is concerned, the wanderer is not called upon to decide where owners disagree, and with happy impartiality he may put away his visit, with all its associations, in the safe cupboard of his pleasant memories.



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LITTLE DARBY

By Thomas Nelson Page

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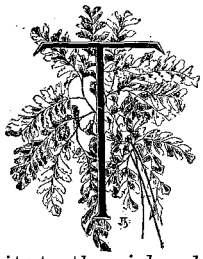

THE county had been settled as a "frontier" in early colonial days, and when it ceased to be frontier, settlement had taken a jump beyond it, and in a certain sense over it, to the richer lands of the Piedmont. When later on steam came, the railway simply cut across it at its narrowest part, and then skirted along just inside its border on the bank of the little river which bounded it on the north, as if it intentionally left it to one side. Thus modern progress did not greatly interfere with it either for good or bad, and its development was entirely natural.

It was divided into "neighborhoods," a name in itself implying something both of its age and origin, for the population was old, and the customs of life and speech were old likewise.

This chronicle, however, is not of the "neighborhoods," for they were known, or may be known by anyone who will take the trouble to plunge boldly in and throw himself on the hospitality of any of the dwellers in them. It is rather of the unknown tract, which lay vague and undefined in between the several neighborhoods of the upper end. The history of the former is known both in peace and in war, in the pleasant homesteads which lie on the hills above the little rivers which make down through the county to join the great river below, and in the long list of those who fell in battle, and whose names are recorded on the slabs set up by their comrades on the walls of the old court-house. The history of the latter, however, is unrecorded. The lands were in the main very poor and grown up in pine, or else, where the head-waters of a little stream made down in a number of "branches," were swampy and malarial. Possibly it was this poverty of the soil or unwholesomeness of their location which, more than anything else, kept the people of this district somewhat distinct from others around them, however poor they might be. They dwelt in their little cabins among their pines, or down on the edges of the swampy district, distinct both from the gentlemen of their old plantations and from the sturdy farmer-folk who owned the small places. What title they had to their lands, or how they traced it back, or where they had come from, no one knew. They had been there from time immemorial, as long, or longer if anything, than the owners of the plantations about them; and insignificant as they were, they were not the kind to attempt to question, even had anyone been inclined to do so, which no one was. They had the names of the old English gentry, many of them, and were a clean-limbed, blond, blue-eyed people.

When they were growing to middle age their life told on them and made them weather-beaten, and in the main hard-visaged; but when they were young there were often among them straight, supple, young fellows with clear-cut features, and lithe, willowy-looking girls, with blue, or brown, or hazel eyes, and a mien which one might expect to find in a hall rather than in a cabin. Some of them cultivated, with a single little bull or mule, little places, hardly more than "patches," around their houses or down on the branches, where the thin land was better than elsewhere; and others lived by hunting, trapping, fishing, doing odd jobs for the farmers about, and Heaven knew how—a poor enough living anyway.

Darby Stanley and Cove Mills (short for Coverley) were the leaders of the rival factions of the district. They lived as their fathers had lived before them, on opposite sides of the little creek, the branches of which crept

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through the alder and gum thickets between them, and contributed to make the district almost as impenetrable to the uninitiated as a mountain fastness. The long log-cabin of the Cove Millses, where room had been added to room, in a straight line, until it looked like the side of a log fort, peeped from its pines across at the clearing where the hardly more pretentious home of Darby Stanley was set back amid a little orchard of ragged peach-trees, and half hidden under a great wisteria vine. But though the two places lay within rifle-shot of each other, they were almost as completely divided as if the big river below had rolled between them. Since the great fight between old Darby and Cove Mills over Henry Clay, there had rarely been an election in which some members of the two families had not had a "clinch." They had to be thrown together sometimes "at meeting," and their children now and then met down on the river fishing, or at "the Washing Hole," as the deep place in the little stream below, where the branches ran together, was called; but they held themselves as much aloof from each other as their higher neighbors, the Hampdens and the Douwills, did on their plantations, where the double line fences ran side by side for a mile, because they would not have a joint partition fence between them. The children, of course, would "run together," as any other young animals would have done; nor did the parents take steps to prevent them, sure that they would, as they grew up, take their own sides as naturally as they themselves had done in their day. Meantime "children were children," and they need not be worried with things like grown-up folk.

When Aaron Hall died and left his little farm and all his small belongings to educate free the children of his poor neighbors, the farmers about availed themselves of his benefaction, and all the children for six miles around used to attend the little school which was started in the large, hewn-log schoolhouse on the roadside known as "Hall's Free School." Few people knew the plain, homely, hard-working man, or wholly understood him. Some thought him stingy, some weak-minded, some only queer, and at first his benefaction was hardly comprehended; but in time quite a little oasis began about the little fountain, which the poor farmer's bequest had opened under the big oaks by the wayside, and gradually its borders extended, until finally it penetrated as far as the district, and Cove Mills's children appeared one morning at the door of the little school-house, and with sheepish faces and timid voices, informed the teacher that their father had sent them to school. At first there was some debate over at Darby Stanley's place whether they should show their contempt for the new departure of the Millses, by standing out against them, or should follow their example. It was hard for a Stanley to have to follow a Mills in anything, so they stood out for a year. As it seemed, however, that the Millses were getting something to which the Stanleys were as much entitled as they, one morning Little Darby Stanley walked in at the door, and without taking his hat off announced that he had come to go to school. He was about fifteen at the time, but he must have been nearly six feet (his sobriquet being wholly due to the fact that Big Darby was older, not taller), and though he was spare, there was something about his face as he stood in the open door, or his eye as it rested defiantly on the teacher's face, which prevented more than a general buzz of surprise.

"Take off your hat," said the teacher, and he took it off slowly. "I suppose you can read?" was the first question.

"No." A snicker ran around the room, and Little Darby's brow clouded.

As he not only could not read, but could not even spell, and in fact did not know his letters, he was put into the alphabet class, the class of the smallest children in the school.

Little Darby walked over to the corner indicated with his head up, his hands in his pockets, and a roll in his gait full of defiance, and took his seat on the end of the bench and looked straight before him. He could hear the titter around him, and a lowering look came into his blue eyes. He glanced sideways down the bench. It happened

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that the next seat to his was that of Vashti Mills, who was at that time just nine. She was not laughing, but was looking at Darby earnestly, and as he caught her eye she nodded to him "Good-mornin'." It was the first greeting the boy had received, and though he returned it sullenly it warmed him, and the cloud passed from his brow and presently he looked at her again. She handed him a book. He took it and looked at it as if it were something that might explode.

He was not an apt scholar; perhaps he had begun too late; perhaps there was some other cause; but though he could swim better, climb better, and run faster than any boy in the school, or, for that matter, in the county, and knew the habits of every bird that flitted through the woods and of every animal that lived in the district, he was not good at his books. His mind was on other things. When he had spent a week over the alphabet, he did not know a letter as such, but only by the places on the page they were on, and gave up when "big A" was shown him on another page, only asking how in the dickens "big A" got over there. He pulled off his coat silently whenever ordered and took his whippings like a lamb, without a murmur and almost without flinching, but every boy in the school learned that it was dangerous to laugh at him; and though he could not learn to read fluently or to train his fingers to guide a pen, he could climb the tallest pine in the district to get a young crow for Vashti, and could fashion all sorts of curious whistles, snares, and other contrivances with his long fingers.

He did not court popularity, was rather cold and unapproachable, and Vashti Mills was about the only other scholar with whom he seemed to be on warm terms. Many a time when the tall boy stood up before the thin teacher, helpless and dumb over some question which almost anyone in the school could answer, the little girl, twisting her fingers in an ecstasy of anxiety, whispered to him the answer in the face of almost certain detection and of absolutely certain punishment. In return, he worshipped the ground she walked on, and whichever side Vashti was on, Darby was sure to be on it too. He climbed the tallest trees to get her nuts; waded into the miriest swamps to find her more brilliant nosegays of flowers than the other girls had; spent hours to gather rarer birds' eggs than they had, and was everywhere and always her silent worshipper and faithful champion. They soon learned that the way to secure his help in anything was to get Vashti Mills to ask it, and the little girl quickly discovered her power and used it as remorselessly over her tall slave as any other despot ever did. They were to be seen any day trailing along the plantation paths which the school children took from the district, the others in a clump, and the tall boy and little calico-clad girl, who seemed in summer mainly sun-bonnet and bare legs, either following or going before the others at some distance.

The death of Darby—of Old Darby, as he had begun to be called—cut off Little Darby from his "schoolin'," in the middle of his third year, and before he had learned more than to read a little and to write in a scrawly fashion; for he had been rather irregular in his attendance at all times. He now stopped altogether, giving the teacher as his reason, with characteristic brevity, "Got to work."

Perhaps no one at the school mourned the long-legged boy's departure except his little friend Vashti, now a well-grown girl of twelve, very straight and slim, and with big dark eyes. She gave him when he went away the little Testament she had gotten as a prize, and which was one of her most cherished possessions. Other boys found the first honor as climber, runner, rock-flinger, wrestler, swimmer, and fighter open once more to them, and were free from the silent and somewhat contemptuous gaze of him who, however they looked down on him, was a sort of silent power among them. Vashti alone felt a void and found by its sudden absence how great a force was the steady backing of one who could always be counted on to take one's side without question. She had to bear the gibes of the school as "Miss Darby," and though her two brothers were ready enough to fight for her if boys pushed her too hardly, they could do nothing

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against girls, and the girls were her worst tormentors.

The name was fastened on her, and it clung to her until, as time went on, she came to almost hate the poor innocent cause of it.

Meantime Darby, beginning to fill out and take on the shoulders and form of a man, began to fill also the place of the man in his little home. This among other things meant opposition, if not hostility, to everything on Cove Mills's side. When Old Darby died the Millses all went to the funeral, of course; but that did not prevent their having the same feelings toward Little Darby afterward, and the breach continued.

At first he used to go over occasionally to see Vashti and carry her little presents, as he had done at school; but he soon found that it was not the same thing. He was always received coolly, and shortly he was given to understand that he was not wanted there, and in time Vashti herself showed that she was not the same she had been to him before. Thus the young fellow was thrown back on himself, and the hostility between the two cabins was as great as ever.

He spent much of his time in the woods, for the Stanley place was small at best, only a score or so of acres, and mostly covered with pines, and Little Darby was but a poor hand at working with a hoe—their only farm implement. He was, however, an unerring shot, with an eye like a hawk to find a squirrel flat on top of the grayest limb of the tallest hickory in the woods, or a hare in her bed among the brownest broomsedge in the county, and he knew the habits of fish and bird and animal as if he had created them; and though he could not, or would not, handle a hoe, he was the best hand at an axe "in the stump" in the district, and Mrs. Stanley was kept in game if not in meal.

The Millses dilated on his worthlessness, and Vashti, grown to be a slender slip of a girl with very bright eyes and a little nose, was loudest against him in public; though rumor said she had fallen afoul of her youngest brother and boxed his jaws for seconding something she had said of him.

The Millses enmity was well understood, and there were not wanting those to take Darby's side. He had grown to be the likeliest young man in the district, tall and straight as a sapling, and though Vashti flaunted her hate of him and turned up her little nose at his name more than it was already turned up, there were many other girls in the pines who looked at him languishingly from under their long sun-bonnets, and thought he was worth both the Mills boys and Vashti to boot. And when at a fish-fry the two Mills boys attacked him and he whipped them both together, some said it served them right, while others declared they did just what they ought to have done, and intimated that Darby was less anxious to meet their father than he was them, who were nothing more than boys to him. These asked, in proof of their view, why he had declined to fight when Old Cove had abused him so to his face. This was met by the fact that he "could not have been so mighty afeared," for he had jumped in and saved Chris. Mills's life ten minutes afterward, when he got beyond his depth in the pond and had already sunk twice. But then, to be sure, it had to be admitted that he was the best swimmer on the ground, and that any man there would have gone in to save his worst enemy if he had been drowning. This must have been the view that Vashti Mills took of the case, for one day, not long afterward, having met Darby at the cross-roads store, when she was looking at some pink calico, and where he had come to get some duck-shot and waterproof caps, she turned on him publicly, and with flashing eyes and mantling cheeks gave him to understand that if she were a man he "would not have had to fight two boys," and he would not have come off so well either. If anything, this attack brought Darby friends, for he not only had whipped the Mills boys fairly, and had fought only when they had pressed him, but had, as has been said, declined to fight old man Mills under gross provocation; and besides, though they were younger than he, the Mills boys were seventeen and eighteen, and not such babies either; if they insisted on

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fighting they had to take what they got and not send their sister to talk and abuse a man about it afterward. And the weight of opinion was that "that Vashti Mills was gettin' too airified and set up anyways."

All this reached Mrs. Stanley, and was no doubt sweet to her ears. She related it in her drawling voice to Darby as he sat in the door one evening, but it did not seem to have much effect on him; he never stirred or showed by word or sign that he even heard her, and finally, without speaking, he rose and lounged away into the woods. The old woman gazed after him silently until he disappeared, and then gave a look across to where the Millses cabin peeped from among its pines, which was full of hate.

. . . . . .

The fish-fry at which Darby Stanley had first fought the Mills boys and then pulled one of them out of the river, had been given by one of the county candidates for election as delegate to a convention which was to be held at the capital, and possibly the division of sentiment in the district between the Millses and Little Darby was as much due to political as to personal feeling; for the sides were growing more and more tightly drawn, and the Millses, as usual, were on one side and Little Darby on the other; and both sides had strong adherents. The question was on one side, Secession, with probable war; and on the other, the Union as it was, with peace. The Millses were for the candidate who advocated the latter, and Little Darby was for him who wanted secession. Both candidates were men of position and popularity, the one a young man and the other older, and both were neighbors.

The older man was elected, and shortly the question became imminent, and all the talk about the Cross-roads was of war. As time had worn on, Little Darby, always silent, had become more and more so, and seemed to be growing morose. He spent more and more of his time in the woods or about the Cross-roads, the only store and post-office near the district where the little tides of the quiet life around used to meet. At length Mrs. Stanley considered it so serious that she took it upon herself to go over and talk to her neighbor, Mrs. Douwill, as she always did on matters too intricate and grave for the experience of the district. She found Mrs. Douwill, as always, sympathetic and kind, and though she took back with her not much enlightenment as to the cause of her son's trouble or its cure, she went home in a measure comforted with the assurance of the sympathy of one stronger than she. She had found out that her neighbor, powerful and rich as she seemed to her to be, had her own troubles and sorrows; she heard from her of the danger of war breaking out at any time, and her husband would enlist among the first.

Little Darby did not say much when his mother told of her visit; but his usually downcast eyes had a new light in them, and he began to visit the Cross-roads oftener.

At last one day the news that came to the Cross-roads was that there was to be war. It had been in the air for some time, but now it was undoubted. It came in the presence of Mr. Douwill himself, who had come home the night before and was commissioned by the Governor to raise a company. There were a number of people there—quite a crowd for the little Cross-roads—for the stir had been growing day by day, and excitement and anxiety were on the increase. The papers had been full of secession, firing on flags, raising troops, and everything; but that was far off. When Mr. Douwill appeared in person it came nearer, though still few, if any, quite took it in that it could be actual and immediate. Among those at the Cross-roads that day were the Millses, father and sons, who looked a little critically at the speaker as one who had always been on the other side. Little Darby was also there, silent as usual, but with a light burning in his blue eyes. That evening when Little Darby reached home, which he did somewhat earlier than usual, he announced to his mother that he had enlisted as a soldier. The old woman was standing before her big fireplace when he told her, and she leaned against it quite still for a moment;

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then she sat down, stumbling a little on the rough hearth as she made her way to her little, broken chair. Darby got up and found her a better one, which she took without a word.

Whatever entered into her soul in the little cabin that night, when Mrs. Stanley went among her neighbors she was a soldier's mother. She even went over to Cove Mills's on some pretext connected with Darby's going. Vashti was not at home, but Mrs. Mills was, and she felt a sudden loss, as if somehow the Millses had fallen below the Stanleys. She talked of it for several days; dwelt on Mrs. Stanley's sudden pride—she could not make out entirely what it was. Vashti's black eyes flashed.

The next day Darby went to the Cross-roads to drill; there was, besides the recruits, who were of every class, quite a little crowd there to look at the drill. Among them were two women of the poorest class, one old and faded, rather than gray, the other hardly better dressed, though a slim figure, straight and trim, gave her a certain distinction, even had not a few ribbons and a little ornament or two on her pink calico, with a certain air, showed that she was accustomed to being admired.

The two women found themselves together once during the day, and their eyes met. It was just as the line of soldiers passed. Those of the elder lighted with a sudden spark of mingled triumph and hate, those of the younger flashed back for a moment and then fell beneath the elder's gaze. There was much enthusiasm about the war, and among others both of the Mills boys enlisted before the day was ended, their sister going in with them to the room where their names were entered on the roll, and coming out with flashing eyes and mantling cheeks. She left the place earlier than most of the crowd, but not until after the drill was over and some of the young soldiers had gone home. The Mills boys' enlistment was set down in the district to Vashti, and some said it was because she was jealous of Little Darby being at the end of the company with a new gun and such a fine uniform, for her hatred of Little Darby was well known; anyhow, their example was followed, and in a short time nearly all the young men in the district had enlisted.

At last one night a summons came for the company to assemble at the Cross-roads next day with arms and equipment Orders had come for them to report at once at the capital of the State for drill, before being sent into the field to repel a force, which report said was already on the way to invade the State. There was the greatest excitement and enthusiasm. This was war! And everyone was ready to meet it. The day was given to taking an inventory of arms and equipment, and then there was a drill, and then the company was dismissed for the night, as many of them had families of whom they had not taken leave, and as they had not come that day prepared to leave, and were ordered to join the commander next day, prepared to march.

Little Darby escorted his mother home, taciturn as ever. At first there was quite a company; but as they went their several ways to their homes, at last Little Darby and his mother were left alone in the piney path, and made the last part of their way alone. Now and then the old woman's eyes were on him, and often his eyes were on her, but they did not speak; they just walked on in silence till they reached home.

It was but a poor little house, even when the wisteria vine covered it, wall and roof, and the bees hummed among its clusters of violet blossoms; but now the wisteria bush was only a tangle of twisted wires hung upon it, and the little, weather-stained house looked bare and poor enough. As the young fellow stood in the door looking out, with the evening light upon him, his tall, straight figure filled it as if it had been a frame. He stood perfectly motionless for some minutes, gazing across the gum thickets before him.

The sun had set only about a half-hour and the twilight was still lingering on the under edges of the clouds in the west and made a sort of glow in the little yard before him, as it did in front of the cabin on the other hill. His eye first swept the well-known horizon, taking in the thickets below him and the heavy pines on either side

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where it was already dusk, and then rested on the little cabin opposite. Whether he saw it or not, one could hardly have told, for his face wore a reminiscent look. He was evidently thinking of the past. Figures moved backward and forward over there, came out and went in, without his look changing. Even Vashti, faintly distinguishable in her gay dress, came out and passed down the hill alone, without his expression changing. It was, perhaps, fifteen minutes later that he seemed to awake, and after a look over his shoulder stepped from the door into the yard. His mother was cooking, and he strolled down the path across the little clearing and entered the pines. Insensibly his pace quickened—he strode along the dusky path with as firm a step as if it were broad daylight. A quarter of a mile below the path crossed the little stream and joined the path from Cove Mills's place, which he used to take when he went to school. He crossed at the old log and turned down the path, and crossed the little clearing there. The next moment he stood face to face with Vashti Mills. Whether he was surprised or not no one could have told, for he said not a word, and his face was in the shadow, though Vashti's was toward the clearing and the light from the sky was on it. Her hat was in her hand. He stood still, but did not stand aside to let her pass, until she made an imperious little gesture and stepped as if she would have passed around him. Then he stood aside, but she did not appear in a hurry to avail herself of the freedom offered, she simply looked at him. He took off his cap, sheepishly enough, and said, "Good-evenin'."

"Good-evenin'," she said, and then, as the pause became embarrassing, she said, "Hear you're agoin' away to-morrer?"

"Yes—to-morrer mornin'."

"When you're a-comin' back?" she asked, after a pause in which she had been twisting the pink string of her hat.

"Don' know—may be never." Had he been looking at her he might have seen the change which his words brought to her face; she lifted her eyes to his face for the first time since the half-defiant glance she had given him when they met, and they had a strange light in them, but at the moment he was looking at a bow on her dress which had been pulled loose. He put out his hand and touched it and said:

"You're a-losin' yer bow," and as she found a pin and fastened it again, added, "An' I don' know as anybody keers."

An overpowering impulse changed her and forced her to say: "I don't know as anybody does either; I know as I don't."

The look on his face smote her, and the spark died out of her eyes as he said: "No, I knowed you didn'! I don't know as anybody does exceptin' my old woman. Maybe she will a little. I jist wanted to tell you that I wouldn't a' fit them boys if they hadn't a' pushed me so hard, and I wan't afeared to fight your old man, I jist wouldn't—that's all."

What answer she might have made to this was prevented by him, for he suddenly held out his hand with something in it, saying, "Here."

She instinctively reached out to take whatever it was, and he placed in her hand a little book which she recognized as the little Testament which she had won as a prize at school and had given him when they went to school together. It was the only book she had ever possessed as her very own.

"I brought this thinking as how maybe you might 'a' wanted"—me to keep it, he was going to say; but he checked himself and said, "might 'a' wanted it back."

Before she could recover from the surprise of finding the book in her hand her own, he was gone. The words only came to her clearly as his retreating footsteps grew fainter and his tall figure faded in the darkening light. She made a hasty step or two after him, then checked herself and listened intently to see if he were not returning, and then, as only the katydids answered, threw herself flat on the ground and grovelled in the darkness.

There were few houses in the district or in the county where lights did not burn all that night. The gleam of the

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fire in Mrs. Stanley's little house could be seen all night from the door of the Millses cabin, as the candle by which Mrs. Mills complained while she and Vashti sewed, could be faintly seen from Little Darby's house. The two Mills boys slept stretched out on the one bed in the little centre-room.

While the women sewed and talked fitfully by the single tallow candle, old Cove dozed in a chair with his long legs stretched out toward the fire and the two shining barrels of his sons' muskets resting across his knees, where they had slipped from his hands when he had finished rubbing them.

The younger woman did most of the sewing. Her fingers were finer and suppler than her mother's, and she scarcely spoke except to answer the latter's querulous questions. Presently a rooster crowed somewhere in the distance, and almost immediately another crowed in answer closer at hand.

"Thar's the second rooster-crow, it's gittin' erlong toward the mornin'," said the elder woman.

The young girl made no answer, but a moment later rose and laying aside the thing she was sewing, walked to the low door and stepped out into the night. When she returned and picked up her sewing again, her mother said:

"I declar, Vashti, you drinks mo' water than anybody I ever see."

To which she made no answer.

"Air they a-stirrin' over at Mis's Stanley's?" asked the mother.

"They ain't a-been to bed," said the girl, quietly; and then, as if a sudden thought had struck her, she hitched her chair nearer the door which she had left open, and sat facing it as she sewed on the brown thing she held a small bow which she took from her dress.

"I declar, I don't see what old Mis's Stanley is actually a-gwine to do," broke out Mrs. Mills, suddenly; and when Vashti did not feel called on to try to enlighten her, she added, "Do you?"

"Same as other folks, I s'pose," said the girl.

"Other folks has somebody—somebody to take keer on 'em. I've got your pappy now; but she ain't got nobody but Little Darby—and when he's gone what will she do?"

For answer Vashti only hitched her chair a little nearer the door and sewed on almost in darkness. "Not that he was much account to her, nor to anybody else, except for goin' aroun' a-fightin' and a-fussin'."

"He was account to her," flamed up the girl, suddenly; "he was account to her, to her and to everybody else. He was the fust soldier that 'listed, and he's account to everybody."

The old woman had raised her head in astonishment at her daughter's first outbreak, and was evidently about to reply sharply; but the girl's flushed face and flashing eyes awed and silenced her.

"Well, well, I ain't sayin' nothin' against him," she said, presently.

"Yes, you is—you're always sayin' somethin' against him—and so is everybody else—and they ain't fitten to tie his shoes. Why don't they say it to his face, there ain't one of 'em as dares it, and he's the best soldier in the comp'ny, an' I'm jest as proud of it as if he was my own."

The old woman was evidently bound to defend herself. She said:

"It don't lay in your mouth to take up for him, Vashti Mills; for you're the one as has gone up and down and abused him scandalous."

"Yes, and I know I did," said the girl, springing up excitedly and tossing her arms and tearing at her ribbons. "An' I told him to his face, too, and that's the only good thing about it. I knowed it was a lie when I told him, and he knowed it was a lie too, and he knowed I knowed it was a lie—what's more—and I'm glad he did—fo' God I'm glad he did. He could 'a' whipped the whole company an' he jest wouldn't—an' that's God's truth—God's fatal truth."

The next instant she was on her knees hunting for something on the floor, in an agony of tears; and as her father, aroused by the noise, rose and asked a question, she sprang up and rushed out of the door.

The sound of an axe was already coming through the darkness across the gum thickets from Mrs. Stanley's, telling that preparation was being made for Darby's last breakfast. It might have told more, however, by its long

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continuance; for it meant that Little Darby was cutting his mother a supply of wood to last till his return. Inside, the old woman, thin and faded, was rubbing his musket.

The sun was just rising above the pines, filling the little bottom between the cabins with a sort of rosy light and making the bushes and weeds sparkle with dew-strung gossamer webs, when Little Darby, with his musket in his hand, stepped for the last time out of the low door. He had been the first soldier in the district to enlist, he must be on time. He paused just long enough to give one swift glance around the little clearing, and then set out along the path at his old swinging pace. At the edge of the pines he turned and glanced back. His mother was standing in the door, but whether she was looking at him he could not tell. He waved his hand to her, but she did not wave back, her eyes were failing somewhat. The next instant he disappeared in the pines.

He had crossed the little stream on the old log and passed the point where he had met Vashti the evening before, when he thought he heard something fall from a tree a little ahead of him. It could not have been a squirrel, for it did not move after it fell. His old hunter's instinct caused him to look keenly down the path as he turned the clump of bushes which stopped his view; but he saw no squirrel or other moving thing. The only thing he saw was a little brown something with a curious spot on it lying in the path some little way ahead. As he came nearer it he saw that it was a small parcel not as big as a man's fist. Someone had evidently dropped it the evening before. He picked it up and examined it as he strode along. It was a little case or wallet made of some brown stuff, such as women carry needles and thread in, and it was tied up with a bit of red, white, and blue string—the Confederate colors—on the end of which was sewed a small bow of pink ribbon. He untied it. It was what it looked to be, a roughly made little needle-case, such as women use, tolerably well stocked with sewing materials, and it had something hard and almost square in a separate pocket. Darby opened this, and his gun almost slipped from his hand. Inside was the Testament he had given back to Vashti the evening before. He stopped stock-still, and gazed at it in amazement, turning it over in his hand. He recognized the bow of pink ribbon as one like that which she had had on her dress the evening before. She must have dropped it. Then it came to him that she must have given it to one of her brothers, and a pang shot through his heart. But how did it get where he found it? He was too keen a woodsman not to know that no footstep had gone before his on that path that morning. It was a mystery too deep for him, and after puzzling over it a while he tied the parcel up again as nearly like what it had been before as he could, and determined to give it to one of the Mills boys when he reached the Crossroads. He unbuttoned his jacket and put it into the little inner pocket, and then rebuttoning it carefully, stepped out again more briskly than before.

It was perhaps an hour later that the Mills boys set out for the Crossroads. Their father and mother went with them; but Vashti did not go. She had "been out to look for the cow," and got in only just before they left, still clad in her yesterday's finery; but it was wet and bedraggled with the soaking dew. When they were gone she sat down in the door, limp and dejected.

More than once during the morning the girl rose and started down the path as if she would follow them and see the company set out on its march, but each time she came back and sat down in the door, remaining there for a good while as if in thought.

Once she went over almost to Mrs. Stanley's, then turned back and sat down again. So the morning passed, and the first thing she knew, her father and mother had returned. The company had started. They were to march to the bridge that night. She heard them talking over the appearance that they had made; the speech of the captain; the cheers that went up as they marched off—the enthusiasm of the crowd. Her father was in much excitement. Suddenly she seized her

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sun-bonnet and slipped out of the house and across the clearing, and the next instant she was flying down the path through the pines. She knew the road they had taken, and a path that would strike it several miles lower down. She ran like a deer, up hill and down, availing herself of every short cut, until, about an hour after she started, she came out on the road. Fortunately for her the delays incident to getting any body of new troops on the march had detained the company, and a moment's inspection of the road showed her that they had not yet passed. Clambering up a bank she concealed herself and lay down. In a few moments she heard the noise they made in the distance, and she was still panting from her haste when they came along, the soldiers marching in order, as if still on parade, and a considerable company of friends attending them. Not a man, however, dreamed that, flat on her face in the bushes, lay a girl peering down at them with her breath held, but with a heart which beat so loud to her own ears that she felt they must hear it. Least of all did Darby Stanley, marching erect and tall in front, for all the sore heart in his bosom, know that her eyes were on him as long as she could see him.

When Vashti brought up the cow that night it was later than usual. It perhaps was fortunate for her that the change made by the absence of the boys prevented any questioning. After all the excitement her mother was in a fit of despondency. Her father sat in the door looking straight before him, as silent as the pine on which his vacant gaze was fixed. Even when the little cooking they had was through with and his supper was offered him, he never spoke. He sat in silence and then took his seat again. Even Mrs. Mills's complaining about the cow straying so far brought no word from him any more than from Vashti. He sat silent as before, his long legs stretched out toward the fire. The glow of the embers fell on the rough, thin face and lit it up, bringing out the features and making them suddenly clear-cut and strong. It might have been only the fire, but there seemed the glow of something more, and the eyes burned back under the shaggy brows. The two women likewise were silent, the elder now and then casting a glance at her husband. She offered him his pipe, but he said nothing, and silence fell as before.

Presently she could stand it no longer. "I declar, Vashti," she said, "I believe your pappy takes it most harder than I does."

The girl made some answer about the boys. It was hardly intended for him to hear, but he rose suddenly, and, walking to the door, took down from the two dogwood forks his old, long, single-barrelled gun, and turning to his wife said, "Git me my coat, old woman; by Gawd, I'm a-gwine." The two women were both on their feet in a second. Their faces were white and their hands were clinched under the sudden stress; their breath came fast. The older woman was the first to speak.

"What in the worl' ken you do, Cove Mills, ole an' puny as you is, an' got the rheumatiz all the time, too?"

"I ken pint a gun," said the old man, doggedly, "an' I'm a-gwine."

"An' what in the worl' is a-goin' to become of us, an' that cow got to runnin' away so; I'm afeared all the time she'll git in the mash?" Her tone was querulous, but it was not positive, and when her husband said again, "I'm a-gwine," she said no more, and all the time she was getting together the few things which Cove would take.

As for Vashti, she seemed suddenly revivified; she moved about with a new step—swift, supple, silent—her head up, a new light in her face, and her eyes, as they turned now and then on her father, filled with a new fire. She did not talk much. "I'll a-teck care o' us all," she said once; and once again, when her mother gave something like a moan, she supported her with a word about "the only ones as gives three from one family." It was a word in season, for the mother caught the spirit, and a moment later declared, with a new tone in her voice, that that was better than Mrs. Stanley, and still they were better off than she, for they still had two left to help each other, while she had not a soul.

"I'll teck care o' us all," repeated the girl once more.

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It was only a few things that Cove Mills took with him that morning, when he set out in the darkness to overtake the company before they should break camp—hardly his old game-bag half full; for the equipment of the boys had stripped the little cabin of everything that could be of use. He might only have seemed to be going hunting, as he slung down the path with his old, long-barrelled gun in his hand and his game-bag over his shoulder, and disappeared in the darkness from the eyes of the two women standing in the cabin door.

The next morning Mrs. Mills paid Mrs. Stanley the first visit she had paid on that side the branch since the day, three years before, when Cove and the boys had the row with Little Darby. It might have seemed accidental, but Mrs. Stanley was the first person in the district to know that all the Mills men were gone to the army. She went over again, from time to time, for it was not a period to keep up open hostilities, and she was younger than Mrs. Stanley and better off; but Vashti never went, and Mrs. Stanley never asked after her or came.

(To be concluded in October.)

TRANSITION

By Melville Upton

. . . The suicide, who was a stationary engineer, had arranged all his affairs with unusual care, and even gone to the extent of oiling his engine and shaking down the ashes in his furnace preparatory to his day's work. . . . When they found him he was dead, with one foot back on the rung of the ladder, as though, after taking his fatal plunge, he had changed his mind and struggled to get back to life again.—*Daily Paper.*

What is it that the dying find at parting
In that dread moment when the earth swings clear,
A plummet's lead beneath them?

. . . This one, whom the shroud sets stiffly over,
Was sure of every step, arranged each small detail,
Told where they'd find his little hoard of treasure,
Parcelled off his small belongings all,
Fresh-oiled his engine, saw to every glint of brass work,
Shook down the ashes in his furnace grate,—
Did all as tho' this day were not his last.
. . . Then, leaned this ladder here against the boiler,
Swung this rope from the steam-pipe above . . .
And took his reasoned plunge into the deep unknown!
. . . Still, once off, it seems he faltered, somewhere,
His reason all at fault in that Great Presence there,
Struggled to recover what seemed so slight at parting .
Got one foot back upon the ladder's rung again . . .
There died—thus, as they found him—
Reaching back to life with that look there in his eyes!

. . . What was it that he found there in the silence,
When earth's great shadow swung away
Beyond all plummet's depth beneath him? . . .
Was it searing light or weight of heavy darkness
Struck those unseeing eyes with that despair?

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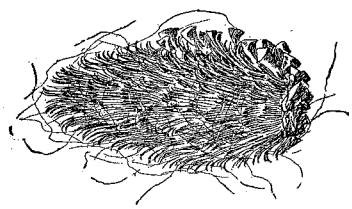
TARAHUMARI LIFE AND CUSTOMS

By Carl Lumholtz

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



Tarahumari Comb made from a Pine Cone.

THE Tarahumaris, the inhabitants of the Sierra Madre, whose home was described in a former article, came, according to their own traditions, from the north and the east (the same countries as the Apaches, as they say), and were placed in these mountains, the middle of the world, by their god. They descended originally from heaven, with corn and potatoes in their ears. Their god was with them at the beginning, but the devil molested him, and to such purpose that he had to retreat. Once, when their god was intoxicated, the devil robbed him of his wife. "I cannot remain here any longer," said he, "because the devil took my wife; but I will leave two crosses in the world." He placed one cross where the sun sets and one where it rises. The cross in the east their god uses when he comes down to visit the Tarahumaris; that in the west is for the Tarahumari when he dies and goes to heaven. Between these two crosses lives the Tarahumari tribe. The Indians would like to go to the crosses and dance before them, one of their forms of worship, but they are prevented from doing so by large bodies of water, and they therefore have small crosses standing outside their own houses before which they hold their nightly dances. They also sacrifice before these crosses, and here is where their god comes to eat. The Tarahumari invariably provides a smooth place near his house or cave upon which he erects his cross and where he holds his dances.

The older Spanish chroniclers mention the Tarahumaris. According to Mr. F. A. Bandelier the first Jesuit census, taken in 1678, gives the number of Christian Tarahumaris at 8,300. Early in the seventeenth century Padre Ribas, quoting from a letter written to him by another priest who visited the Tarahumaris in 1608, described them as a race living partly in caves and dressed in garments made of the fibre of the agave, which the women were expert in weaving. They were docile and readily accepted Christian teachings.

The Tarahumari of to-day is of a medium size and a dark-brown color. The people of the barrancas (valleys) are smaller than on the highlands. If anything they are lighter in color, but I have often noted light yellowish faces on the highlands. The Tarahumaris are more muscular than most of our North American Indians. Their cheek-bones are prominent and their expression is heavy. The woman is smaller than the man, but generally just as strong, and when angered by jealousy is often able to beat her man. They are rapid walkers, gliding smoothly along with quick steps, with the body slightly bent forward and without any swaying to and fro.

Both men and women wear long, flowing, straight black hair, which in rare cases is wavy. It is held together with a woollen head-band made for the purpose, or with a narrow pleated band of palm-leaf. Their hands and feet are small. Where they live in contact with the Mexicans they wear a red bandanna. Very often the men, for convenience, gather their hair at the neck, leaving off the band. Their teeth are exceptionally fine, and the canine teeth are not readily distinguished from the incisors. Beards are very rare, and if one appear, the Indian pulls it out

*** See "Among the Tarahumaris," by Carl Lumholtz, in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for July, 1894.

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with great care. Their devil is always represented with a beard, and they call the Mexicans the "bearded ones." My offer of some tobacco was once refused by a man because he feared that it would cause a beard to grow on his face—because I was a bearded man. A medicine-man once astonished me by having his hair cut short. When I asked him why he had done so, he said it was not good because it was old; his head would get new and good thoughts with new hair. When the hair is cut off for this reason, the head is covered with a piece of cotton-cloth to keep the man's thoughts from escaping. When they cut hair from the head because it is too long, they place it under a stone or hang it from the branch of a tree.

Many of the women have surprisingly well-shaped and small bones, while the men are powerfully built. Though they are well nourished, it is rare to find a fat man. The women are more inclined toward corpulency. They are abstemious when at home, eating only twice a day. But when serving the Mexicans, they gorge themselves to illness. They generally get up at night, however, to eat and play on their home-made violins, of which music they are very fond. During half the year, when provisions are scarce, in the dry season, many of them are nearly starving and are reduced to skeletons. Nevertheless they show even then a remarkable endurance. An Indian has been known to carry a letter from Guazapares to Chihuahua and back again in five days, the distance being nearly eight hundred miles. In some parts where the Tarahumaris serve the Mexicans, they are used to run in the wild horses, driving them into the corral; it may take them two or three days to do it, sleeping at night and living on a little pinole. They bring in the horses thoroughly exhausted, while they themselves are still fresh. They will outrun any horse if you give them time enough. They will pursue deer in the snow, or with dogs, in the rain, for days and days, until at last the animal is cornered and shot with arrows, or falls an easy prey from sheer exhaustion, its hoofs dropping off.

Their senses are keen, but in this respect they are not much superior to well-endowed civilized men. They certainly do not feel pain in the same degree that we do. I have taken samples of hair from the heads of more than fifty Indians, and not one seemed to mind in the slightest having thirty or forty hairs pulled out at a time. Once I pulled six hairs at a time from the head of a sleeping child, six years old, without causing the least disturbance. I asked for more, and when twenty-three hairs were pulled out at once the child scratched its head, but slept on.

The Tarahumaris are very fond of heat, and may often be seen lying on their backs or stomachs in the sun. Heat never seems to trouble them. I have seen young babies sleeping with uncovered heads on the backs of their mothers, exposed to the fierce heat of the summer sun.

In the pine regions, where they live longer than in the barrancas, it is not infrequent to meet men and women who are at least one hundred years old. Long life is what they pray for. Old people are many; their hair is gray, but they are seldom bald. There is a peculiar, but very slight and indescribable, odor characteristic of the Tarahumari; he himself does not recognize it; but he says that the Mexican smells like a pig, and the American like coffee—both offensive odors to him.

The men hunt, make arrows and bows, rattles and rasping-sticks, used in their so-called musical performances, and till the fields. The women, besides attending to the preparation and cooking of the food, manufacture clumsy pottery, often colored red with ochre, and they show considerable skill in weaving with a primitive loom made of four sticks laid on the ground; they weave all their clothing, blankets, girdles, following six or eight typical designs, their colors being black, white, yellow, and blue. The yellow dye is made from a lichen which they call "wool of the stone," and their blue is a species of indigo.

In contrast with most other savage races, these Indians are not fond of ornament. The women wear hanging ear ornaments of mother-of-pearl, and

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necklaces of grass seed. Tattooing is unknown. The men may chalk ornamental designs on their faces and legs at the foot-races, but few of them wear necklaces. A singular fact is that mirrors have no attraction, either for the men or women; they do not want to look at themselves.

The attraction of these people is their wonderful health, which may be looked upon as a matter of course in this delightful air, saturated with the aroma of pines and the intoxicating scent of countless medicinal herbs and roots. They are subject, however, to pleurisy (*dolor de costado*), which generally proves fatal. During my travels I met with fifteen hunchbacks and five cases of harelip. Small-pox decimates them, and it is seldom that the disease may not be found in some of the valleys. They are, however, so prolific that there is rather an increase in their numbers than the contrary. There are more women than men. The Tarahumari woman is a good mother, and takes great care of her children, of whom she generally has from six to eight, or even more, and she nurses them until they are three years old. A boy or girl is never punished, although often scolded. If a boy misbehaves, the father may reproach him at a feast or before one of his friends, and the friend may also talk to the culprit. The children are very independent, and if angry, the boy may strike his father or mother. The daughter never goes so far, but if scolded will weep and say that she is unjustly treated.

When the woman in pregnancy feels that her hour of travail has come, she ties a girdle very tight around her waist, goes away some distance and, under a tree or in a cave, bears her child alone. She remains a day or two in this place, and food is brought to her, or she returns after half a day's absence and resumes her daily duties of grinding corn on the stone, etc. The husband makes no inquiry about the baby. When three days are over the mother bathes herself, but the child is not washed until one year old. While she is bathing, she leaves the little one naked in the sun, in order that he may recognize his newly born son, and the baby is left thus, in spite of its wails, for about an hour. Then the medicine-man comes to "cure it," so that it may become strong and healthy, and live a long life. For this ceremony a big fire of corn-cobs, or of the branches of the mountain cedar, is made near the cross, and the baby is carried over the smoke three times toward each cardinal point, and also three times backward. The motion is first toward the east, then toward the west, then south, then north. The smoke of the corn-cobs assures him of success in agriculture. With a firebrand the medicine-man makes three crosses on the child's forehead if it is a boy, and four if a girl.

As a rule, the Tarahumari is not a thief, but if he thinks himself quite unobserved and the temptation is very great, there are few who will not steal. He never cheats, and is a pleasant fellow to deal with so far as honesty goes. He is averse, however, to selling anything, and considers it a favor; in fact, when you succeed in making a bargain with an Indian, the mere fact establishes a species of brotherhood between you and facilitates later transactions. Time for consideration is thought absolutely necessary by the Indian. To buy a sheep requires at least two hours. In all bargains he always consults his wife, and even his children, and if any of them, even the youngest, objects, nothing can be done. To conclude a bargain about an ox may require three days. The almighty dollar has no power with most of them. The Indian has no need of money, or of aught that money can buy for him, and he is swayed more by persuasion than by silver. He is rich when he has three or four cattle, with some sheep and goats. The Crœsus of the Tarahumaris raises from three hundred to four hundred fanagas (bushels) of corn every year. The largest flock of cattle belonging to one man does not exceed thirty or forty head. Silver Mexican dollars from outsiders are accepted in exchange for corn and other products, but among themselves a system of barter prevails. In most cases cotton-cloth is preferred to dollars.

The Tarahumari is heavy and phlegmatic. His face is devoid of expres-

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sion, and it seems at first hopeless to the traveller to get any information out of him. He is timid and tries to run away at the sight of strangers. In most places, particularly in the barrancas, he will take to his heels, leaving his house or cave and its contents behind him, at the approach of a stranger. It is hopeless to follow, because the country is extremely rough, and they hide so effectually. When I travel, I therefore always send an Indian to prepare the Tarahumaris for my arrival. The women and children are bashful in the extreme, which may be due to the sharp criticism and gossip common among them.

Their chief trait is distrustfulness, but it may be overcome, although they seldom become trustworthy friends. They have no depth of character. Gratitude is fairly developed. The Indian, however, is not truthful, and is apt to prove false.

They are cowards when few in numbers, but if there are many, they know no fear. They are the only Indians who have held their own against the Apaches. They are a peaceful and patient people, and will do no harm except by way of reprisal, being revengeful and never forgetting or forgiving an injury. Injuries may be paid for and adjusted, but are never forgotten. When imposed upon, they have been known to arm themselves against the whites, and two or three times several hundred of them have threatened a massacre unless justice was done.

The Tarahumari has no word for love. "His heart wants him (or her) very much," is their expression. The husband and wife when alone kiss each other. Mothers and fathers kiss the little ones on their mouth or stomach, as do also the brothers and sisters. Although phlegmatic, the Tarahumaris are affectionate, but it is seldom that they show affection in public, unless when drunk. They are apt to be jealous, and are sometimes inclined to coquetry; I have seen the Tarahumari girls endeavor to attract attention by biting their wrists, at the same time throwing coquettish glances toward the object of their attentions.

All these Indians are married, and it is a very rare thing to find an Indian, man or woman, who is not married. Although woman among the Tarahumaris is considered of less importance than man, even her prayers having a smaller value than those of a man, and her place at all religious ceremonies being behind the man, she occupies a comparatively high place in the family life. As I have already said, she is consulted in every bargain and her advice is heeded. The Tarahumari girl does the courting. When she wants a particular young fellow, she takes occasion at the first feast to dance so as to attract his attention, but as she is supposed to be bashful, she dances with her back turned to him. When her mind is made up, she tells her mother, who goes to consult the father and mother of the young man, praising her girl as an expert weaver and housekeeper. The boy's parents refer the matter to him, and if he is pleased he visits the girl's house. Actual proposal consists in the girl throwing small pebbles at him; if he does not return these the match is off, but if he throws them back they are betrothed.

The father of the bride then prepares teswaino (beer) and food, and sends out invitations. The bridal couple are seated inside the house with the parents, making the form of a cross. The father of the girl announces that he has made the beer in order to celebrate a marriage between the young people, and he makes a speech to the couple, advising them to be peaceful, virtuous, and industrious. The father of the bride then gives teswaino to his son-in-law, and the father of the groom to the girl. While this is going on, the young couple are covered with a blanket, and in some cases their hands are tied together with a girdle. Then everybody gets drunk. The brothers of marriageable girls take great interest in finding husbands for their sisters, praising them for their good qualities. Among the Christian Tarahumaris the padre marries them; but the ceremony, owing to the long distances, is often delayed for several years after the couple have been living together.

The Tarahumari is a polite personage for a savage, and has a word, "requo," equivalent to our "please," which he

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uses frequently. When two men meet, their greeting is always "quero" (good-day), but without hand-shaking, unless they have learned the practice from the Mexicans. They are a ceremonious people. When the Tarahumaris came to visit me, they always, according to their custom, had to be coaxed to come nearer and sit down. The conversation would end with the visitor saying, "Permit me to go and warm myself," to which it is the right thing to say, "All right, go and warm yourself;" or he may say, "I am going to continue my walk," and the only thing to answer is, "Continue your walk."

Although they will give food to a stranger if properly approached, they are not particularly hospitable, and there is no room in a Tarahumari house for a guest. If one Tarahumari visit another, he never thinks of entering the house, but takes a seat on the ground forty or fifty yards away. Nothing so angers a Tarahumari as the appearance in his house of a man unannounced. He might even kill the intruder. Only the dogs, he says, enter a house uninvited. It is not even polite to look at another man's house. So, if you want to get on well with an Indian, it is necessary to sit for at last a quarter of an hour near his hut, gazing into vacancy. Should the host be absent, the native visitor may sit near by for hours, and finally go away. He will not enter the house or cave unless formally invited. The host, even though he may recognize his visitor, allows some time to pass, gossiping with his wife as to the probable purport of the visit; then shaking out the blanket upon which he has been sitting, he will throw it around him and go out to take a seat alongside of the new-comer. As in civilized communities the conversation always begins with the weather and the prospect of rain. At last the host may say: "It is getting late; you cannot go on to-night. Where are you going to sleep? There is a good cave up there." He indicates a cave, or a place under a stone or tree, and tells his guest where wood for a fire may be found. He also brings food. But never, unless the weather is really tempestuous, does he invite a visitor to sleep in his house.

Before starting out from the outpost of civilization into the Indian country the traveller will find it absolutely necessary to obtain the services of a competent interpreter, known as a lenguarasso. I know of but three or four really good ones in the whole country. It is of small use to speak the Tarahumari language imperfectly, as the Indian respects only those who speaks his difficult language thoroughly well. Oratory holds a high place among their arts.

The lenguaraz undertakes to interpret what the visitor has to say to the Indians and to translate the replies. Thus the stranger is much at the mercy of his lenguaraz; if the fellow is a rascal, he will prejudice the Indians against him, will make him pay double prices for everything, and will put imaginary and incorrect interpretations upon all that he may see of the customs and ceremonies of the tribes.

There are many stories illustrating the ease with which the Indians are duped by the Mexicans. I know, for instance, that a Mexican once bought from an Indian a sheep on credit, and after killing it paid for it with the head, hide, and entrails; and the Indian was perfectly satisfied. Another Mexican did better still. He paid for his sheep with these same delicacies, and "spoke so well" that the Indian was content to remain in his debt as the final result of the transaction. The richest Indian in the whole Sierra was induced to sell eleven oxen to a Mexican who had devoted a week of his persuasive powers to consummating the trade. At last it was agreed that he should pay two cows for each ox; as he had no cows with him he took the oxen, leaving his horse and saddle as security. The Indian is still waiting. When I expressed my surprise to the Indian at the ease with which he had been thus cheated, the reply was that the Mexican "spoke so well." There are so few Mexicans who speak the language well that the Indian, in his pleasure, loses all caution.

The Indian is but a child in the hands of the more wily Mexican. Sometimes, but not often, by plying him with mezcal, the brandy made from the maguey, the Mexican does anything

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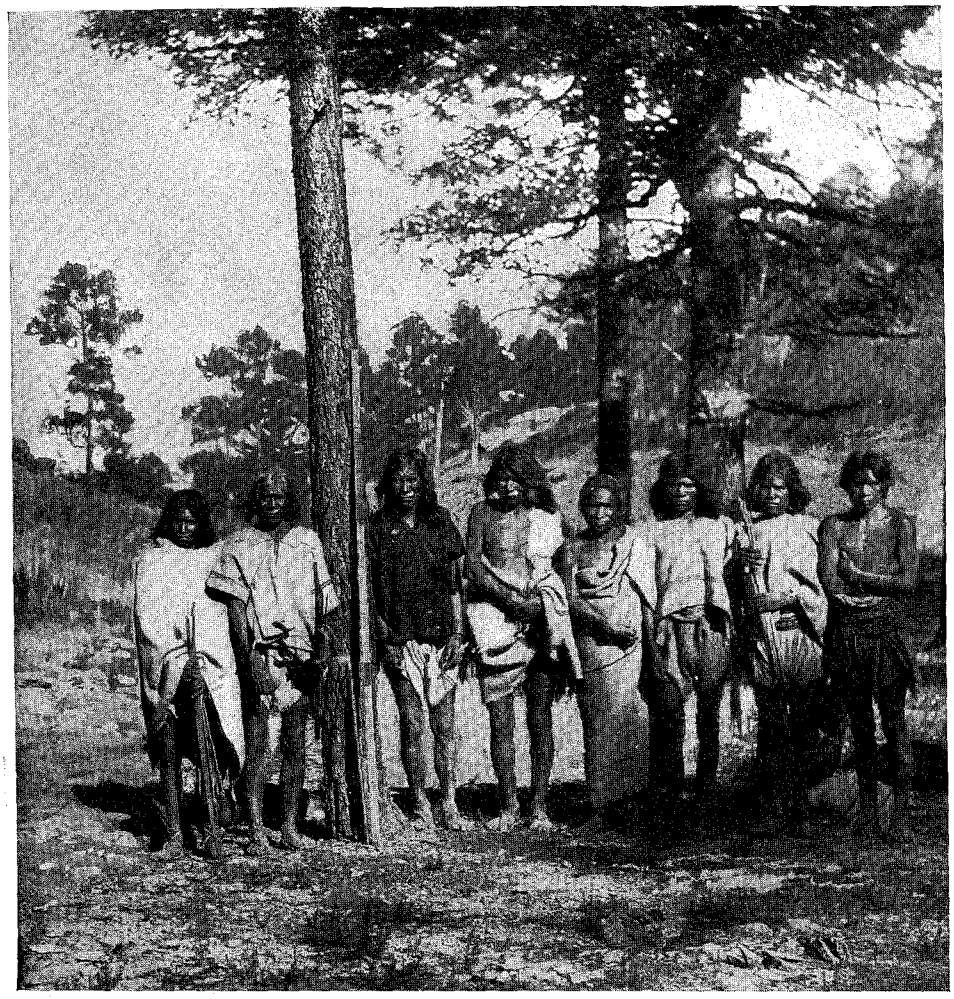

Heathen of the Highland near Barranca de Tuaripa.

he wants with the Indian, although it may take days of talk. But if imposed upon, the Indian never forgets; and a good lenguaraz for my purposes is one with whom the Indian has no scores to settle. With such a companion the traveller finds his path cleared. This is a hard man to find. If the lenguaraz has made friends with the Indians, he and everyone whom he brings with him will be courteously received. The lenguaraz upon whom I depend is a man who enters almost as one of the tribe into the Tarahumari ceremonies. He dances with them and mourns with them. A good one will weep with the weepers and rejoice with the joyful.

Living and trading all their lives with the Indians, the lenguaraz is apt to acquire some of the Indian characteristics, as, for instance, an aversion to describing much that the traveller wishes to learn concerning the Indians; he is also apt to lack patience. Even the best of them have assured me that the practice of talking with the Indians makes them stupid and tires them out. The Indian, like most savages, is uncommunicative.

To some extent the lenguaraz plays a political rôle among the Tarahumaris, always influencing them against selling their lands, for he depends upon their prosperity. He is a parasite who

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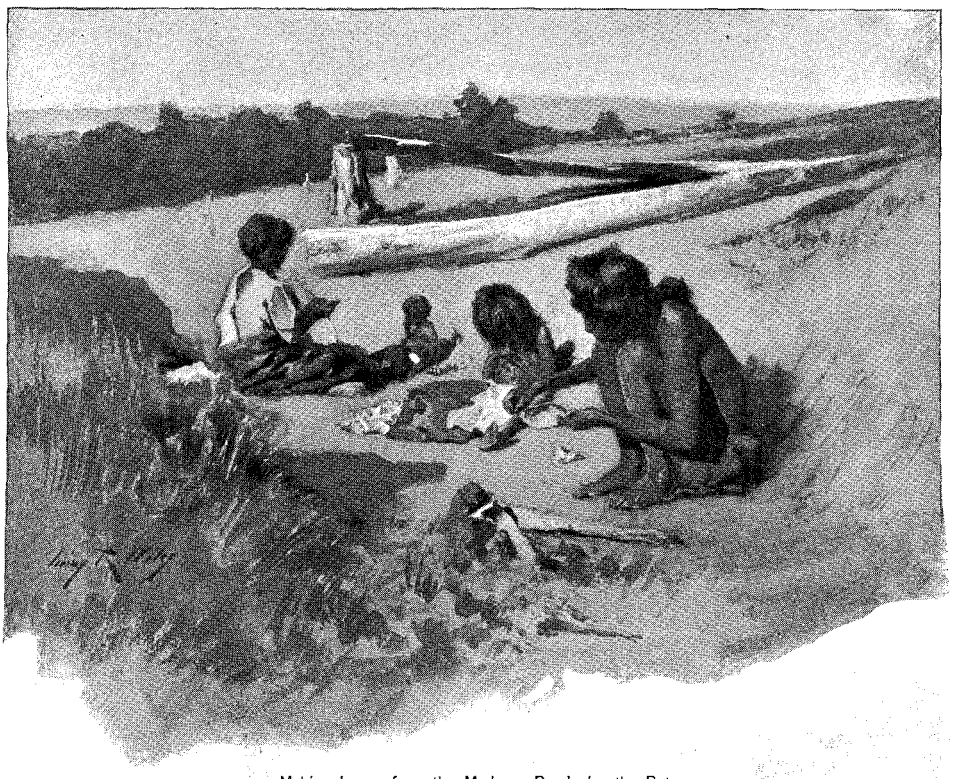

Making Larvæ from the Madrona Ready for the Pot.

lives without work, and who, when in need, starts out with a few axes, hoes, rolls of cotton, or strings of beads, for which he obtains the Indians' modest product of corn and wheat.

In September, 1892, as I was camped on the edge of the barranca Sinforossa, near Guachochic, some Indians told me that in a few days there would be a foot-race among the Gentiles on the high land beyond the barranca. I immediately decided to go, as it was harvest-time, and I was likely to come across several feasts celebrated at that time of plenty. But I needed a good lenguaraz, and rather despaired of getting one, when I heard of a man named Nabor, who was recommended to me by a Mexican friend of mine. This Nabor, who proved to be the most honest lenguaraz I have met with, and who has therefore been of much service to me, was a tall, lank, healthy-looking fellow, fifty years old, very poor, and with a large family of sons and daughters, some of them full grown. He lived at one day's journey from Guachochic. All his life he had been intimate with the Indians, talking their language better than he does Spanish, and really liking the Tarahumaris better than his fellow-Mexicans. He is a great hunter, but a poor shot, and brings home but little, and lives chiefly upon the Indians.

Nabor is a picture of good-nature. Among the Indians he passes as a wit and is a general favorite. He never takes anything without asking for it; but he is not ashamed to ask.

This man I have employed upon several occasions, giving him one dollar a day and his food—the regular salary for a good man in that country. His work is not manual; manual work is not in his nature. His duties are to smooth the way with skilful words, to make bargains, to explain to the Indians the purposes of my visit, and to obtain all possible information from them, which may mean many days' hard work, trying his patience with apparently futile questions.

The lenguaraz must first remove

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the Indian's feeling of distrust. He must be accurate in asking and answering questions, and particularly never lose patience in making the endless *détours* necessary to get at the Indian's real opinion ; it should also be remembered that the Indian thinks differently from us, and that a direct question may be misunderstood, or only partially answered. Questioning Indians is somewhat like questioning children. It requires a special tact and knowledge.

We started out in the afternoon, our party consisting of a Mexican who was to do our cooking because he was a family man, and was supposed to be a master of the culinary art, and an Indian to look after the three mules. We carried no tent, and our baggage comprised only a few things for presents and barter, as cotton-cloth and beads. As a rule mules cannot be taken upon such a journey, but ours were exceptionally good animals, and were lightly loaded. It is a great comfort to have a riding mule, even if but for carrying your overcoat, rifle, and other necessaries, and for an occasional mount when the country allows it.

We soon reached the warm bottom of the barranca, following the zigzag descent of an old road, and camped under some bushes along the river, just as night came on. Travelling at night is an absolute impossibility here, owing to the thorny thickets that tear the flesh of men and beasts. There was no grass for the mules, who had to do the best they could with leaves. The next morning at sunrise we crossed the river, and were many hours in gaining the high land on the other side of the barranca, where we found some Indians living in straw huts and let our animals loose for a feed. Nabor was despatched to explain to the Indians my importance, and that we wanted to see the foot-races. For a few beads he brought back a lot of green corn, which we roasted on the cinders, eating it with chinaca, a species of juicy thistle growing abundantly in this valley, and which is eaten raw. Thus we made a refreshing dinner. This thistle is one of the most important edible herbs of the Tarahumaris, and even its ashes are relished.

None of the Indians could give definite information as to the races, so we started off higher up the valley, and slept where darkness came upon us. In the forenoon of the next day, following the ridge of the mountain, we came to an insignificant mesa, where the races were going on. The plateau

A Tarahumari Woman.

was a narrow one, on a ridge sparingly wooded with oak and pines, the racecourse being a narrow strip on the top of the ridge. We were eight thousand feet high, and commanded a superb view of the country on all sides ; Baborigami, in the land of the Tepehuanes, could be seen. The race proved to be only a small affair, some ninety persons—men, women, and children—

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Making the Wagers.

from different parts of the country, being present. One race—the old men's—was finished, and preparations were going on for the most important event of the meeting, the race of the young men. We camped by a big stone, and put some goat's meat that we had brought with us in our pot to cook over the fire. We could see that our supply of fresh meat made a favorable impression upon the Indians. I joined their groups and found them making their wagers upon the race, the betting, as in civilized communities, exciting more interest than the sport itself.

These people were poor, but they wagered their bows and arrows, girdles, blankets, clothes, head-bands, balls of wool, cotton-cloth, beads, and sticks of ari. The ari is the secretion of a plant-louse (aphis) which is eaten by the Indians. It is gathered from the branches down in the barrancas in July and August, and rolled by hand into thick brown sticks, and thus preserved for the winter. It is considered a great delicacy, only a small piece being used at a time, with chili and nopal, as a sauce for their corn porridge. It is very expensive. Its taste is acid sweet, not particularly pleasant, but very refreshing, and it is said to be efficacious in allaying fever. Mexicans buy it from the Indians.

One manager, or chochiame, from each side is appointed stake-holder. They tie the stakes, of whatever nature, together—so much ari against so many arrows, so many blankets against so many balls of yarn, etc., and hold them until the race is over. At big races where the wagers may amount to small mountains of such articles, and may include cattle and goats, the position of manager requires a man of decision and memory, as he carries all the bets in his head and makes no written record. The value of such wagers may exceed $1,000.

At such races as these two districts, or pueblos, always run against each

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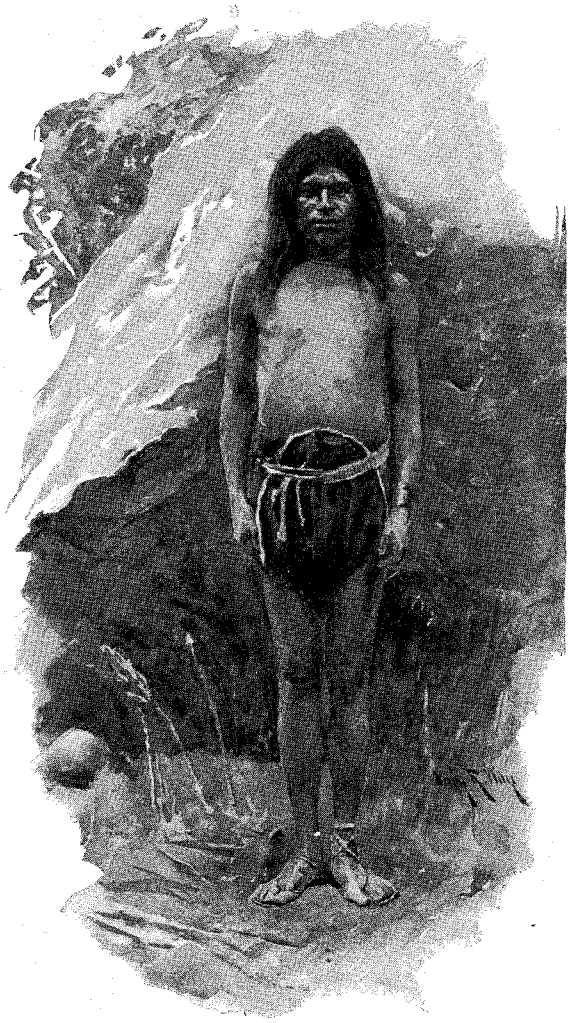
other. Sometimes there are many runners on each side, and the two parties show in their apparel some distinguishing mark; for instance, one side wears red head-bands, while the other wears white ones. I have seen from four to twenty runners taking part on each side. Each party has a small ball, about two inches in diameter, carved with a knife from the root of an oak-tree, which they have to toss ahead of them as they run. The runner who happens to be ahead is the one whose duty it is to toss the ball with his toes, and at each toss it may be thrown a hundred yards or more in advance. They are not allowed to touch the balls with their hands, but their friends who follow them may point out to the runner where the ball is lying. If the ball lodges in an awkward place, as between two rocks, or in the water, the runners or their friends may pick it up and place it back on the race-course. The circuits over which the race is held are circular when the country allows, but generally the course is backward and forward along the top of the ridge, the group of spectators and bettors being at the starting-point, which is always at the middle of the race-track.

Each party chooses a manager to represent the runners and to arrange the day and place of the race. These managers also decide the number of circuits to be made, and get runners of equal ability, if they can, for each side, the object being to get the best runners possible.

In important races the runners may prepare for a fortnight, but as a rule they do not practise much before the race, for running comes to them as naturally as swimming to ducks. Their training chiefly consists in abstinence from native beer for two or three days before the event. On the day of the race the runners are fed with pinole only, they have tepid water to drink, and their legs are well bathed in warm water and rubbed by the managers. The medicine-man also rubs them with a smooth stone to make them strong.

A race is never won by natural means. The losers always say that they were influenced by some herb and became sleepy on the race-course, so that they had to lose. The help of the medicine-man is needed in preparing the runner for the race. He assists the manager to wash the feet of the runners with warm water and different herbs, and he strengthens their nerves by making



A Young Tarahumari Man.

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passes over them. He also guards them against sorcery. Before they run he performs a ceremony to "cure" them.

The Belle of the Sierra.

The food and the remedies he uses are put under the cross with many kinds of charms, different kinds of woods, and herbs from the barrancas. Some of the herbs are supposed to be very powerful, and they are, therefore, securely tied up in small pieces of buckskin or cotton-cloth. If not so tied up, they might break away. The water which the runners drink is also placed near the cross, upon each side of which is put a candle, and the whole outfit is on a blanket. At the ceremony the runners stand, holding the balls in their hand. The doctor, or medicine-man, standing near the cross, burns incense (copal) over them. He also sings about the tail of the gray fox, one of their legendary animals, and other songs. After this he makes a speech, warning them against eating pinole or drinking water in other people's houses for fear of poison; all that they eat and drink must come from their parents or relatives. They are not allowed to eat anything sweet, nor eggs, potatoes, cheese, or fat. Three times they drink from the water near the cross, and three times from the herbs. The eldest and swiftest runner then leads in walking around the cross as many times as there are to be circuits in the race, and the rest follow him. All the things near the cross then remain untouched until morning. The runners sleep near by to keep watch, and they also secure some old men to watch against sorcery, for old men are supposed to discover the approach of sorcerers even when they sleep. After the ceremonies are over the doctor takes each runner aside and subjects him to a rigid examination.

More than a hundred kinds of remedies are brought to the contest, some to strengthen the runners and secure success, and others to weaken their rivals. The most efficient thing against the rivals is the blood of the turtle and bat mixed together, dried and ground, and rolled into a big cigar with a small amount of tobacco added to it. Its smoke makes the rivals stupid. The dried head of a crow or eagle, hikori, a small cactus worshipped by the Tarahumaris, and other herbs and innumerable things are carried around by all who take part in the racing. Some of the women carry small, thin stones to protect them against sorcerers. During the race the runners have their heads ornamented with the feathers of the chaparral-cock, and in some parts with the feathers of a peacock, of which bird the Indians are very fond, because it is supposed to be light-footed, and also because it is from another country. Many of them also have their legs ornamented with chalk, and wear belts to

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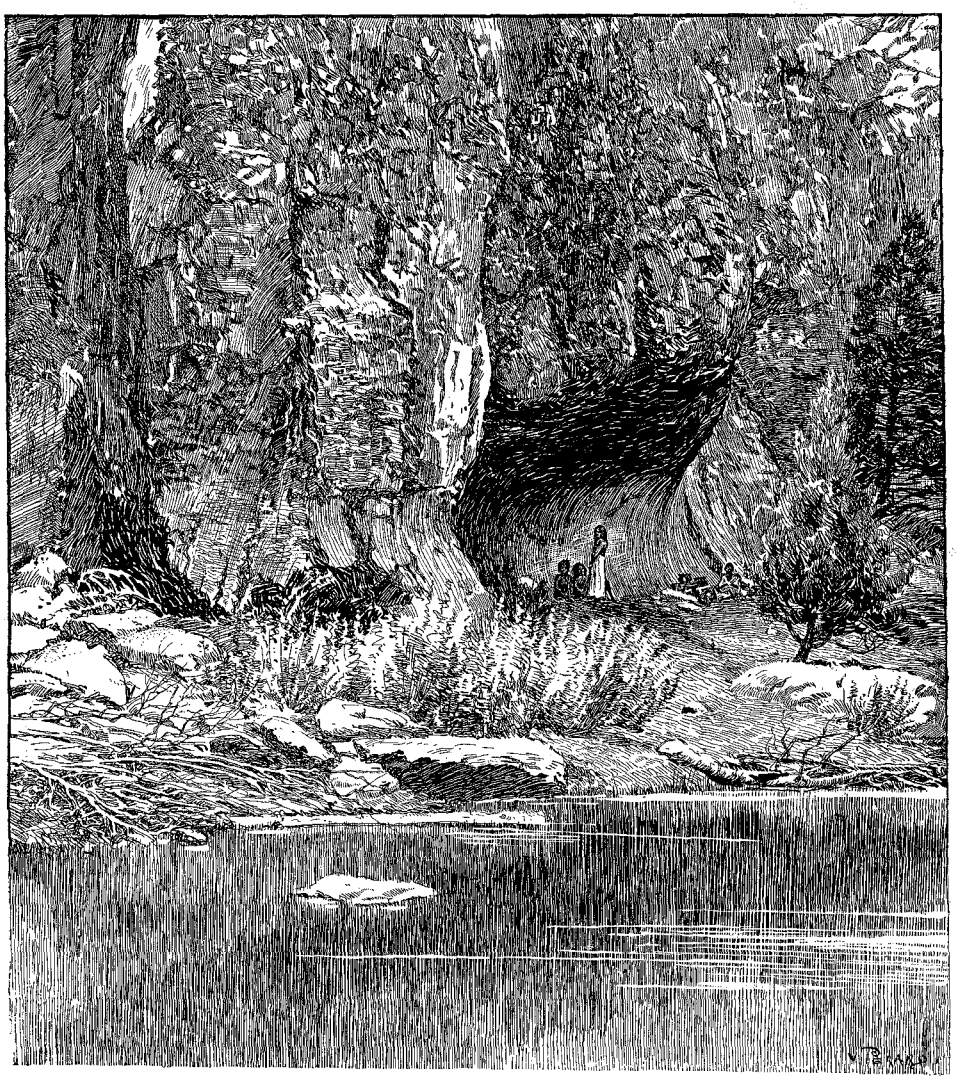
which a great number of deer-hoofs, beads, or reeds are attached, so as to make a great deal of noise. These belts help them to victory, because they become, as they fancy, as light as the deer itself, and the noise keeps them from falling asleep.

In the afternoon before the race the managers and the runners meet together, the latter bringing the balls with them, to receive an omen as to which party is going to win. Water is put into a big earthen tray and the two balls are started simultaneously from one end of the tray to the other. The party whose ball reaches the other end first will be the winner, and they repeat this as many times as there are to be circuits. Three or four hours before sunset the chief calls the runners together and makes a speech, warning them against any kind of cheating. Just as in horse-racing, rascally tricks are more or less common, especially if the Indians have become half-civilized. It may happen that some one will bribe the runners



Home of the Belle of the Sierra.
(After a photograph.)

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The Women's Race—With Fork and Ball.

with a cow not to run fast; afterward he may also cheat the runner. A Mexican friend of mine has several times heard: "This man does not know what shame is; he promised us a cow, and now having lost the race for his sake, he will not pay us." It is not uncommon for an important runner to simulate illness. "Our rivals," he may say, "have bewitched us." The whole thing then comes to nothing, and the wagers are divided between the parties, who return to their home to await the next race.

There is no prize given to the runners themselves, and they gain nothing by it unless in helping their friends to win wagers. A good runner is also greatly admired by the women, which may be of some account to him. It is also the custom for a man who has been very lucky with his wagers to give a small part of his winnings to the successful runner, who, however, is allowed to take neither beads nor money, but only lightweight things made from wool or cotton; but his father can receive gifts for him and buy something for his son's benefit. On the day of the race stones are laid on the ground in a row, one stone for each circuit to be run, and as the race progresses count is kept by taking away one stone for each circuit finished by the runners. It is from this practice that the tribe derives its name, Tarahumari —from *tara* (count), and *humari* (run), people who run according to count.

Trees are marked with crosses, so as to show the circuit to be run. Three to six watchmen are placed along the circuit to see that no cheating is done during the race. Each party helps the side in which it is interested, so that their runners may win the race. The women, as the runners pass them, stand ready with dippers of warm water, or pinole, which they offer them to drink, and for which they stop for a few seconds. The wife of the runner may

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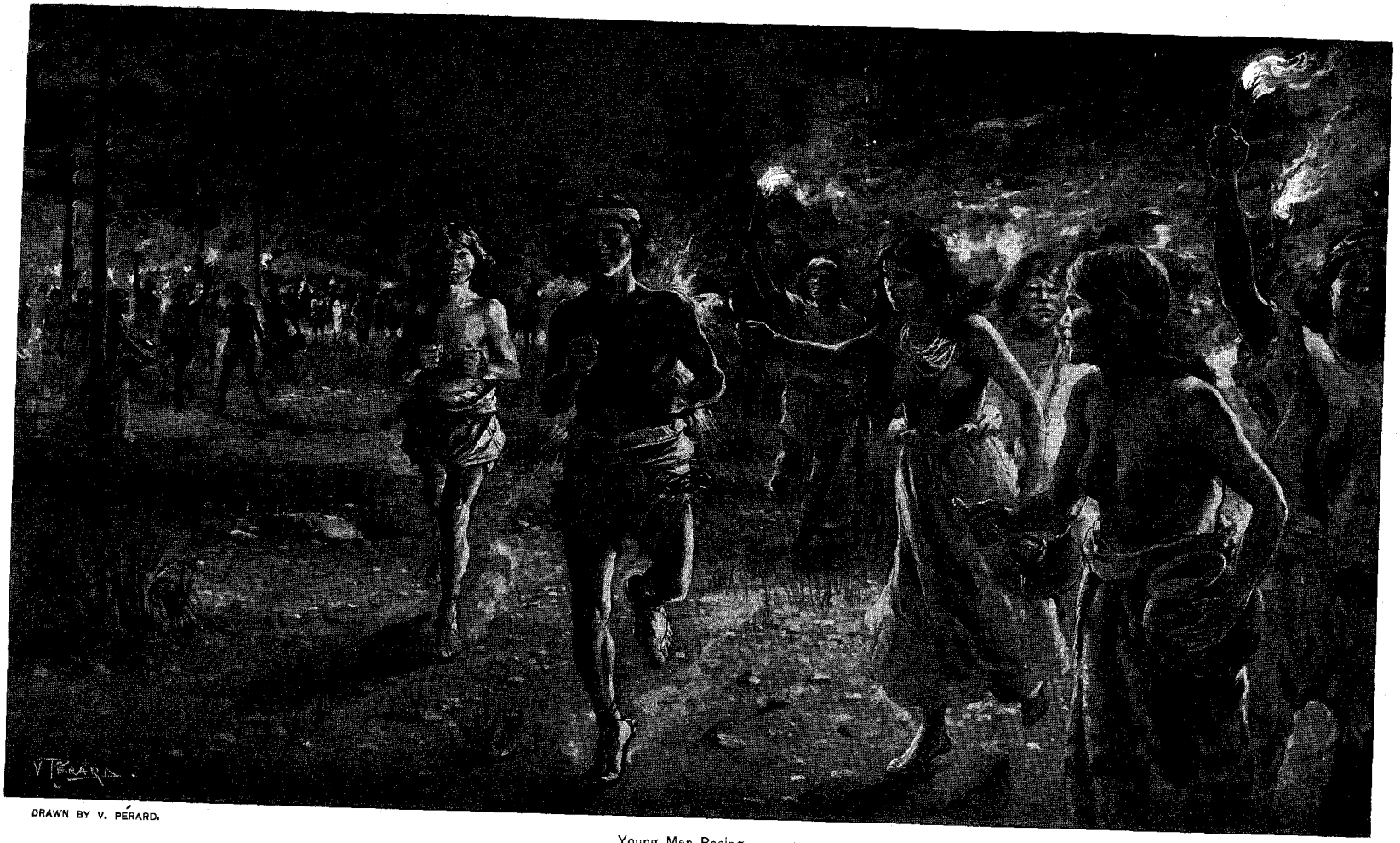

DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD.

Young Men Racing.

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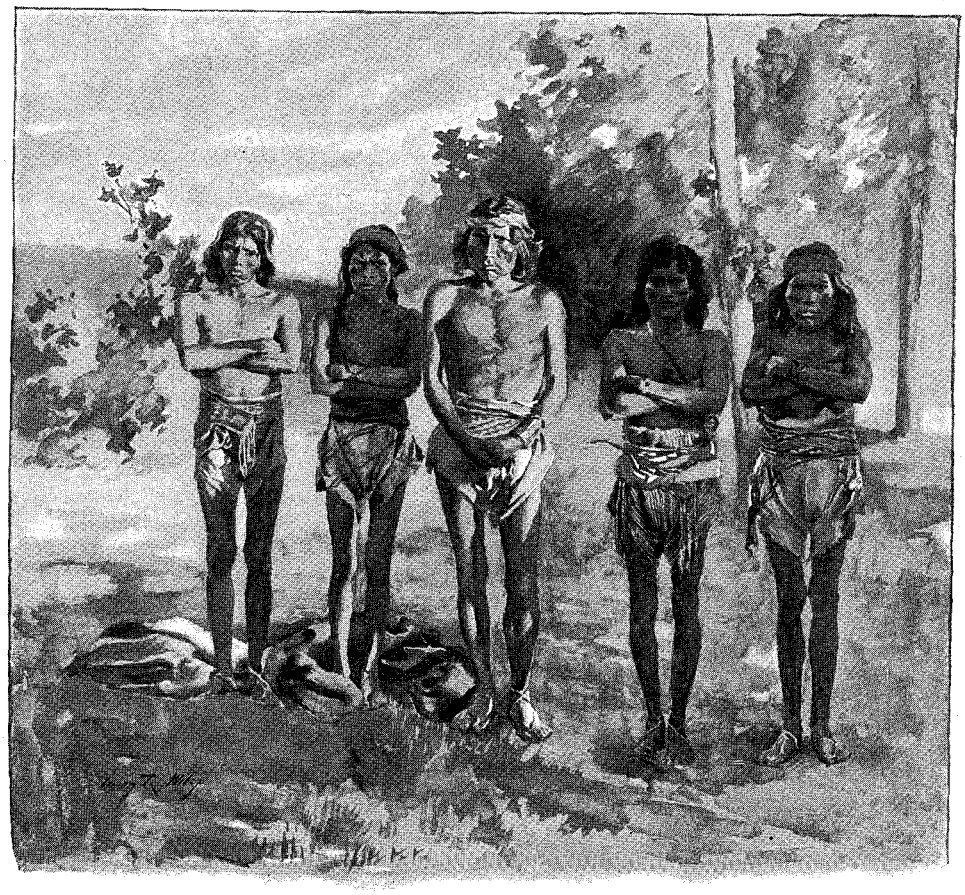

After the Race.

throw a jar of tepid water over him as he passes, in order to refresh him, and all incite the runners to greater speed by cries and gesticulations. Drunken people must not be present, because they make the runners heavy. For the same reason pregnant women are forbidden to enter the race-course. A runner must not even touch the blanket of such a woman. As the time passes the excitement becomes more and more intense. Most of the men and women follow the race, shouting to the runners all the time to spur them on, and pointing out to them where the ball is; and if night comes on before the contest has been decided, the men light torches made from the oily pine-wood to show the runners the road, making the scene one of extreme picturesqueness, as like demons these torch-bearers hurry through the forest.

The chief race began late, as is generally the case, about three o'clock. When all was ready the two managers threw the balls in the direction in which the men were to go, the runners dropped their blankets and sped away, although not from a line, as with us. They were naked, except for a breech-cloth, and wore sandals on their feet. The race was made in 2 hours and 21 seconds, and the distance covered was 21 miles, according to my calculation. I estimated that the runners covered a distance of 290 feet in 19 seconds on the first circuit, and in later circuits in about 24 seconds. A circuit may measure from three to twelve miles in length. They may agree upon from five to twenty circuits. The first three circuits are run at the highest speed, but the speed is never great, although constant. At a race rehearsal I have

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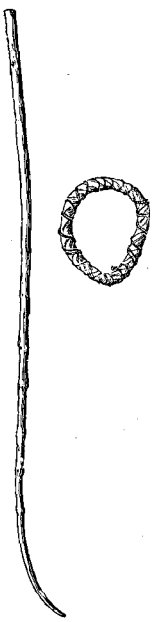
seen them making four miles in half an hour. Filipe, who is now dead, could run from mid-day to sunrise. He was from Marrarachic, and was the greatest runner known in the northeastern part of Tarahumari. Good runners make forty miles in from six to eight hours.

Women hold their own races, one valley against another, and the same scenes of betting and excitement are to be observed, although on a smaller scale. The women do not toss the balls with their toes, but use a species of long wooden fork, with two or three prongs, with which they propel the ball forward. It must not be touched with the hand. At other times the women use a curved stick, with which they throw before them a ring of twisted fibre, which thus replaces the ball. Neither must this be touched with the hand, although I have seen them cheat when they fancied themselves unobserved, picking it up and running with it in order to save time. This is a very ancient game, as similar rings have been excavated from the cliff-dwellings.

The women get even more excited than the men, and it is a strange sight to see these stalwart Amazons racing heavily along, but with astonishing perseverance. They wear nothing but a skirt, which, when creeks or water-holes come in their way, they gather up, *à la Diane*, and make short work of the crossing.

Foot-racing, which goes on nearly the year round, particularly in the winter-time, when they have plenty to eat, is not the only sport of which the Tarahumari is fond. He has many games. Knuckle-bones are used as dice. In a game called taquari, a ball is knocked along the ground by one party of players toward a goal, while the opposite party strives to beat it back to the opposite goal. Shooting-matches with bows and arrows are common. Quatro resembles our game of quoits. Quinze, their greatest gambling game, is played with four sticks inscribed with different values, which are thrown against a stone, and count more or less according to the manner in which they happen to fall. They may devote days to this game and lose at it everything but their wives. They draw the line there.



Stick and Ring used by the Women at their Foot-races.

The race over, I took some photographs of the runners, just before sunset. The wagers were distributed and the people dispersed to sleep. We followed their example, and early the next day most of the Indians had disappeared.

Fork and Wooden Ball used by the Women at their Foot-races.

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Ulpiano Checa.

AN UNLUCKY MEETING*

PAINTED BY ULPIANO CHECA

By Philip Gilbert Hamerton

M. Checa is passionately fond of painting galloping horses, which he represents with extraordinary energy. The following short biography will lead the reader up to the crisis in the artist's life, which suddenly developed this power in him and his peculiar interest in this class of subject.

He was born at Colmenar de Oreja, in the province of Madrid, on April 3, 1860. Colmenar de Oreja is a village situated at a distance of forty kilometres to the northeast of Madrid. It had belonged formerly to the region of La Mancha, and was then in the province of Toledo. It is a country of vineyards and stone-quarries. The quarries have supplied the stones for the principal edifices in Madrid. Colmenar must have been formerly a great place for bees, as the name, in its Spanish signification, refers to beehives. Oreja is a corruption from the name of the Emperor Aurelian.

The names of M. Checa's father and

* See Frontispiece.

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mother (that of the mother was Saiz) are both of Moorish origin; so he is probably descended from those ingenious Moorish artificers to whom the Spaniards owed much of their advancement in the industrial and ornamental arts. From such arts to what we call the fine arts the transition has always been natural and easy.

At Colmenar nearly two thousand work-people are occupied in making amphoræ in terra-cotta for the storage of wine, each of them big enough, speaking generally, to hold five thousand litres. In the time of Philip II. the village of Colmenar was enriched with several extensive religious buildings—a fact which was of great importance in the artistic development of young Checa, as it was in the churches of Colmenar that he received his first impressions from pictures. His interest in these paintings even led him to be a chorister-boy, so that he might get nearer to the works of art that interested him during the service. Meanwhile, like all children born with a taste for art (and like many who are born without it), the boy amused himself by sketching everything that came in his way. There must have been some extraordinary talent in these sketches, as they were passed from hand to hand, and some of them even found their way to the capital and made a little beginning of reputation. So one day there came a gentleman, named Jose Ballester, to Colmenar, who found out young Checa, and told him that he ought to study seriously and be an artist. The only objection made to this project by Checa's father was his own poverty, which made it impossible for him to bear the expenses of the long preparation required for an artistic career. To this the stranger answered (the story reads like a romance) that he himself kept a restaurant in Madrid, and that he offered young Checa free board and lodging during his student years. Was ever such a restaurateur before or since, and will there ever be such a restaurateur again? This wonderful visit took place in the month of March, 1875, and decided all Checa's future. He immediately became an Academy student, and after four years of hard study another most extraordinary thing happened to him. He was then nineteen years old, and the minister who had the fine arts under his direction, at that time, Señor Fomento, appointed Checa assistant Professor of Perspective in the Royal Academy of Madrid, an appointment made knowingly against the rule that no one could be a professor under the age of twenty-two. From that time until the year 1884 he went on with his own studies in the school, besides professing perspective, and accepted engagements with several artists as an assistant. In this way he worked with Dominguez at the Church of St. Francis the Great, in Madrid, and also with Ferrant and Faberner y Gonzalvo.

The next remarkable event in Checa's life was his winning the Spanish *Prix de Rome* in 1884. Not only did he win this prize, but all the votes of the judges were unanimously in his favor.

Several of the famous cities of Spain were already known to him. He had been strongly impressed by Granada, Cordova, Toledo, and other picturesque and grandly situated towns, but he was far more delighted by Rome and other Italian cities. During the years of his life in Italy he took the liveliest interest in that country and visited the whole of it, staying in every town that had any artistic interest. I may say, in passing, that I never met with an artist, except Sir Frederick Leighton, whose interest in things had kept so fresh and lively. Both of them, too, are linguists, but with this difference that Leighton is accurate as well as fluent in his use of foreign languages while Checa has a rough and ready way of dealing with them which catches their spirit wonderfully, as by a kind of inspiration, but puts anything like scholarship quite hopelessly beyond his reach. As for other studies, Checa told me that during his residence in Italy he acquired a taste for historical reading and he has an archæological instinct which, being combined in his case with a most forcible realizing imagination, gives him a vivid vision of the past and makes a Roman chariot-race, for example, as real to him as if he had actually witnessed it.

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It is the custom for students who are maintained at the expense of their several states, in Rome, to send proofs of their diligence called in French "les envois de Rome." Checa's first sending was "Numa Pompilius and the Nymph Egeria," of which there is nothing further to be said, but the second and third had important consequences. The second was a copy of Mantegna's magnificent fresco of the Death of St. Cristoval at Padua, and this copy directed the attention of the authorities to the condition of the original, which was beginning to show signs of deterioration by damp, so they had it removed from the walls for its better preservation. The third work sent by Checa to Madrid was the cartoon of his picture "The Invasion of the Barbarians." The picture itself was finished in the course of the same year, and exhibited at Madrid in 1887, when it won a first-class medal. Before being sent to Spain, this important work was shown in the Spanish Academy in Rome, where it was seen by all the artists, the members of the diplomatic body, and other notabilities. The picture became famous in three days; King Humbert heard of it, and on the fourth day came to the Spanish Academy unannounced. Regretting that he could not have the picture itself, he asked for a photograph.

This picture was of great size and an audacious enterprise to undertake, as Checa had never before painted horses, and the barbarians were mounted on fiery steeds rushing at full gallop along a Roman street. The idea of it came to the painter by a flash of sudden inspiration. He was driving in the Corso with a friend when, as he saw the horses trotting rapidly past, he thought of other horses that must have been in ancient times in the same place. This led his mind to the barbarians and their wild cavalry riding into Rome. He saw the future picture as in a vision, asked permission to stop the carriage, left his astonished friend with scarcely a good-by and not a word of explanation, and then ran to his studio, where he at once sketched the composition almost as it was afterward painted on a canvas measuring about twenty-three feet by eighteen. Considering that the painter had never attempted horses in a picture before (he may have painted studies of them), the audacity of this attempt is scarcely less astonishing than its success. Of course he made studies as the picture was going forward. To facilitate these the Italian War Minister gave orders that cavalry soldiers should be placed at the disposal of the artist, who accordingly gave them much galloping to do, not entirely, he thinks, to their satisfaction, and he does not suppose that they appreciated the fine arts any the better for these exercises. The picture was exhibited at Madrid in 1887 and gained there a first-class medal. In the following year it appeared in the Vienna Exhibition and won a second-class medal there. The interest which the artist himself had taken in this picture, and the corresponding interest that it had excited in Rome, Madrid, and Vienna, led to further studies of horses in action, and the small picture we reproduce is a descendant of that important ancestor.

It is well known amongst artists that a big picture is a costly thing to the painter in various ways. It is a child that causes various little bills to be sent to its father. The immediate consequence of "The Invasion of the Barbarians" was a temporary financial difficulty that induced its young author to part with all his studies, a sale he has since regretted, as it included many projects that might have been developed into pictures afterward.

M. Checa was a juryman for the Spanish section at the Paris Universal Exhibition in 1889, and in the same year he made preparations for the great picture of "A Roman Chariot Race," which was exhibited in the following year at the Salon, and gained a Parisian reputation, as well as a medal, for its author. It is certainly a most remarkable picture for the energy of its action. The chariots are at the turning point. One, with four black horses, is upset and the horses all down in a fine struggling group, with the driver in the midst of it, entangled in his many reins. Directly on this scene of confusion rushes a chariot with four white horses suddenly checked and brought upon their haunches, while another with four blacks comes

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sweeping in an outer curve, avoiding the wreck and ruin, and so destined to win the day. The spectators, with Roman heartlessness, are amused by the sight of perils in which they take no share. The whole scene is realized with astonishing vividness, as if the artist had seen it with his own eyes.

Since 1890 Checa has exhibited "Attila Leading his Hordes," "The Redskins," and "The Naumachia," besides several less important works. "Attila" and "The Redskins" are so full of galloping horses that the strength of human action in these pictures may be less appreciated, but the truth is that here, as in the "Chariot Race," men and horses are treated exactly in the same way, that is, as animals full of fiery life, in a moment of supreme excitement. The "Naumachia" is remarkable for the entire absence of horses and, for that reason, gives a more favorable opportunity for judging of the artist's power in the representation of men. Objections to this picture, which is now (May, 1894) exhibited in the Champ de Mars, have been raised on the ground that the artist has made too much of the subject, but this is due to simple ignorance.

We know that the naval combats, got up for the amusement of the Roman public, were, in fact, contests of considerable importance, though the bloodshed in them only reddened the waters of a pond.

This painter of action, though still young, has received honors in Spain, being a Knight of the Royal Order of Charles III. A street in his native place already bears his name.

The picture here reproduced by the artist's permission was exhibited at the Champ de Mars in the present year.

I have tried to translate its original title, which is "Une Mauvaise Rencontre," into something like equivalent English; but in fact the situation is hardly what we call a meeting: it is an overtaking, as the train and carriage are both going in the same direction. A meeting is still more dangerous, as the frightened horse turns around quite suddenly before he bolts, and may easily upset the carriage in doing so, or sometimes he backs, in spite of whip and voice, a process still more dangerous with a four-wheeled than a two-wheeled vehicle. The situation depicted by M. Checa is that of horses bolting in consequence of a noise behind them, a noise that they do not understand. The position is, of course, perilous for the driver, but not by any means hopeless, as, if the horses can be kept on the road till the noisy train is past, they will slacken their speed shortly and become tractable again. Meanwhile, as we see in the picture, the driver is not easy in his mind; but in this case he is to be congratulated on not having ladies and children with him. The most trying of all situations is to have unruly horses and a lady by your side who is overcome with terror, and, in her eagerness to be doing something, seizes hold of the reins. In justice to the sex in general, and more particularly to conciliate the ladies who may read this, I hasten to add that such cases are exceptional, and that one's usual anxiety in dangerous driving is for the safety of the ladies themselves. As for children, they make one still more anxious, particularly when they begin to scream and want to jump out, and have to be held by somebody.

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ELECTRICIAN-IN-CHARGE

By Herbert Laws Webb

I

HARLEY ATWOOD'S daily life was distinctly monotonous, and as he sat all alone in the veranda of the little club, smoking an after-dinner cigarette and gazing dreamily at the lights of the Almirante O'Halloran, he was in a very discontented frame of mind. He had left London some six months before on a telegraph ship bound for the west coast of South America, to lay cables there. Harley had expected to stay on the ship and visit interesting places. Instead of that he had been dumped down in a mud village, bounded, as the geographies say, on the west by the Pacific Ocean, and on the north, east, and south by a dreary desert that stretched a long day's ride in every direction. It was true that there was a ray of sunlight to temper the winter of his discontent. He was in sole charge of his post. At first there had been another man over him, but he had gone up in the big ship, and Harley was intrusted with the supervision of the two cables that parted north and south from the mud village. For the first few days of his solitary reign he felt quite proud of his responsible position, being only twenty, and signed himself, in his letters home, "electrician-in-charge," with a mighty flourish.

Every morning he mounted a pacing South American horse, climbed up a steep path at the back of the mud village, racked across the stony desert for three stony miles, and slipped and staggered down a rocky precipitous slope to a sandy bight in the shore of the outer bay. There he tethered the india-rubber-footed animal to a bamboo pole and spent an hour in the galvanized iron stove, twelve feet square, that contained the ends of the cables and some shiny brass instruments. He fingered the shiny brass instruments lovingly for an hour or so, scanning meanwhile the quaverings of a streak of light reflected on a card-board scale, and writing down rows of figures. He had a little chat by means of the wiggly streak of light with one companion in the capital of the country that owned the mud village, and with another in the neighboring republic. Finally, with the aid of a big book of logarithms, he worked out his tests to five places of decimals and entered everything up with scrupulous care and detail in portentous record books. Then he locked up the galvanized iron stove and pattered back across the stony desert to the dirty little hotel in the mud village.

The mud village only boasted of a couple of thousand inhabitants, mostly half-breeds. There was absolutely no society. The country had lately been at war with a neighboring republic and had been vanquished. The conquerors had sent the Almirante O'Halloran, an insignificant sloop of war, with a company of infantry, to occupy the place, and the few well-to-do families had shut up shop and retired across the desert to some interior town which the invaders had yet been too lazy to march upon. There were two or three English merchants who had lived so long in the country that they had acquired

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many of its ways and habits, and Harley inwardly styled them "translated natives." With one of these, a certain Mr. Porter, he had got to be on fairly friendly terms. Porter had extended to Harley various small favors, and a week or so before this story opens Harley had been induced to do him a very important one, which must be told of here in order that the events that followed may be properly understood.

Harley was sitting in his room one afternoon when Flamingo, the barefooted boy waiter, announced a visitor. (The boy's real name was Domingo, but Harley said that Flamingo suited him better on account of his yellow feet and beak-like nose.) The visitor was Mr. Porter. After very little desultory conversation — for debatable topics were exceedingly scarce in the mud village, and of material for small talk there was absolutely none, not even the weather, which was unvaryingly fine—the object of the visit came out. Porter wanted Harley to send a telegram for him to a man at the capital, where the southern cable terminated. It was a very short message and would save him much trouble and expense, as it would prevent his correspondent from making an unnecessary voyage up the coast. At first Harley flatly refused, explaining that the company's rules expressly prohibited the transmission of messages. Porter, however, pleaded long and earnestly and so worked on Harley's feelings that he finally consented to send the message, in spite of rules and regulations.

The next day Harley tapped off the message to his companion at the capital. It was addressed to one Miguel Borrillas, and said simply, *No venga para esta*—do not come here—*Porter.* The streak of light wiggled back a protest and Harley tapped out many arguments in favor of the delivery of the message, for, having agreed to send it, he was anxious that it should go through all right. At last the streak wiggled that the message would be delivered, but a full entry would be made in the records. So Harley tapped out, "*O. K.*, good-by," wrote out an elaborate account of the transaction in his own books, and trotted back to the hotel, much satisfied, after all, at having been able to oblige his friend Mr. Porter and to save him such a lot of trouble and expense. The day after, the streak of light wiggled out that the message had been handed to Don Miguel Borrillas, who had been found at the address given, a house, said the quivering streak, in a dingy back street. Don Miguel, after reading the despatch, had simply ejaculated "*Boino,*" and had disappeared without further remark or word of thanks. "Rather a queer sort of old duffer to act like that after all my trouble in finding him," spelled out the streak; "but, as he said '*Boino,*' I suppose it's all right."

"Yes, might have said *muchas gracias,*" tapped out Harley; "but it shows he understood O. K. Thanks awfully for your trouble. Good-by o. m."

That evening he had met Mr. Porter at the little club and told him that the message had been delivered all right, and his friend had said "*Boino.*" Harley thought that Porter was more elated and excited than the matter warranted, but put down the exuberance he showed at getting the news to the excitable temperament acquired from much contact with the natives.

II

As Harley sat watching the twinkling lights of the Almirante O'Halloran he was not thinking of Porter and his message. He was just idly wondering if it were really possible that the streams of cabs and omnibuses and people could still be hurrying through the streets of London while he was languishing in a desolate mud village on the ragged edge of a desert, three thousand leagues beyond the four-mile radius. His unphilosophical meditations were interrupted by the arrival of Don Francisco Palivetti, a native merchant of Italian descent, born in the place, educated in the United States, and versed in all the ins and outs of South American life and intrigue. Life in South America means intrigue of every sort, and Palivetti, with his smooth, dark, Italian face, his gleaming black eyes, and his incisive manner, had the air of a past master of

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the art. He drew up a chair close to Harley's.

"I'm afraid you're going to get into trouble, Mr. Atwood, and a friendly warning may be useful," he began.

"Get into trouble?" said Harley. "I think even trouble would be a welcome break in this monotonous life. But what do you mean? What have *I* done?"

"Well, it seems that that message you sent the other day has prevented Captain Pacheco, of the Almirante there," waving his cigarette in the direction of the sloop, "from laying hands on a scamp for whom he had set a neat little trap. Why Porter should have wanted to warn Blazquez is more than I can understand, as the man deserves shooting if ever a villain did."

"I don't know what you're talking about. What message? and who is Blazquez? and what about Porter warning him?" Harley knew that Porter and Palivetti were not on the best of terms, and he rather suspected that the other was trying to "draw" him. Still, he began to feel a trifle uncomfortable.

"I will tell you. Manuel Blazquez—I believe, when in hiding, he generally calls himself Miguel Borrillas, or something like that—is one of the worst characters on the coast, a schemer of schemes, and a criminal into the bargain. Our friends of the sloop out there have good reasons for being extremely anxious to get hold of him. Where he is now, he is pretty safe. But it had been artfully planned that he was to come up here, and so tempting and innocent was the bait held out, so safe did the journey appear to him, that all his preparations were made and he was on the point of starting when he suddenly changed his plans and decided to remain where he was and is. Imagine the rage and mortification of *el capitan* Pacheco when the steamer from the South comes in without his man! He is convinced that a warning must have gone from here by the cable."

"Oh, is he?" said Harley, after a few moments' thought, chiefly dedicated to inwardly calling himself bad names for having been so obliging. "Well, what does he propose to do about it?"

"That's just the part that interests you. Porter has gone up into the interior; but it is quite clear to us—that is, to Captain Pacheco—that he must have given you a message to send to Blazquez, and the Captain is vowing all sorts of vengeance."

"It seems to me that you are taking a great deal for granted," said Harley. He guessed by Palivetti's little slip that his interest in the matter sprang from some other motive than that of giving him any friendly warning. He was pretty certain that the other was trying to draw him out. So he tried to keep on his guard and fence him off. "You don't appear to understand that the cable is not open for traffic and no messages are sent over it except on our own business."

"But I suppose there is nothing to prevent your sending one for a friend?"

"Nothing but the company's rules to the contrary." Harley was determined to "bluff."

"But why need the company know anything about it?"

"Well, you see everything has to be noted in the records."

"But you might send a message and not enter it, and nobody would be the wiser."

"You forget the man at the other end."

"What about him?"

"He might not be interested in delivering a message, and to free himself from responsibility would write up the transaction in his books, and I should have to do the same in mine."

"Oh, I see. Then you could not send a despatch, even for a friend, without recording it on your books, unless your companion agreed to make no entry?"

"No," said Harley, off his guard; "and of course he would not do that."

"H'm. Then this message from Porter to Blazquez is written down in your books," said Palivetti, dryly.

Harley broke into a perspiration as he saw that he had given more information than he had intended.

"I have not sent any message to Blazquez," he blurted out, floundering still deeper in his confusion.

"Well, Borrillas, then. It is all the same."

"If you think Porter has given me a

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message to send, why don't you ask him?"

"He is too far away just now. Besides, I am not asking you if you have sent it, because there is very little doubt about it. Captain Pacheco is quite convinced of it. Just what his plans are I don't know. I am afraid you have got yourself into a rather awkward scrape, Mr. Atwood, and I should advise you to go straight to the Captain, make a clean breast of it, and offer to do what you can to help him in the matter. You think over it, and let me know to-morrow. I must be going now, as I have to pay a visit."

Harley's feelings when Palivetti left him were of a mixed character. He thought he should like to wring the Italian's neck for pumping him, and for his confoundedly cool, patronizing airs. He was not quite sure how much he had said or how much what he had said might imply. One thing he felt most acutely, and that was that he had been an everlasting chump, as he put it, in allowing himself to be talked over by Porter. There was no good in harping on that, however. The message had been sent and delivered and the mischief was done. Supposing he disregarded Palivetti's advice, which presumably was an intimation from the Captain, what could the Captain do? For that matter what could he *not* do? The mud village was under martial law, and the Captain was virtually king of the place. He might arrest him, and his companions at the other ends of the cables would think they were broken, and report to the ship. Or he might steam off to the outer bay and drag up the cables. He could scarcely force him to send messages, or at any rate to send them correctly, and he certainly couldn't force the man at the other end to deliver them. But he would probably be a dangerous man to play the fool with, and there *might* be some torpedo officer on board who knew something about telegraphy. It was most perplexing.

III

That night Harley played billiards worse than usual. When he turned in he tried to think of some way out of his difficulties, but he dropped off into dreams that were a strange confusion of swarthy conspirators reading telegrams, naval officers brandishing billiard cues, and electrical instruments dancing on their brass screws. The next day, failing to obtain any comfort from a perusal of the log-book in which the message was entered — for there were other entries above and below — he decided to consult the British Consul. When he got to the consulate he thought things were indeed going badly, for the clerk said that his chief had left that morning for his country-house, a day's journey in the interior.

"Any idea when he'll be back?" asked Harley.

"Well, you see," said the clerk, confidentially, "it depends. He had news that a British man-of-war would be calling in here in a day or two. He can't bear naval officers, or, in fact, society of any kind, so he has gone to the *hacienda* and will probably stay there until he has word that the ship has gone away."

"That's cheerful," said Harley, as he went out. Still, he thought, the presence of a British man-of-war would prevent Captain Pacheco from going to any extreme, if he really were as keenly concerned about that unlucky message as Palivetti had made out.

Harley's doubts about the Captain's attitude were set at rest the next morning. As he was lingering over his *desayuno*—the early morning coffee and roll—his evil genius appeared before him holding a letter in his hand.

"Good-morning, Mr. Atwood," began the Italian; "I am sorry to learn that you have not taken my advice. Captain Pacheco's patience is exhausted, and he has asked me to deliver this letter to you and to translate it if necessary."

Harley took the letter mechanically and opened it with deliberation. He studied it intently for a few minutes, but his knowledge of Spanish was limited, and he made out only a word here and there, just sufficient to gather that serious steps were threatened.

"I think I get the drift of it," he said, at last; "but perhaps you had better translate it. Why didn't he send it by one of his own men?"

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"He did send one of the officers with it to me with the request that I should make it clear to you. The letter says, briefly, that as it appears you have sent a telegram to one Miguel Blazquez, *alias* Manuel Borrillas, you are requested to step on board the Almirante O'Halloran and clear up the matter. In default of your not doing so within forty-eight hours the Comandante will take possession of the cable-hut and will take such other measures as he thinks proper. He concludes with the assurance that he is your attentive and faithful servant, kisses your hand, and signs himself with full name and title."

"Kisses my hand, does he—after all that? Well, I like his cheek! I know what I should like to do to him!"

"Oh, that's merely a form," explained Palivetti. "We of the Latin races have various polite little expressions that you English might adopt with advantage."

"In this case it seems a kind of reversal of the 'kissing the rod,'" said Harley, with a dismal attempt at flippancy. "Well, I suppose there is nothing more to be said, Mr. Palivetti."

"I assure you that the Comandante is quite in earnest, and it will be much better for you to go to him at once and try to repair the mischief."

Harley was bent on putting on a bold front before Palivetti, who he now felt sure was co-operating with the Comandante.

"Oh, as to that, you have no proof that any such message was sent. Even the captain of a man-of-war can't act without proof. Captain Pacheco will find that a British subject has rights that even he is bound to respect." As Harley delivered this he strove to put on the true *civis Romanus sum* air of the arrogant Briton, but his heart was sinking, and the words did not have the proper defiant ring.

"You will find, I am afraid, that the Comandante has justification that will cause him to disregard even the majesty of a British subject," rejoined Palivetti, with provoking coolness. "Besides, his power here is unlimited, and the abstract influence of the Union Jack will scarcely trouble him. Above all, you are clearly in the wrong, as you have not only infringed the rules of your own company, but have also meddled in a delicate international question that involves the relations of two countries at present at peace with each other. It is no light matter."

Palivetti's tone was so decidedly unfriendly, his incisive remarks put Harley in such a very bad light, that the latter was justly annoyed. Jumping up from his chair, he put an end to the conversation.

"Well, I have forty-eight hours to answer Captain Pacheco's letter and I will think it over. Good-day, Mr. Palivetti." With this, determined at least to have the last shot, he made straight for the door of the hotel, where his horse was waiting.

IV

As Harley rode down to the hut the burden of his thoughts was expressed in a single sentence which he muttered aloud several times: "This is a devil of a fix." The horse's hoofs, as they ground into the stony soil, seemed to pick up the refrain and jogged out: "Devil of a fix, devil of a fix," all across the plain, until he wished the animal had only three legs, to break the rhythm. He turned things over and over in his mind, but it was a case of "breakers ahead" with a vengeance, and he could see no way out of it.

When the official business of the day was despatched the streak of light wiggled out a piece of intelligence which, for the moment, drove all thoughts of the Comandante's peremptory demands out of Harley's head. It was nothing less than the news of the bombardment of Alexandria by the British fleet. Harley, with a boy's thirst for gore, was all excitement, and wanted all the details. They were few enough, as the Pacific coast had recently had enough of bombardments on its own account and felt small interest in news, at several dollars a word, of one in a far-away place like Egypt. The two discussed the exciting event until the other suddenly broke off and said, "g. b., o. m., got catch train." It was only when he had put out the light and locked up the hut that Harley remembered he had said

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nothing about the unlucky message to Miguel Borrillas.

Furious with himself for his forgetfulness he jumped on his horse, and, with the unjustness of human nature in a bad temper, vented his feelings on the poor beast by galloping him over the hard ground all the way back to the edge of the plain. He reined in as he reached the path leading down to the mud village and looked out over the bay, just opened to view. He almost fell from the saddle as he saw a trim little corvette swinging to her anchor, flying from her peak the beautiful white ensign. If anyone could get him out of his scrape, he thought, instantly, it was the captain of that most welcome craft.

Harley bolted his breakfast with what Flamingo thought was most unseemly haste, as the poor boy scarcely had time to change the plates before they were emptied. Then he dressed himself in his best and set out on his mission to interview the captain of the new arrival.

After an hour or so of patient waiting at the consulate, where the Captain was expected, Harley was about to start for the little landing-stage when the silence of the quiet street without was broken by voices using a familiar accent, then there resounded in the hallway a hearty laugh, and a moment later two Englishmen walked into the office. One was a stout, burly man, gray-whiskered and ruddy complexioned, with the unmistakable gait of a sailor and an air of authority that caused Harley to at once put him down as the Captain of the gunboat. The other was a tall, distinguished looking man, with white hair and mustache and clear-cut features brightened by a pair of blue eyes that were dancing still in appreciation of some little joke the two had just exchanged. This one puzzled Harley, who retired discreetly to the background to allow the clerk to receive the visitors.

In a few minutes the mystery was solved. There were inquiries for the Consul, and the clerk explained that he had been imperatively summoned to the country a few days before on account of serious illness in the family. Harley smiled as he remembered the clerk's more confiding story to him. Then it came out that the stout man was Captain Carter, commander of H. M. S. Gadfly, as Harley had surmised, and the tall one none other than Sir Henry Leighton, the British minister to the republic. Sir Henry, it appeared, had been under the weather with fever and had come north for a cruise on the Gadfly to pick up his strength. Harley could have hugged him, and the Captain, too, as the clerk made the introduction; he felt that with such reinforcements, if he could but enlist their sympathy, he would yet be a match for the wily Palivetti and the blustering Comandante.

Pretty soon Harley, the Captain, and the minister were discussing the bombardment, which he sprang on them at once to melt the ice. In the course of an hour the three were on the best of terms, and when the Captain and his companion rose to go Harley was invited to dine on board that night, an invitation which he gratefully, even eagerly, accepted.

He felt, as a little later he arrayed himself for the occasion, more as if he were going to attend his own trial than a dinner-party, and he was so engrossed with his perplexing doubts and fears as he walked down to the landing-stage that he failed to notice the amazement his evening clothes caused to the chattering natives in the narrow alleys that did duty for streets in the mud village. He was aroused from his self-absorption by a little incident to which it gave rise. In bringing the long whale-boat, which was sent for him, alongside the accommodation ladder of the Gadfly he managed to scrape her nose against the ship's side. The man in the bow tittered audibly and the cox said "hush" sternly. Harley rather prided himself on his skill in steering a boat, and his vexation at having made an exhibition of himself before professionals drove away his nervousness and abstraction.

"It's all right. Merely wanted to let 'em know I was coming," he said lightly, as he stepped up the ladder. He ceremoniously greeted the officer of the deck, who received him without

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a twinkle of the eye, although he had plainly heard the bump and scrape with which Harley had announced himself.

V

The dinner in the Captain's cabin passed off pleasantly enough. Three of the ward-room officers had been invited to "trim the boat," and Harley soon felt at home with the whole party. The talk was principally about the famous bombardment and about the ships, the men, and the guns concerned. After a time it drifted round to a discussion on the various countries along the coast, in most of which Sir Henry Leighton had lived for longer or shorter periods. At a moment when the talk was between the other four, Sir Henry turned to Harley and said:

"By the way, Mr. Atwood, there was some little affair on shore you wanted to consult us about; was there not?"

"Yes," said Harley, nervously, "but—er—I don't want a debate before a full house. If I could have a few minutes with you and Captain Carter——"

"Oh, I see. Just a committee on foreign relations. All right, that can be managed very easily. The Captain is an anti-tobacconist, and very soon the others will go out on deck to smoke; then we three can plot in peace." Sir Henry spoke jocularly, but Harley thought with an inward sinking that there was more plotting than he probably reckoned with. However, before the coffee was served, his anxiety had departed. The dinner had been far better than any he had tasted for months, and his spirits rose with the progress of the meal. The sight of British uniforms and the sound of British voices round him cheered his senses and gave him confidence. His insular contempt for "natives" revived, and he half hoped that Captain Carter would invite the commander of the Almirante O'Halloran to proceed to sea and settle things in approved naval style!

When the ward-room officers departed Harley was invited to tell his story, which he did without omitting a single detail. In fact, for the benefit of his own case, he even added considerable embellishment to his account of the blandishments that Porter had brought to bear to induce him to send the message. He wrote out the message to exhibit its entire freedom from any suspicious aspect, and finally he handed round the letter from the Comandante.

The Captain was the first to speak.

"Why, confound the impudent beggar! Wants to take possession of British property and interfere with British commerce, does he? I'll teach him to bully an unprotected boy. If he attempts to do anything of the sort I'll blow his confounded dirty little tub out of the water!"

The Captain was a bit of a fire-eater, and doubtless would have welcomed any decent pretext for taking his ship into action. Harley was rather startled by this outburst, so nearly coinciding with his fancies of a little while before, and began to wonder if that would be the best course after all. But Sir Henry said, quietly:

"I am afraid that would scarcely do, Captain. Things out here are rather unsettled just now, and the people at home would hardly appreciate the flare-up that would follow any such—er—dispute. Besides, you would not be helping our young friend here. As I understand him, he will get into a pretty pickle with his company if the affair comes out."

"Pickle is no name for it. Regular stew I should be in. Then, you see, if any disturbance comes out of the thing down here, it will probably lead to difficulties between us and the other company, an American one, that is to operate the cables. In fact it would be an awful mess all round—probably cost our company a lot of money, and spoil my chances for good."

"I see. All the elements for a very pretty international dispute of a decidedly novel character," said Sir Henry, cheerfully; "and the prospect of any amount of work for me. I must try to prevent that, at any rate."

"You see, if the Comandante were to take it into his head to hook up the cables and interrupt them, there'd be the deuce to pay," said Harley, putting the worst face on things.

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"He won't do that while I'm here," remarked the Captain, emphatically.

"But, my dear Carter, we can't stay here forever, and the Almirante can. No, you must let me bring my art to bear on this. I think I see a way out of it, and it will be best by all odds to settle the thing quietly, if possible. I know of this Manuel Blazquez, and he fully deserves hanging or whatever fate Captain Pacheco had in store for him; so there really is justification for the Comandante's attitude. We must try to get round him by peaceable means. Whereabouts is this cable-hut of yours, Mr. Atwood?"

"Round in the outer bay, about three miles from the town."

"What sort of a place is it?"

"A little galvanized iron hut, about as big as this cabin, only square."

"How is the beach down there; stony, like this part?"

"Oh, no. Beautiful, hard sand. We always pick out a sandy spot for landing cables." Harley did not quite see the drift of Sir Henry's inquiries; they appeared to him to lead nowhere.

"That's good," said Sir Henry. "Any furniture in the hut?"

"Well, there are the testing and signalling instruments and a writing-table, a chair or two, and a stretcher-bed." Harley began to think the questions trivial and vexatious.

"Quite a cottage by the sea. Do you live there?"

"No, but I did for a week or so at first, when I had to keep watch day and night while the cable was being laid. There were two of us, then, and we took turns at watching the instruments and sleeping. I would live there now, as it's much cleaner than the hotel, but there is a lack of neighbors that makes it rather lonely in the evenings."

"Capital!" exclaimed Sir Henry. "Now, if you will excuse us for a few minutes, I will just have a little talk with Captain Carter." He drew the Captain to a sofa at the end of the cabin, and the two engaged in a whispered conference which lasted several minutes.

Harley held an old illustrated paper in front of him, upside down, and wondered what the dickens Sir Henry was driving at in wanting to know so much about the hut. At one time he heard a smothered burst of laughter from the sofa and, looking over the edge of the paper, saw that both the Captain and the diplomatist were highly amused. He felt more than the usual anxiety of the outsider to be let into the joke. Occasionally, as the whispering grew less guarded, he caught references to "the admiral," "old friend of mine," and "two or three days," and some Spanish words that he fancied sounded familiar to him as the name of a man-of-war on the coast.

Finally, much to Harley's relief, the conference broke up. Sir Henry's blue eyes were twinkling, and the Captain's ruddy countenance was creased by a broad smile. Sir Henry resumed:

"Captain Carter and I have evolved a little plan that I think will smooth away your difficulties, Mr. Atwood. You will forgive me if I do not take you into our confidence for the present, but you will probably do your part more effectively if you really remain ignorant of our project than if you only pretended to be so. I do not promise success for a certainty, as we depend on someone else for the last situation in the play. But I think everything will go off all right, and you may rely on us to do our best." Sir Henry's tone was so reassuring that Harley forgot his ill-temper, and said, eagerly:

"I place myself fully in your hands, sir, and I am immensely grateful to you for taking so much interest in my unlucky scrape. What am I to do?"

"Well, nothing for the present. You say you generally go to the cable-hut in the morning. I will stroll round there to-morrow by way of the beach, and may look you up. Meanwhile, I should send no reply to the Comandante and hold no communication with the Italian gentleman. Now let's go out on deck and have a smoke."

VI

The next morning Harley went down to the hut at his usual hour. He had given up trying to puzzle out what Sir Henry's plan might be, and had re-

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signed himself to await developments. He was busy at his daily observations when the green curtain hanging over the door of the hut to keep out the light was drawn aside, and Sir Henry's welcome figure appeared in the doorway. He was armed with a butterfly net.

"Good-morning, Mr. Atwood. You look like a magician in this dark place and handling those queer instruments. What's it all for?"

Harley explained the uses of the various testing instruments, and later showed off the antics of the wiggly streak of light by which he read off his messages from the other stations. Then he put out the lamp and drew back the curtains of the door and window, letting the daylight into the hut.

"All very interesting," said the diplomatist. "I'm very glad to have an opportunity of seeing something of these cables of yours that have ruined our trade. On this occasion, however, I think the tables are turned, and diplomacy has to come to the rescue of the cables. Eh, Mr. Atwood?"

"That's true, Sir Henry, and I must congratulate myself on having secured the support of such an able and distinguished representative of the art."

Sir Henry burst into a hearty fit of laughter. "Oh, come, young man, you stick to your own calling and leave the soft soap to me. These seem to be fairly comfortable quarters," he added, looking round the hut. "Good deal more space and air than in a cabin on board ship, and I must say the sea rippling on the clean sand down there looks most inviting."

"Yes, it's delightful," said Harley; "I often take a dip here."

They went outside the hut and strolled up and down the beach. The diplomatist gave Harley some instructions, wrote a few words in pencil in his note-book, and took from him the duplicate key of the hut. They chatted for a long time, and then Harley locked up the hut and rode off with quite a cheerful air, while Sir Henry sauntered along the beach looking for butterflies, which were about as plentiful in those parts as in Cheapside.

The rest of that day Harley kept close to his room. He seemed to be in excellent spirits, and even gave vent to occasional suppressed chuckles during breakfast and dinner, much to the edification of Flamingo. Early the following morning he copied out very carefully, from the scribbled leaf of his note-book, the letter to the Commander of the Almirante O'Halloran, which Sir Henry had drafted for him. It was very polite and ceremonious, and expressed in the most delicate way that Harley did not desire to intrude on Captain Pacheco's valuable time, as he was in the unfortunate position of being quite unable to impart any information regarding the supposed telegraphic message to which Captain Pacheco's highly esteemed letter of the twenty-second instant referred. The missive was rounded up with the proper allowance of the letters of the alphabet that the high-flown courtesy of written communication among the Latin races demands, and was despatched by a special messenger. A little later Harley started for the cable-hut.

VII

When he got within view of the beach the first thing that caught his eye was a small Union Jack flying gayly from the bamboo pole, which had been lashed to one of the corners of the hut. He narrowly escaped breaking his neck as, in his eagerness to reach the hut, he clattered down the rocky path with loose rein. Arrived there he found door and window wide open, and Sir Henry, in his flannels and blazer, reclining comfortably in a deck-chair, smoking a pipe, and holding a yellow-backed novel. On the table were the silver-topped implements of Sir Henry's dressing-bag, a small Russian coffee-pot and an empty cup. Hanging out of the window was Sir Henry's bathing-suit. The bed was neatly covered up with a rug, and various articles of clothing were laid on it in orderly array. The place had quite a comfortable, home-like air.

"Good-morning, Atwood. Sorry you've come just too late for a cup of coffee. I've had a most delightful bath.

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Really, I think this is the most charming seaside resort I ever was in. It has its little inconveniences, perhaps, and it's rather a nuisance to be without a man, but anything's good for a change. The quiet of this place is most seductive. I feel as if I could spend a whole month here."

Harley gazed at him in open admiration.

"How did you manage to get out here without attracting attention?" he asked.

"Very simple. Some of the officers went to visit the Almirante after dinner. I put on a uniform coat and cap, and steered the boat. After leaving them on board we pulled back some distance toward our own ship and then turned down the bay, and the men rowed out here for all they were worth, landed me and my traps, fixed up the flagpole, and got back, I suppose, without arousing any suspicion. I made myself comfy here, as you see, turned in early, slept like a top (that stretcher-bed is a capital contrivance for warm nights), got up with the sand-piper—there are no larks here, I believe, except ours, about to begin—had my dip and my coffee, and now I feel fit to receive any visitors that may come this way. And, by Jove," he added, as he rose and looked out of the window, "here they are, sharp on time."

Harley looked round and saw a man-of-war's boat bearing down on the hut. Her flag proclaimed that she came from the Almirante O'Halloran. Besides her crew she carried a corporal and file of marines and an officer with several stars on his cuff. As the boat approached the beach, Harley, in obedience to Sir Henry's suggestion, tethered his horse to a big stone and went inside the hut. The boat grounded, and in a few moments the marines were drawn up on the sand and stood at attention, while the officer, with drawn sword, walked up to the hut. He was scowling savagely. Something had evidently upset his temper, possibly the sight of the flag fluttering over the hut.

Sir Henry stood up in the doorway and saluted the Lieutenant with a graceful wave of his cap. He opened the conversation in fluent Spanish.

"*Buenos dias, señor teniente,* you come visiting early."

"My visit is an official one, sir, and I have a mission to perform." He stopped a yard or two from the door.

"But there must be some mistake," said Sir Henry, gravely; "I am not here to do any official business."

"I don't understand," returned the other; "are you an officer of the cable company?"

"No," answered Sir Henry in his suavest manner; "I have the honor to represent in this country Her Most Gracious Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain. My name is doubtless familiar to you." He held out a visiting-card, which the Lieutenant took gingerly, and regarded as if it were some exceptionally interesting curiosity. "This is my residence for the time being, and I shall be charmed if you will consider it yours also. But as it is, technically speaking, English soil, you must excuse me if I ask you to put up your sword." This was delivered with truly Castilian politeness.

The Lieutenant stood in blank amazement; he looked from the smiling diplomatist to the card he held between finger and thumb, and from the card to the Union Jack standing out gayly in the morning breeze. At last, with an effort, he recovered his speech.

"This is an unexpected honor, *Seer Letton.* I come with specific orders from my commander, and it would appear that I cannot execute them. I must return and inform him of the distinguished visitors that the cable company entertains. I regret that I cannot at this moment accept your amiable invitation." With this the Lieutenant clanked his sword into its sheath, gave a formal salute, turned on his heel, and stalked down the beach. He gave a curt order to his bewildered men, who were out of earshot from the hut, and in another minute the party had embarked and were rowing back to the harbor.

VIII

When they were fairly off the diplomatist threw himself back in the chair, and for five minutes everything in the

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hut vibrated. Harley smiled sympathetically, but was too nervous for more. He did not see that he was out of the wood yet.

"Glorious! Wouldn't have missed it for a K. C. B.," said Sir Henry, weakly, when he managed to get back his articulation. "That fellow's face would be a fortune to a comedian. Oh! If you had only had a camera trained on him while he stood there," and he went off again.

"Well, I am glad you enjoy it so thoroughly," said Harley, when he could be heard. "It is certainly mate so far, but I don't quite see where checkmate is going to come from."

"Ah! we need an extra man for that. He ought to be here pretty soon, too." Sir Henry rose as he spoke and looked out of the window. "No, no sign of him yet."

An hour or more passed while the two discussed the Lieutenant's discomfiture and the probable effect on the Comandante when he reported the reception he had met with. Suddenly Harley, who from his position commanded a view seaward, uttered an exclamation. Sir Henry looked out and saw an ironclad rounding the point of the outer bay.

"There's the missing man," he said, quietly; "and very soon I think your mind will be quite at rest. That's the Negra Escalera, the flagship that will relieve Captain Pacheco of his command here. The Admiral is an old friend of mine. I have left a note for him with Carter, as I knew he was due to-day or to-morrow. We shall probably have a visit from him in an hour or two, and then you will be able to enjoy the pleasures of checkmate. Or rather, I shall, as I think I have been playing this little game—aided by luck. Great luck," he added, reflectively; "for, without the Admiral, it might have ended badly after all. But I look to him to pull us through now."

The two watched the grim, gray battle-ship until she disappeared round the second point into the harbor. Then they whiled away the time with a traveller's chess-set that the minister produced from his dressing-bag. Harley struggled manfully, but he lost every time. He was startled from an absorbing study of a difficult situation in the fifth game by a shrill, piping whistle that sounded just outside the hut. Jumping for the window he saw a steam pinnace stopped about thirty or forty yards from the shore. A small boat was alongside, just ready to shove off as the last of three naval officers stepped into it.

"There's the Admiral and Carter, and that other, I suppose, is the ferocious Comandante Pacheco," said Sir Henry. He walked down to the water's edge to meet the visitors, while Harley looked on from the window of the hut. Sir Henry greeted the Admiral warmly, and was introduced to the Comandante, who did not look at all ferocious, but was quite smiling and affable. The four stood chatting and laughing a few minutes on the beach, and then walked up to the hut. Captain Carter got in first.

"Well, young man, it's all right. The Admiral brings word that the outlaw was neatly nabbed down South there. Your message was delivered to one of the spies watching the beggar's house. Better tell your friend to be more careful whom he delivers messages to, eh? But I tell you it's deuced lucky I happened to bring Sir Henry along with me up here. He saved you. Captain Pacheco was going to string you up to the yard-arm, bombard this box of tricks, and drag both your cables out into the middle of the Pacific. You can thank your diplomatic representative for averting all that. And now the Admiral comes along like a fairy godmother to make everything lovely at the finish."

"It is a beautiful settlement of an international episode," put in Sir Henry. "And only think what a splendid despatch I could send to the Foreign Office. The people at Downing Street would want to send me to Constantinople next, to settle the Eastern question. But they shall hear nothing of it, Mr. Atwood," he added, considerately.

The Admiral insisted on taking the whole party back to the flagship to breakfast. The breakfast lasted about four hours and a half, and Harley wondered the next morning if he had really

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embraced the Admiral and Captain Pacheco, or if he had only dreamed it. He was quite certain of having drunk the latter's health eleven times, but after that he had lost count.

A few days later Harley met Palivetti in the club. "The 'abstract influence of the Union Jack' came out pretty well after all, didn't it, Mr. Palivetti?" Harley was not able to translate the other's reply, and, even if he had been, it could not be printed.

The companies interested in those cables never heard anything of Harley's scrape and its lucky ending. If this account should come to their attention they will recognize that the information is entirely unofficial, and, as such, not to be credited.

WALDWEBEN

Aubade

I LIVE aforest, and hard by
A little croft there is where I
Was wont to lie by trees that hung
Green covert over nests up high
In leafy spaces swinging:
Thence, far the forest aisles among,
The words of little birds were flung,
And back, in echoes ringing.
Now it befell, while I did lie,
My thoughts from cloudland bringing,
A little russet bird had sprung
Out from the shade, while the wood rung
In echo to his singing;
Yet till then had he never sung.
I knew him well; and he was young
And yet unapt at singing.
But now he sang so wondrously
That all the rest made no reply,
And, lying rapt in wonder, I
Did watch him as he flew on high,
His song still downward ringing;
And fainter, farther ever flung,
The sweetness of his silver tongue
Came floating to me, bringing
Songs strange, and of my soul unsung;
Songs falling like the rain among
The flowers from it springing;
Until he vanished in the sky—
He vanished, and I trow, did die.
But singing . . . singing . . . . .

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THE PEOPLE OF THE CITIES

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN TYPES

By Octave Thanet

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALBERT E. STERNER

ONE day last August I saw a picture at the gates of Jackson Park that is like to vex my memory for a long while. A young man and a young woman, husband and wife, were stepping into their phaeton. The dainty little vehicle sparkled with a kind of beamy splendor, all white and silver. The groom at the horses' bits, restraining their impatience while they tossed their heads and their chains jingled, was in white and silver also. The young man wore the picturesque and comfortable summer bravery of a fashionable young man, including a dazzling straw hat with a wide brim and a blue ribbon. The young woman's sweet face dimpled and smiled under a foreign masterpiece of lace and flowers. An adorably simple gown of a shining fabric—whether silk or linen or lace it was not for the mind of man, not in the haberdashery line, to decide—seemed to have been built upon her pretty figure, for there was no apparent way for her to get into it. She carried a glittering parasol wherein were blended all the hues in her hat and gown. As she settled herself on the cushions she said something at which the young man laughed, and they were whirled away.

All the while on the curbstone stood a little child, close to another child, holding its smaller hand tightly in hers. A ragged old shawl did duty both for covering and head-gear. Her feet were bare, her face was thin and dirty, but she was smiling in the purest delight. She did not envy the lovely lady in the lovely carriage, she only admired her; and bending over the mite beside her she pointed out the spectacle. She was not a pretty child; but her wide, blue eyes and her freckles were illumined by that radiant gaze. How easy to soothe one's uneasy sympathies with a careless gift and a careless kind word; not so easy to do anything that will count for the child herself, or for the real solving of the baffling and disheartening problem that her presence suggests.

I know the young people. They and the child live in the same great city, a fact that led me insensibly into a number of idle musings of no especial value to the social student, since they were of a sort common to most thinking Americans.

The great cities represent our failures and our achievements. For once I had a view of the two extremes of the working of civilization. The young people in the carriage were born to whatever of happiness love and money could procure for them. Archie, the young man, is a good fellow in every detail of the phrase. He has abundant sense, a sweet temper, an honest, unpliable Anglo-Saxon will, and a simple conception of his duties in life. He is not likely to be tangled up in a mesh of enthusiasms; and he will never expect to reform the whole structure of society off-hand; he will be content to do his best to help those nearest to him, and to put his shoulder to his own wheels. There will be enough for him to do, for his father has a great army of working-men. To meet the young fellow at a dinner-party you would see nothing but a rather unusual modesty to distinguish him from a hundred other young fellows with an English accent and an admirable tailor. He shambles into the room quite as they do, and fills the interstices of conversation with a faint smile and inarticulate ejaculations in the most approved manner. He has not a great deal to say. He neither tells stories nor makes epigrams. But you might notice that he takes very little wine with his dinner, and that after dinner he has gone to the side of an elderly woman who was his mother's friend, or to the shy girl to whom this is a first dinner-party, or to the hostess's

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kinswoman from the country, who is tormented by secret qualms about her best black silk gown, fondly deemed for years to be a garment fit for any state. You might be amused at his serious and reticent attention to them all, but you would notice that it somehow puts them all at their ease. Did you watch him further, standing on the edge of a financial and political conversation among the elder men, you would hear them address him occasionally, and his modest answers might explain to you the light in his father's eye whenever it falls on him.

Neither Archie nor his wife are likely to figure gloriously in the fashion columns of the newspapers. They are very fond of their home and their baby. They are not at all fond of society. Being conscientious youngsters, they will attend a certain number of grand functions and repay them in kind; nevertheless they have a far better time with a few old friends and the baby brought in after dinner. Archie has not much to say about the baby; he beams and blushes in silence while Mrs. Archie, half-humorously, half-shyly, and altogether charmingly, exhibits the idol.

"If there were many such rich people," a shrewd and candid labor agitator said, referring to a man of Archie's stamp, "we shouldn't be needed!"

A man like Archie is another citizen of the same town; but he is of a more inquisitive moral turn. Whether his eager sympathy will work as much advantage to its objects as Archie's unhasting, unresting sense of duty, I should not like to decide; it is safe to say that both temperaments are needed in the world. Young Sidney is hardly so rich as Archie will be, though he has a pretty reason for dreading the income-tax. He is of a more plastic, receptive, fervid nature. Most of his acquaintances do not suspect his deep interest in social reforms, or, to be accurate, social experiments — since which of us dare label rashly the feelers which legislators and philanthropists, and economical inventors are adventuring in every direction? A brilliant Frenchwoman who met him described to me her surprise at discovering that the charming young man of fashion, whose wit she had admired in half a dozen drawing-rooms, used to spend his Sundays regularly at Hull House, studying the needs and habits of the poor. "He spoke of his 'friends' there so simply," said she, "and with such interest, such affection. It was really almost apostolic!"

But if an enthusiast, Sidney keeps his eyes about him and his head cool. He is reported to have said once, "The longer a fellow works among the poorest poor, the weaker his faith gets in any short cut to the millennium by legislation or anything else. They will have to be saved just exactly as the rest of us are, one at a time!"

Sidney was often at the Fair, and generally with a new face at his elbow. A thin, sharp-featured, un-American face it was most times, gazing at everything with the soul in its flashing eyes. The chances are that it belonged to one of the races that take to revolution and carnage as naturally as a tiger takes to a meat diet. One young fellow with him looked to be of his own age. He would have been a handsome boy could he have done something (I am not quite sure what) to the outline of his nose. He had superb dark eyes and a vivid, un-American smile. In talking he made swift gestures, his face kindling and changing. One could see that he had abandoned himself utterly to the moment. He was in the Liberal Arts Building when I saw him, bending over the wonderful bronzes of the Russian exhibit, and as he spoke he would wave his long brown hand (which held a red silk handkerchief a little ragged at the edges), clenching the lean fingers and striking out with the fist. There was a hint of savagery in that clenched hand with the red silk dripping out of it. He did not look prosperous, poor fellow, nor even what the doctors call well nourished. I fear he worked too hard and lived too intensely, and did not eat enough meat. He was shabby, but it was a jaunty and picturesque shabbiness, worn with a wild sort of grace impossible to an Anglo-Saxon. He was clean, too—which was rather surprising, as men of his type generally love soap as little as the police. But

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I read in the tidy, threadbare coat, and the shining face, his affection to Sidney. Sidney is saving one at a time, and the handsome young anarchist is being saved. I picture to myself the squalid Old-World poverty out of which he sprang; I seem to listen to the fairy tales of a new world where there are fabulous wages and no prying officials, and fortunes are accumulated in the twinkling of an eye; I can see the ardent young fellow fired by the coarse inventions of the steerage and immigration agents; it is easy to imagine the impossible paradise of the poor that he expects, for which he starves and freezes himself — and it is easy, alas! to imagine his cruel disappointment when he reaches us. He has fallen an easy prey to the first ferocious dreamer that he has met, who can rave against the social order in his own tongue. To-day, probably (unless Sidney has interfered to hold his hand), he is pinching himself for the benefit of crazy secret plotters. He wouldn't in the least mind killing a hundred innocent women and children to advance the good cause of universal upheaval; yet he may be the very man that Sidney was describing the other day, and after his ten hours of hard work may have sat up all night with a sick child and waited on a bed-ridden old woman. In his strength and his weakness, his pathetic virtues, and the strain of brutal barbarism that runs through his nature, he is the fit representative of a class in every great city. Well for us if there were more Sidneys to guide him, for it is a class easier to guide than to restrain.

I wonder what my young anarchist would think of a third rich young man of my knowledge (not my acquaintance) whom I saw this same day at the Fair. Blank van Blank lives in a great city on the seaboard, and he belongs to the class at which the social critics roar without ceasing. He is the possessor of a large share of that mysterious and fiercely berated kind of wealth termed "the unearned increment." His father left him a fortune, and the fortune has swollen without further aid from him than keeping his money safe — which, nevertheless, is no mean proof of a good business mind. Blank van Blank's apparent object in life is to amuse himself. At one time his name and his wife's were in all the columns devoted to the parade of wealth. Mrs. Van Blank's toilets are still described with reverential incorrectness; but it is Mr. Van Blank's yacht, and Mr. Van Blank's horses, that receive the greater attention. Mrs. Van Blank hates the sea, so she is never on his yacht; she is bored by the country, so she lends her graceful presence (being thin and not strikingly pretty, Mrs. Van Blank is usually described as "graceful;" were she stout she would be "stately") for a very brief period to the estate in the interior which he poetically terms his "farm;" then she betakes herself to gayer scenes. She is much admired, is Mrs. Van Blank; she is witty after a fashion, generous with her money and her kind speeches, capable of extravagant though fleeting attachments to things as well as to people; in fine, possessed of all the hysterical virtues and many of the faults. Her children adore her. She never refuses them anything, from a new toy to a chance to catch cold by throwing off irritating wraps when they are too warm. Their aunt, Van Blank's unmarried sister, has nursed them all through diphtheria or small-pox, or some such unpleasant and contagious disease, and loves them devotedly; but she makes them obey her and be quiet in company, and they are not fascinated by her. Mamma, with her exquisite and bewildering toilets, her indulgence, and her frequent absences, is adorable.

Perhaps she is not so adorable to Van Blank. When I saw him at the Fair he was seated at a table in Old Vienna. For a wonder, he was quite alone. It may have been my fancy that, as he sat before the sloppy boards, idly knocking his cigar-ash against the thick rim of his beer-glass, he looked profoundly melancholy. He is not a handsome fellow like Archie, nor interesting and attractive like Sidney; he is short, rather stout in figure; and his dark, unsmiling face wears a suspicious scowl. So many times has poor Van Blank been deceived that he has put out his suspicions as a porcupine its quills. Yet

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he is, at bottom, a simple-minded, easily influenced fellow, and the most loyal friend and follower in the world. A man who is so thorough a sportsman as Van Blank must needs have some fine qualities; and the people who know him best like him most. He drinks more than is good for him, and, what is even more deadly, he eats what he should not, and very much, too much of it; and at thirty he is old and tired. Had he been born on a farm, or with the need to become a sailor, or soldier, or mechanic, or indeed any kind of worker who must use his muscles as well as his brains, Van Blank might have been a very worthy man; it was his misfortune that the city captured his youth!

Reflecting on the protean influence of the city, how it debases one soul and exalts another, I encountered my plutocrat. I really do not know that he is a plutocrat, I know nothing about him except that I met him a number of times in the New York Building, and once I heard him give some orders to a Columbian guard. He had the tone of command. I feign him, to myself, to belong to the type of business man in a great city, that prods the innermost recesses of Mr. Howells's soul. He is a man who has built a vast fortune up from nothing, by sheer force of intellect and industry and pluck; and he intends to run his business with his own brains and to keep the profits.

He is a beetle-browed, chin-bearded, smooth-lipped man, whose iron-gray hair has worn away at the temples, revealing a magnificent dome. He has a pleasant eye, and there are lines of humor about his firm mouth. I have fixed his residence in New York City. I think he is a patron of art, and has daughters who admire Monet. He himself hankers after the English school, and likes stories in his pictures; and I fancy that the elegant young woman who was laughing and shaking her little finger imperiously at him, while he stood wistfully gazing at Hovenden's country lad leaving home, was restraining his desire to buy that picture. Twice, after that, I saw him standing, his hands clasped behind his back, studying the same homely scene and the mother's face.

He encourages literature and religion, not that he is interested in either personally, but he thinks them useful agents in moving the world, and wishes them well. He reads the newspapers diligently and a few articles in the magazines. When he was a boy in a country town he read Abbott's "Napoleon" and Macaulay's "History of England." So persistent are the impressions of youth that he, a singularly shrewd and hard-headed critic of human nature, believes the First Napoleon one of the noblest as well as greatest of men; and unconsciously whittles his views of English politics into the Macaulay Whig pattern of a former day.

But his personal American politics are more elastic; they have well-considered practical reasons for existence; and they side with the party that in his opinion will make the country most prosperous. Five years ago he was a moderate protectionist, to-day he is a very moderate free-trader. He is not above other means than those of moral suasion to advance his views; yet it would be one of those grave mistakes that theorists in ethics are always making with regard to men of the world, forced continually to weigh the greater against the lesser evil, and travelling tortuous paths on the border line of right and wrong, to infer that he has no robust principles of his own. The standard of honor and honesty of American men of business is far higher than the critic not acquainted with business men and business methods can easily imagine. My imaginary business man is a crafty and relentless competitor; but he keeps his word faithfully, and does not enter into agreements which his subordinates will be expected to break.

Because he resembles a man who is the most determined enemy of organized labor—I believe that is the phrase that the organizers prefer—I figure him as regarding his men simply as units, not as men. He will get the most work for the cheapest wages that the unions will allow. It is an unremitting, although not always open, warfare that goes on between the two powers; and I fear to both the men are but pawns in the game. But he is a splendid fighter if he is like the man whom he resembles; and I can see him throw-

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ing a "personal" letter to his secretary with a grim smile.

"That," says he, "isn't from a friend, you needn't bother to hand me those things; read them and send them to the police if you think they need attention. How many s's are there in assassination, by the way?"

Yet it would be another mistake to suppose that our business prince is without kindly feelings, even without his tinge of romantic sentiment. The American business man generally has a bridle-path of sentiment running under the shade, through his nature. One of the keenest, apparently driest, business men that I ever knew risked hundreds of thousands of dollars to save a friend, nor would he listen to a word of reproach of the man when he lost it all. Another stayed last summer in town through weather that was like a death-warrant to him, simply to help some of his friends threatened by the panic.

So, when I see my imaginary business potentate's features light up as he advances to greet an elderly woman, plain both in face and garb, and I hear his genial greeting, "Well, and how are all the good people in the good old town?" I suspect that he was born in a village and keeps a warm corner in his heart for his old home. Many a kind deed has he done, too, for the young men who have tempted fate in a great city, because they were born in that same "good old town."

But the city has kept him and will keep him to the end of his days, let him fancy as he will that he means to buy the old farm and build an old colonial modern mansion and pass the evening of his days among the hills and the fields that his boyhood loved.

Different and less tender than the countryman's love for his unencumbered fields, but no less tenacious, is the citizen's drawing to his familiar streets. And it is interesting to notice how soon the whirlpool fascination of a vast town acts on its recent population. I hardly recognized the gentleman who used to be the "nicest young man" in a certain Iowa village, when he dawned upon my admiration in the Polish section of the Art Building, in fine clothes made especially for him, praising the ghastliest "impressions" of the room to two charming girls.

Who could imagine that only a brief ten years before, as chief clerk of the chief village store, he had won the hearts of the matrons by his politeness and the hearts of the maids by his gayety. Then, he waited on customers in his shirt-sleeves, and his Sunday suit was ordered from Chicago, and he was saving half the year to get the ten or fifteen dollars that he paid for it! His wedding-gift to each bride in the village was two neatly fringed towels of the best huckaback in the store. Thus his popularity was never endangered by envy or any bad feelings among the recipients. And in every list of bridal generosity, among the "solid silver" butter-knives, the spoons and forks that modestly shrank from naming their metal (because, perhaps, it was mixed), the "tidies" from Cousin Tilly and Aunt Martha, a "hat, a hen, and ten chickens from Uncle Bartholomew," "honey in a glass dish from the bride's mother," and the other friendly and useful offerings, always appeared "two towels from Mr. Dick Vernon."

Mr. Dick Vernon left his village ten years ago, to "travel" for a dry-goods house in a larger town; from this employment he finally went to New York. He is floor-walker in an immense dry-goods shop; and it is wafted to his proud kindred at home that his success with the country trade is astonishing. They say that the transformation in him is only external, and that he is the same kind and gay fellow. But he has become infatuated with the town. He tells every old friend that he should come to New York, it is the only place in the world for a business man or anybody else. "You're simply not in it, anywhere else," declares he.

And in this assertion I recognize the true Gotham ring. The inhabitants of other large towns have their artless pride, notably the dwellers in Boston; but they have not so far lost themselves in the contemplation of their own beauties that they expect the cold world to understand how superior they really are. The New Yorker, however, is both grieved and surprised does anyone venture to question whether life may

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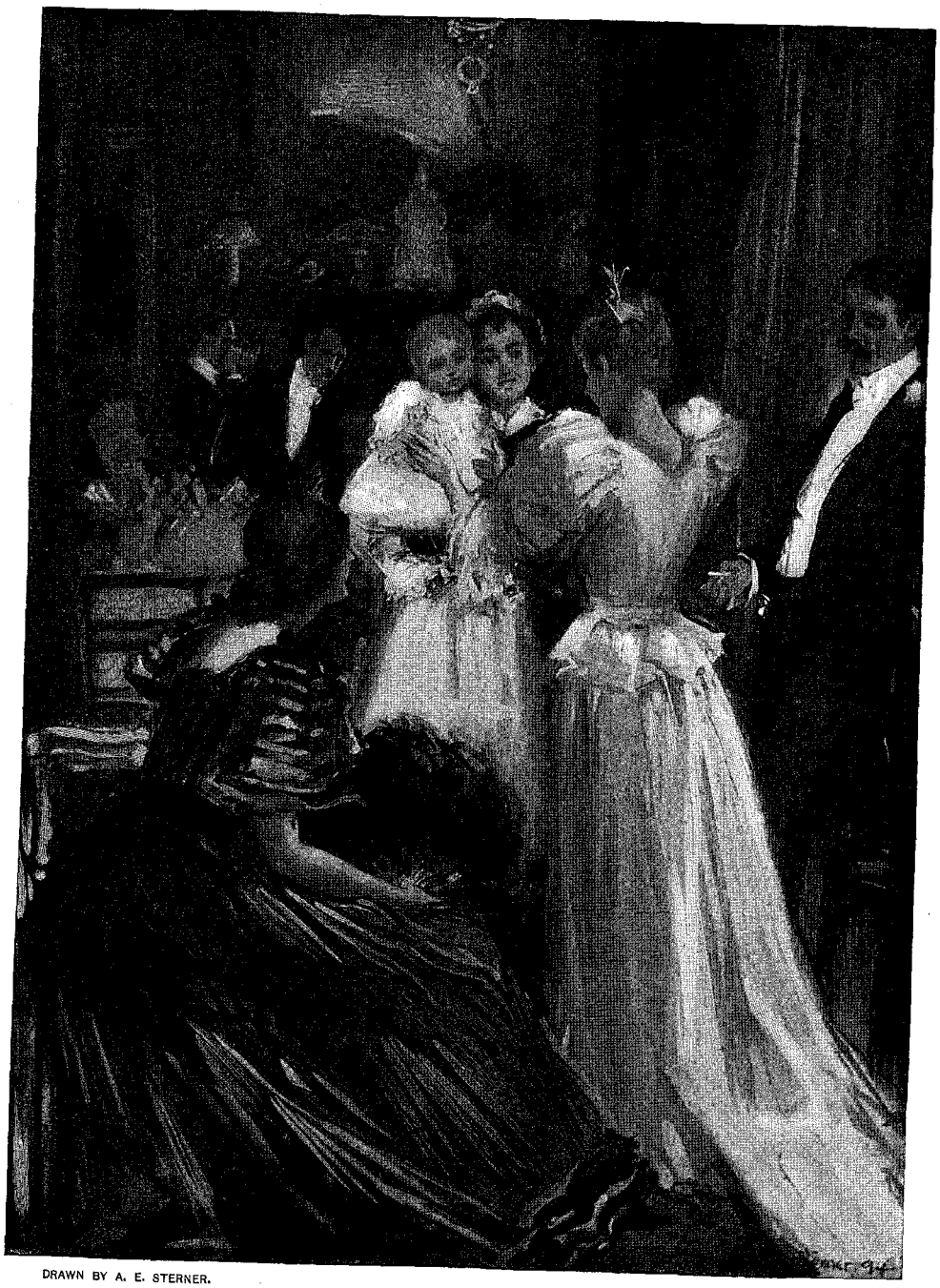

DRAWN BY A. E. STERNER.

They have a far better time with a few old friends and the baby brought in after dinner.—Page 329.

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As he spoke he would wave his long brown hand.—Page 329.

not be worth living outside of New York.

It is not only the people with money that are attached to the cities; what charitable worker has not experienced the difficulties involved in tempting the poor into the country?

"Oh, ma'am, it's so lonesome here, and there's so many cows to chase you!" wailed one wretched woman who had been taken out of a squalid tenement and placed in a clean, comfortable room, with a prospect of good wages, in a little village. She sickened for her crowded street, and the hand-organs and monkeys, and the motley procession surging past her window; sickened as miserably as the Swiss for his mountains. There was an Agreeable Man, a working-man, who passed so much of his time in the Liberal Arts Building that I came to know his face. He used to hold arguments with a man in clerical dress on the subject of the unions, and he spoke with so much moderation, such a broad charity, and withal so shrewd a humor, that, far as I am from his household of faith, I could not sympathize with his opponent's discomfiture. Rather, I thought, "Were all labor organizers like you employers would do well to treat with the unions!" This Agreeable Man once spoke about the attachment of the poor to the great cities. "I have felt it myself," said he; "I moved into the country and come in on a train every day; but it was for the children's sake, just that. There isn't a day, especially in

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the evening, that I don't miss the streets. That's what I tell my wife. I don't want the children to grow up with that passion for the city in their blood. I'm raising some vegetables at great expense, so as to get them in the way of loving things that grow. But I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks myself. You see there is excitement all the time in the street, and something to see and to hear. Besides, if a fellow is not big himself, he likes to belong to something big. See?"

Watching this Agreeable Man recalled to my mind a working-woman of much his own opinion, who had been born in a great city, had struggled up from childhood in a tenement-house, somehow at odd hours had educated herself, and was, when I met her, earning an income that many a gentlewoman would envy. The good that this one calm, strong, cheerful spirit has done among the working-people, it would be hard to describe. She, also, is heart and soul devoted to the labor unions. Many times I looked for her erect, strong figure among the crowds, and never did I hear a musical, mellow laugh that I did not turn my head, half expecting to meet the shining of her brown eyes and the flash of her white teeth. There was a family resemblance between her and the Agreeable Man, a spiritual kinship, both of them having in their personalities something serene and bright and strong. The restfulness of power softened their every motion; and a sunny temperament informed the very quality of their voices. Yet they had been born, and had lived all their days, in the breathless, unpeaceful city. I thought of the words of a man who had gone from a Western country town to an Eastern city. He was a large employer of labor.

"One thing I don't like about the East," said he, "is the expression on the faces of the working-people; they look hard and fierce. They seem to grudge giving you a decent greeting. You have an unpleasant feeling that they are your secret foes. I miss that open, kindly, manly look there was on our Western working-men's faces. There is an entirely different feeling here between the employers and the working-people from what there is there; and the difference is all for the worse!"

It was his misfortune that the city captured his youth.—Page 331.

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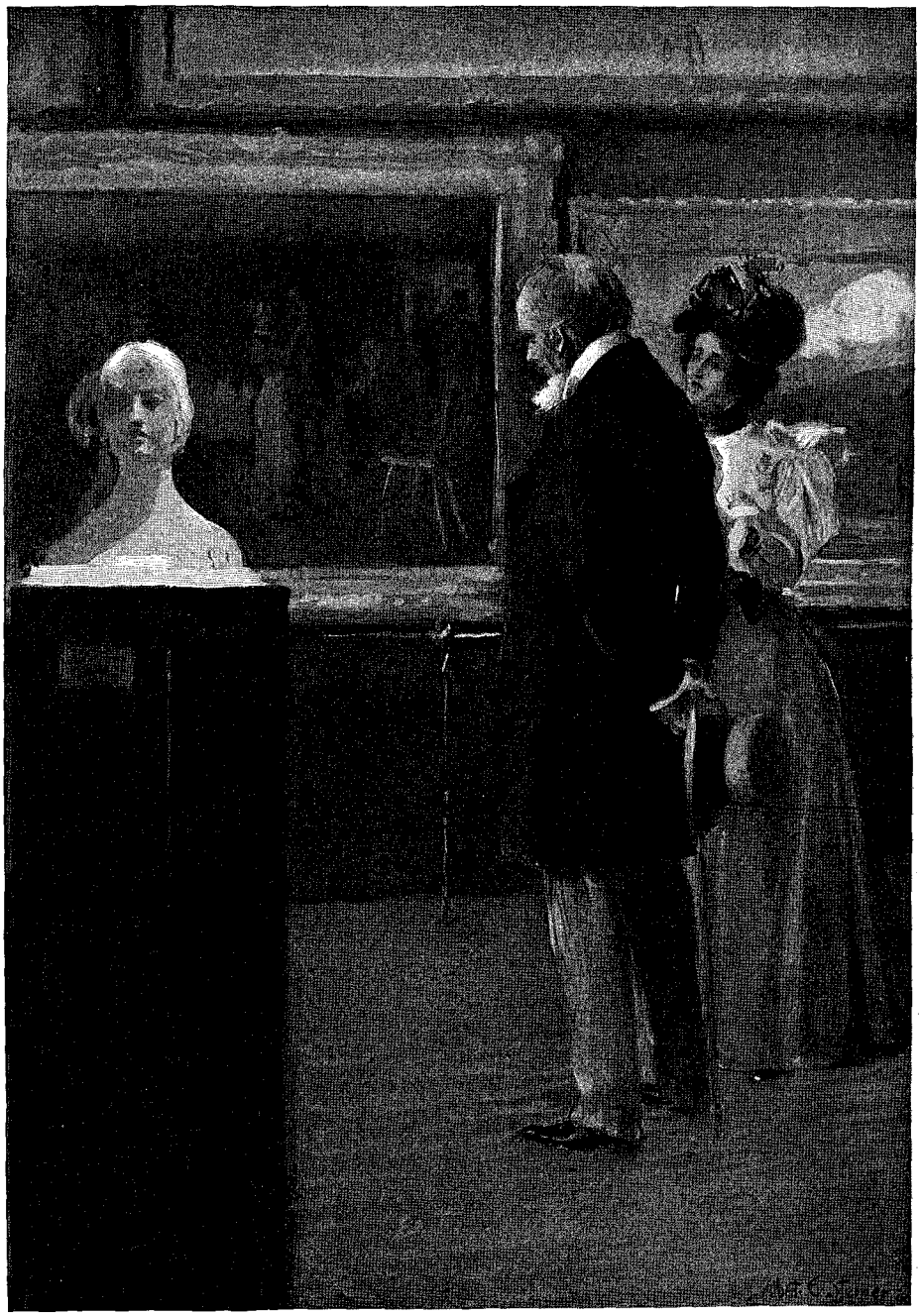

DRAWN BY A. E. STERNER.

Wistfully gazing at Hovenden's country lad leaving home.—Page 331.

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These two working-people had not a trace of such expression, yet I fancied that I could perceive where the ferment of the city had affected them; it was in their views of social remedies. In the provinces they might both have risen to be employers themselves (and very good employers they would have been!); in the city the spectacle of the immeasureable misery about them moved them to an almost savage compassion for their own class, which made it seem like disloyalty for them to go over to the other.

"Oh, I know very well I could have done better for myself to leave the union," said the Agreeable Man; "but do you think I'll go back on the boys? The extra-skilful workman can make his own terms, that's very true; but how about the other fellows who work just as hard but don't know how so well? how are we going to help them unless we stick together?" To appreciate how much pathetic unselfishness, how much courage, and how much clearness of vision along one narrow road there is in the unions, one need only to hear such working-men as the Agreeable Man and my friend, who was a working-girl, explain their side of the question.

Won the hearts of the maids by his gayety.—Page 332.

But they are not extremists. They do not belong to the new order of working-men's friends who have no local patriotism, who would have a man prefer his class to his country. They are

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not socialists, their place is among the large majority of working-people who are merely keeping the Socialist agitators on trial for a while, to find out what they can do besides promising the earth. They are not convinced, they are simply allured by the specious offers which the theorists make. These hard-working, hard-reading men are weighing them in the balance, and presently the bidders for their favor will be asked to deliver the goods.

That may be an ugly day of liquidation for some well-meaning reformers, a day fraught with peril of more kinds than one for us all; but, as I listened to my working-man, my confidence in the tremendous, if sluggish, common-sense of the American working-people grew strong and sanguine. If such men as he shall rule the unions, organized labor will conciliate rather than overawe capital; if the wilder element obtains control, such men as he will crush the labor organizations like an egg-shell.

And I went out on the swarming avenue, glad that I am an American.

A THIRD SHELF OF OLD BOOKS*

By Mrs. Fields

IN John Milton's "Speech to the Parliament of England" upon the "Liberty of Unlicensed Printing," he says: "Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potencie of life in them to be as active as that soule was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a viol the purest efficacie and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. . . . Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but hee who destroys a good book, kills reason it selfe: . . . slays an immortality rather than a life."

Horton, Milton's Early Home.

The "Areopagitica," with its inequalities of diction and its immortalities of thought and expression, has been made to live again for modern readers by means of the introduction written for it by Lowell a few years ago, at the instance of the Grolier Club of New York. It stands upon the shelf, a very pretty and a very precious small volume with Lowell's inscription and alterations of his own text. As an example of Lowell's English style, and of the manner in which he has, within the small compass of an introduction, served to keep the "well of English undefiled," it is of inestimable and incomparable value to the modern world of letters. His criticism of Milton's character, as expressed in his style, is a distinct contribution to the history of the man: he has strengthened the arch of Milton's fame, and brought us closer to his personality. We feel a fresh kinship to the writer who, in times not wholly unlike our own, felt the public problems to be a weight of personal responsibility.

*See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for March, 1888, and April, 1889.

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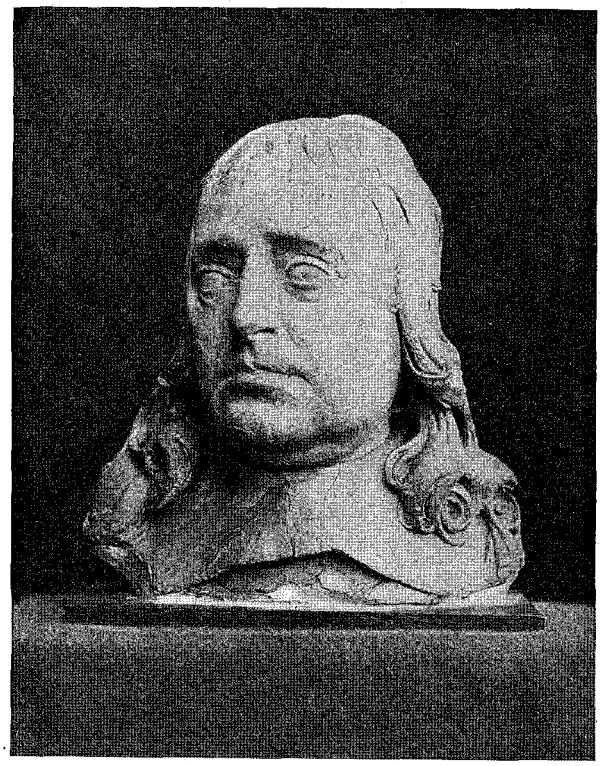

Bust of Milton, about 1654.

(From a photograph of the only mould of the original cast from life, preserved in Trinity College Library, Cambridge, England. By kind permission of the Master and Fellows of Trinity.)

"As a master of harmony and of easily maintained elevation, in English blank verse," writes Lowell, "Milton has no rival. He was" (*versed*, he first wrote) "skilled in many tongues and many literatures; he had weighed the value of words, whether for sound or sense, or where the two may be of mutual help. He, surely, if any, was what he calls 'a mint-master of language.' He must have known, if any ever knew, that even in the *sermo pedestris* there are yet great differences in gait, that prose is governed by laws of modulation as exact, if not so exacting, as those of verse, and that it may conjure with words as prevailingly. The music is secreted in it, yet often more potent in suggestion than that of any verse which is not of utmost mastery. We hearken after it as to a choir in the side-chapel of some cathedral, heard faintly and fitfully across the long desert of the nave, now pursuing and overtaking the cadences, only to have them grow doubtful again and elude the ear before it has ceased to throb with them. . . . Milton is not so truly a writer of great prose as a great man writing in prose, and it is really Milton we seek there more than anything else." Therefore because we seek Milton we value the early editions of his works which are upon the shelf of old books. Dryden is said to have remarked, when the first edition of "Paradise Lost" met his eye: "The man cuts us all out, and the ancients too." It is not unlikely that the quaint remark of Mr. S. Simmons, the printer, to his "Courteous Reader," upon the first page on this first edition, had in view Dryden and other celebrated writers and critics of that century. It may well have "stumbled" Dryden, who never freed himself from the shackles of rhyme to read the stately blank verse of Milton for the first time. Milton lived largely "in a world of disesteem," and had grown somewhat hardy perhaps in the cold winds which brought him no fruit of approval from the harvests of the world. He wrote his prose with a stinging pen, and when music from upper airs came to him for transmission in verse he took no counsel from the nether sphere as to form or doctrine. His first appearance in letters was in the second folio of Shakespeare, where three anonymous tributes to Shakespeare's genius prefaced the plays. Milton and Ben Jonson wrote two of them. A small volume came somewhat later, in 1645, containing his early poems, and the second edition of this book, printed in 1673, lies before me. It belonged to Thomas Gray when a schoolboy, his name being written ONLY nine times by himself upon the title-page.

There have been innumerable editions of the "Paradise Lost" printed in every

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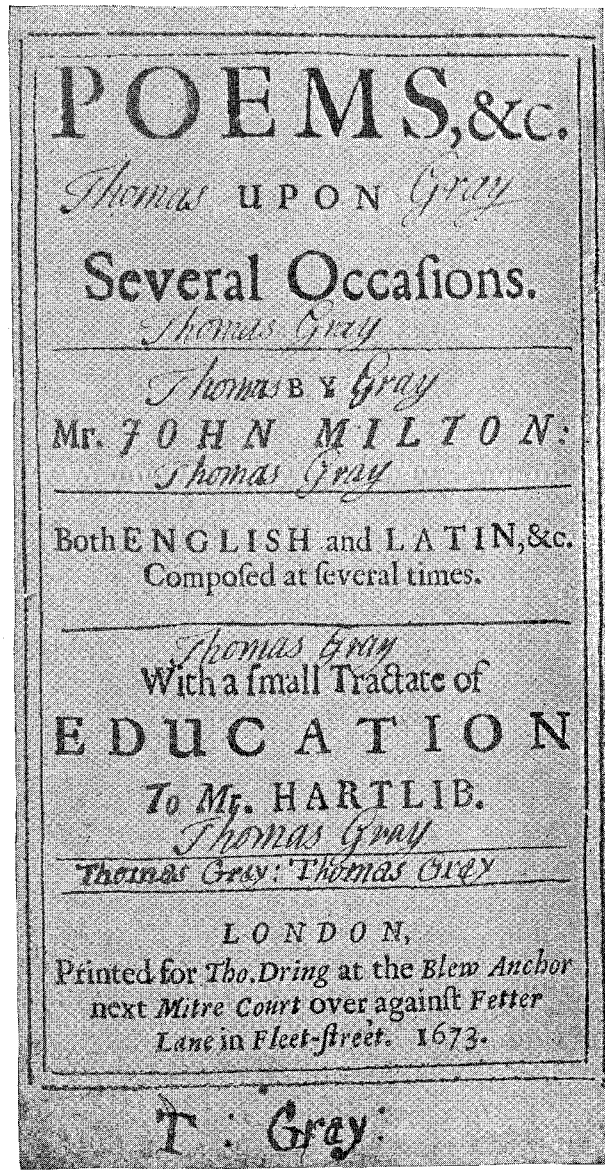
variety of luxury. In opening one large folio of some magnificence in book-making, printed in Glasgow in the year 1770, I find an apology for a new edition. Apparently the university and the university press had set their hearts upon doing a fine piece of work, and under the editorship of Dr. Newton they printed, bound, and sold, chiefly among themselves, the larger part of the edition. To the names of the Glasgow men are added those of a number of the most considerable personages of Scotland before the era of Sir Walter Scott. The list represents fairly well the great world of the North at that period, and the titles and well-known names add a conspicuous and interesting feature to this edition.

There is still another old book, marked "very rare," a relic of the days of Milton; it is a copy of his "History of Britain to the Norman Conquest." The volume is labelled "first edition;" yet loath as a possessor of jewels must be to find that a diamond has been replaced by a stone of less pure water, I find myself unable to believe that this old book is a first edition at all! The date of its publication is 1677. Milton died in 1674, and this "History of Britain" was surely published in his lifetime. In the "Biography" we are told that it appeared first in 1670, seven years before the date of the book in my hand; also that the first edition contained a portrait by Faithorne. It is impossible now to say by whom the portrait was made in this, evidently, second edition. The painter's name is not upon the engraving, which is pasted in upon a fly-leaf. Doubtless some enthusiastic owner took it for granted that this was a "first edition," and therefore affixed a printed label with the announcement on the outside of the book below the title.


POEMS, &c.
Thomas UPON Gray
Several Occasions.
Thomas Gray
Thomas BY Gray
Mr. JOHN MILTON:
Thomas Gray
Both ENGLISH and LATIN, &c.
Composed at several times.
Thomas Gray
With a small Tractate of
EDUCATION
To Mr. HARTLIB.
Thomas Gray
Thomas Gray: Thomas Gray
LONDON,
Printed for Tho. Dring at the Blew Anchor next Mitre Court over against Fetter Lane in Fleet-street. 1673.
T. Gray.

A very interesting edition of Milton's Poetical Works is the one in seven volumes, owned by Leigh Hunt, with his notes. On the whole, for the reader and lover of poetry this is one of the most delightful books possible. Leigh Hunt remembers what

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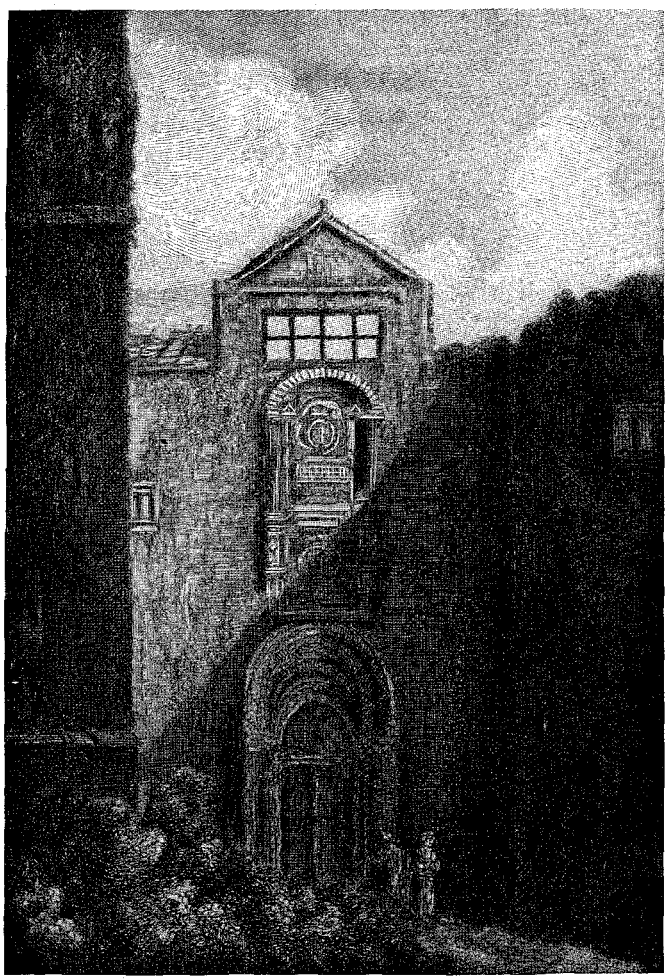
Keats and others have said by way of criticism, and in the right places their words are jotted on the margins. There is one more literary relic of Milton, an old folio of his prose works, printed in 1697; nothing could be more quaint, more clumsy, more interesting! Whether his speeches and pamphlets were brought together previously, or whether this is a first edition of them collectively, I cannot say.



Ludlow Castle, the scene of Milton's "Comus."

The titles and prefaces and heading are all evidently as Milton intended them to be, and we are invited into his very presence as we turn these old pages. We feel with Wordsworth:

> We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
> That Shakspeare spoke; the faith and morals hold
> Which Milton held——

There is, however, an older book standing beneath this shelf than any which has ever stood upon it; it is one that fills me with a kind of awe as I look at it, yet which impels me to hold it with affection and to read its pages as I read no other "prophane" volume. This book is a copy of North's "Plutarch," printed in 1603—a book which Shakespeare knew and which he might have held. The strong leather cover has been patched, but perhaps not wholly remade. The bookworms have found their way through it, but the pages remain clear as the day they were printed.

The name of a former owner, who lived at Bramfield Hall, Suffolk, is slowly fading off the title-page, but the stately title itself is unchanged, and the name of "James Amiot, Abbot of Bellozane, Bishop of Auxerre, one of the King's privie Councell and great Amner* of France," who translated these lives of the noble Grecians and Romans, out of Greek into French, appears in all its majesty, leading in the name of the great English translator from

*The Amner (presumably Almoner) was the highest ecclesiastical dignitary of France, to whom was given the superintendence of hospitals.

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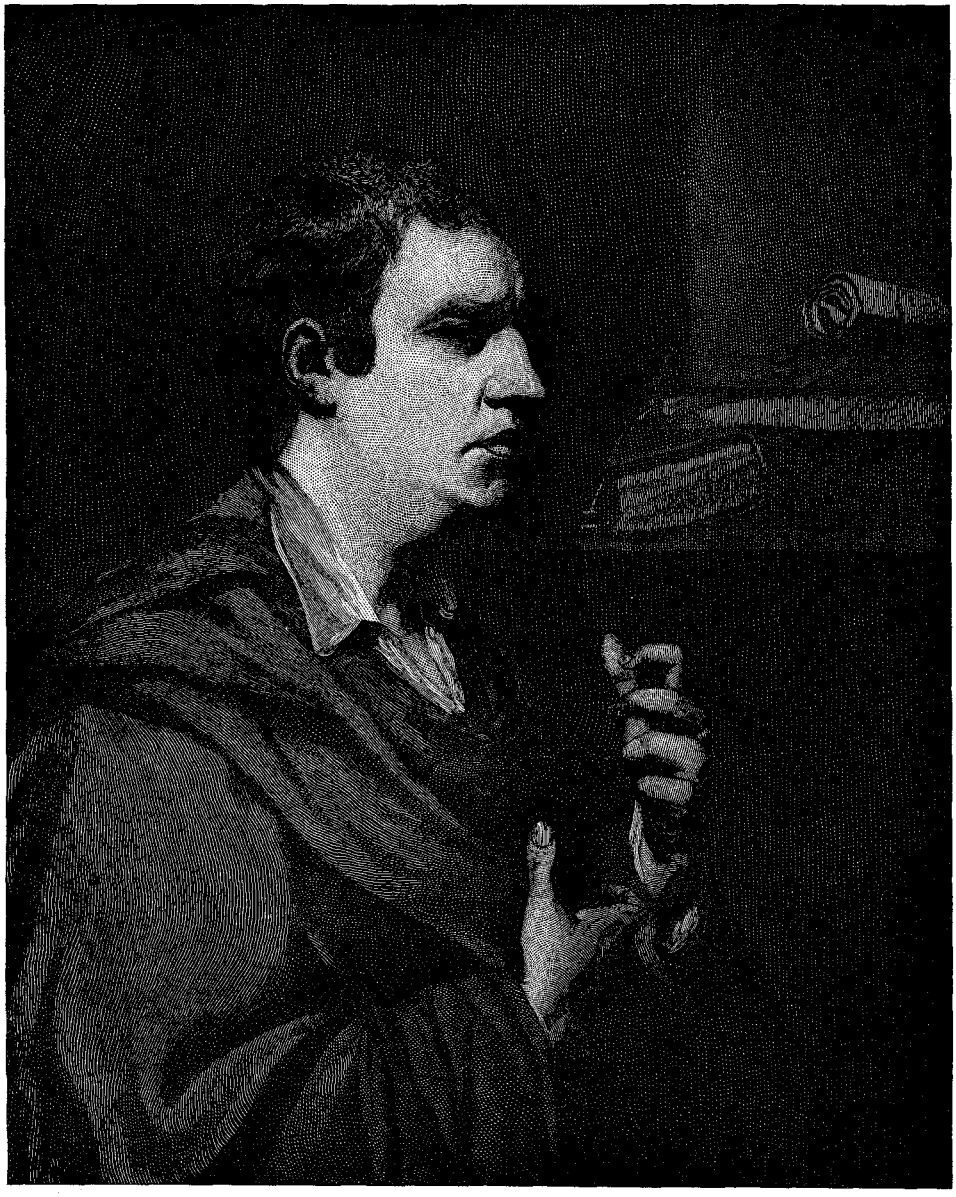

Dr. Samuel Johnson.

(Engraved by Watson from portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, painted for the Duke of Sutherland in 1770.)

French into English — Sir Thomas North, Knight. It is a most majestic old book, and one to be touched with reverence. It shows no disdain to the lover of pleasure. Amiot says to his readers: "The reading of books which bring but a vain and unprofitable pleasure to the reader, is justly misliked of wise and grave men. Againe, the reading of such as do but only bring profit, and make the reader in love therewith, and do not ease the paine of reading by some pleasantnesse in the same; do seeme somewhat harsh to divers delicate wits. . . . But such books as yield pleasure and profit . . . have all that a man can desire. . . ." Both the great Bishop

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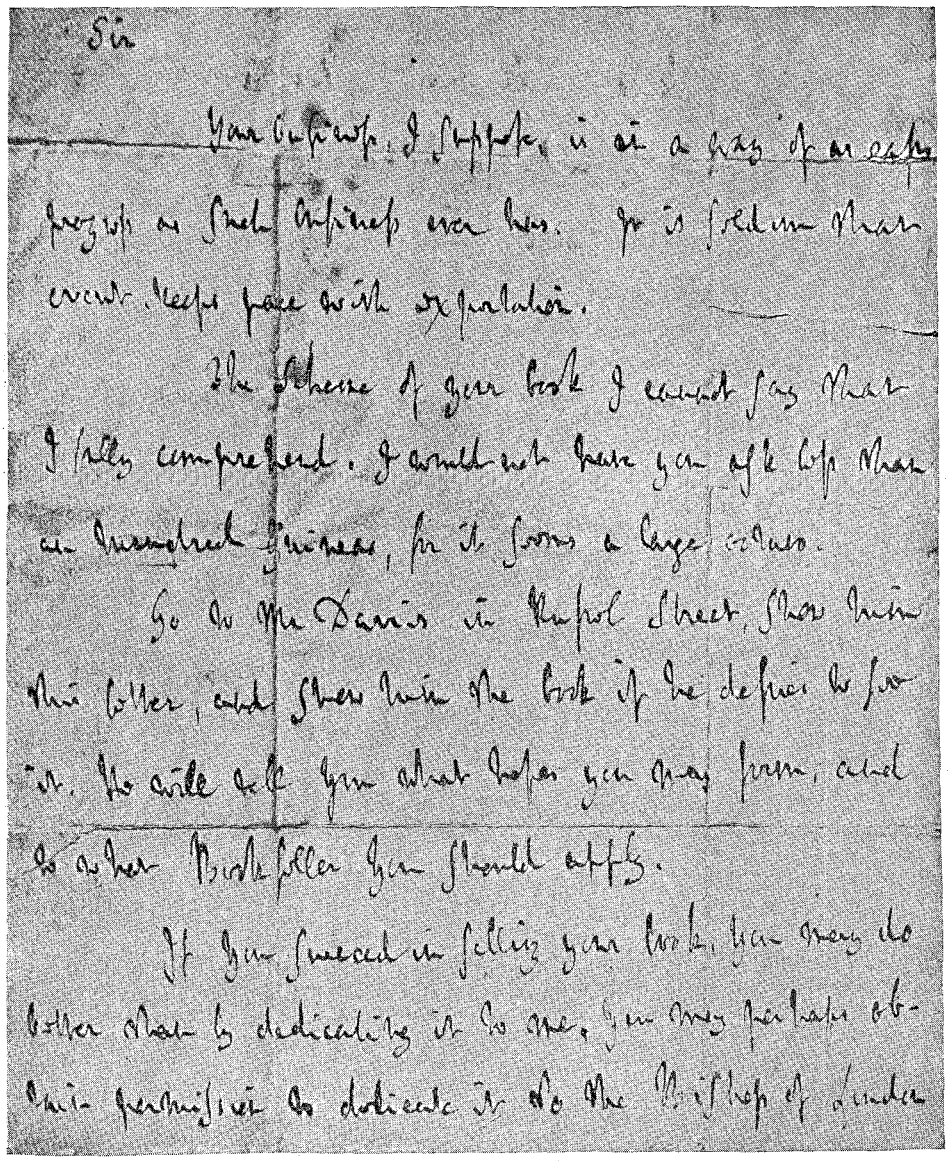
and the English Knight fell in love with that book, and spared no labor to bring it to a worthy presentment; and to this day the readers of North's translation will feel themselves rewarded.

But we must confess it is not the general interest of the book alone which attracts us to this volume: it is the fact that Shakespeare is said to have fed his brain upon this story of Julius Cæsar and to have drawn his play therefrom.

We find concerning Cæsar that "he was often subject to headach, and otherwhile to the falling sicknesse (the which tooke him the first time as it is reported in Corduba, a city of Spaine)."

In the play of "Julius Cæsar," *Cassius* says of him:

> He had a fever when he was in Spain,
> And when the fit was on him, I did mark
> How he did shake.



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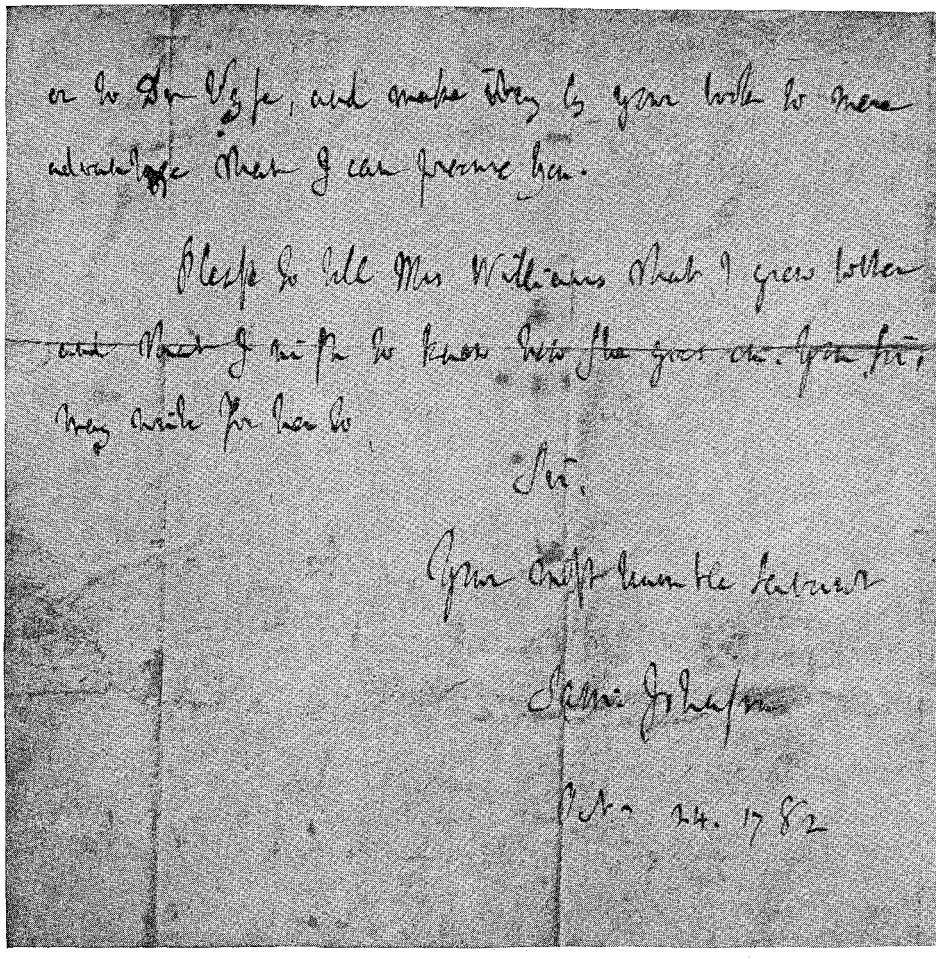

Fac-simile of Letter written by Dr. Johnson.

And again *Casca* says:

> He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at the mouth and was speechless.
>
> *Brutus.* 'Tis very like; he hath the falling sickness.

We know well that this malady of Cæsar was a matter of history, but the likeness of expression is, at the least, remarkable.

In the old volume we find the story of the defeat of the Nervii, and that the Roman Senate decreed a sacrifice and solemn processions for fifteen days, having never made the like ordinance before for any victory; therefore, when Mark Antony, in the play, speaks to the people over the dead body of Cæsar and shows them his mantle, he tells them it was the one he wore on a summer's evening:

> That day he overcame the Nervii.

Also the tale is told of the feast of Lupercalia, where Cæsar sat in a chair of gold and "Antonius was one of them that ranne this holy course; he came to Cæsar and presented him a diadeame wreathed about with laurel. . . . But when Cæsar refused the diadeame, then all the people together made an outcrie of joy."

The picturesque does not fail. We can see the kindling eye of a great poet passing from line to line and gathering up the story which was to be made permanent in the beauty of his imagination. The soothsayer is here; the

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Garrick's Villa.

"spirits running up and down in the night," and "solitaire birds to be seene at noone daies sitting in the great market-place."

Further, we find in the old book that Cæsar, doing sacrifice unto the gods, found that one of the beasts which was sacrificed had no heart; and "that it was a strange thing in nature how a beast could live without a heart."

Shakespeare wrote:

Enter a SERVANT.

Cæsar. What say the augurers?
Servant. They would not have you to stir forth to-day,
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

And then the death of Cæsar, with every detail, and the ghost that came to Brutus, all are here.

"The Lady's Last Stake," by Hogarth.
Said to be a portrait of Miss Hester Lynch (Mrs. Thrale).

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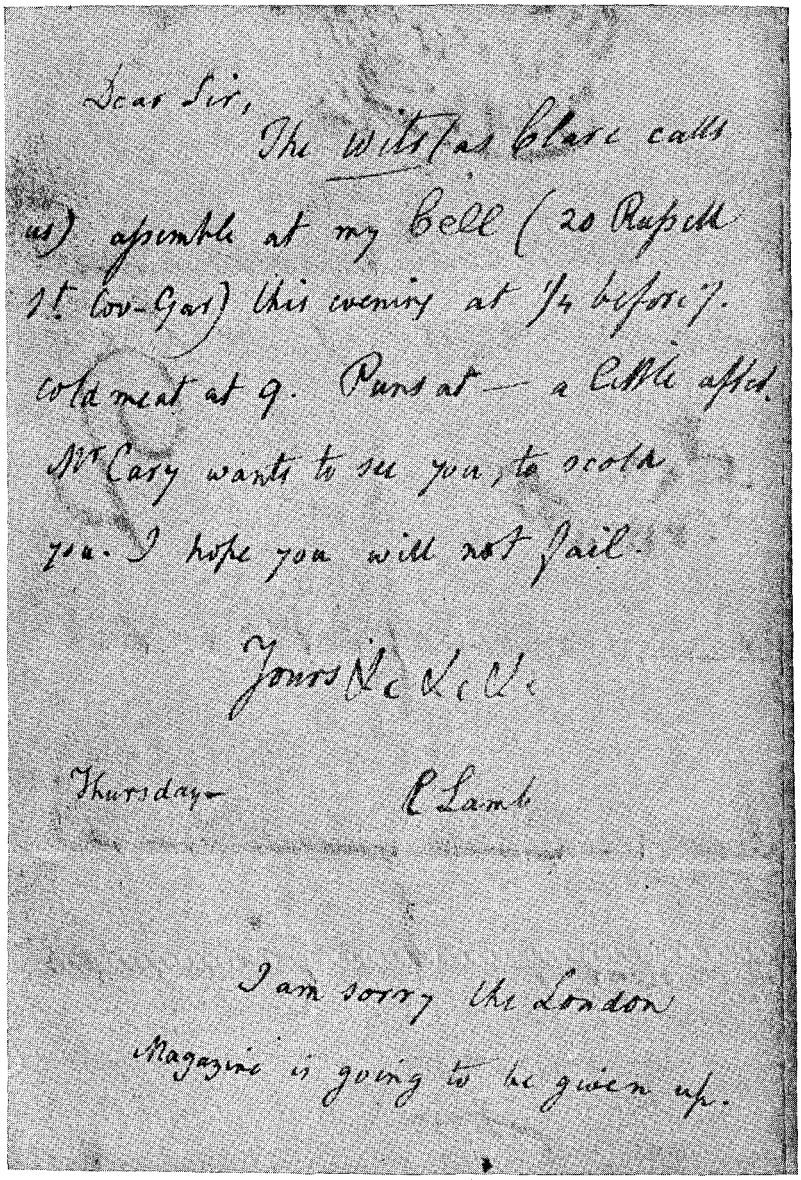
Dear Sir,
The Witty Mr Clare calls
us) assemble at my Cell (20 Rupert
St Cov-Gar) this evening at ¼ before 7.
cold meat at 9. Punch at — a little after.
Mr Cary wants to see you, to scold
you. I hope you will not fail.
Yours &c &c
Thursday — C Lamb
I am sorry the London
Magazine is going to be given up.

Fac-simile of a Letter from Charles Lamb.

The more carefully we read and compare the texts the more surely we discover that from these pages (possibly, wonder of wonders, from this page) the poet we name William Shakespeare drew the body of his immortal play of "Julius Cæsar."

We close the great covers reverently and put the silent witness back under the lighter shelf.

In Mr. Andrew Lang's pleasant book called "The Library," he speaks of the difficulty in these decadent days of picking up literary treasures, a thing so frequently done by those who knew, forty, thirty, and even twenty years ago. Nevertheless, we would whisper, let not those who possess the knowledge, and the opportunity of following the quest, lose all hope. Good things

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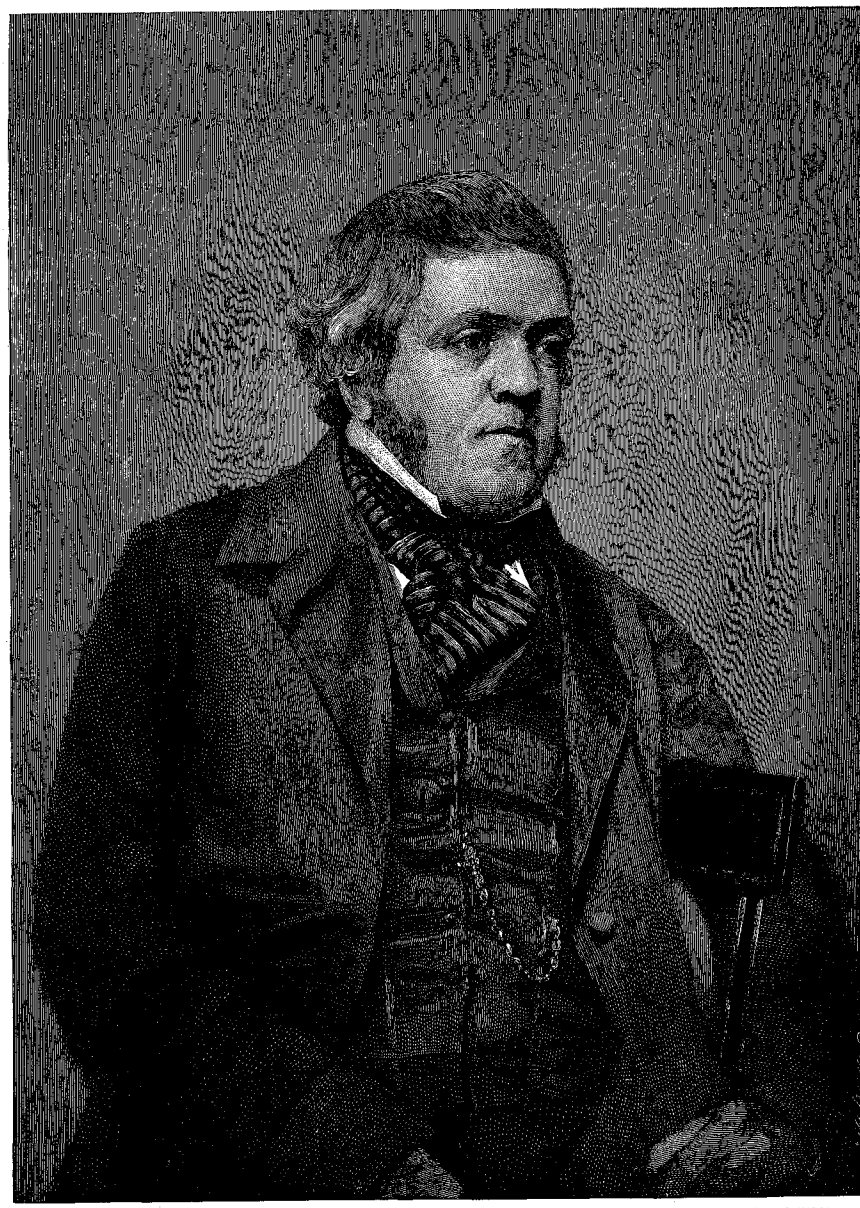

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

Thackeray when about Thirty Years Old.

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may be found even in these degenerate days! But thirty years ago what might not be discovered by searching in London or Paris, and sometimes almost without the excitement of the hunt!

For instance, upon this shelf stands a beautiful copy of "Rasselas"—not a first edition, but one of the fine Ballantyne reprints of 1805—illustrated by Smirke, with engravings by Raimbach; quite good enough to make the eyes of the book-hunter sparkle.

Imagine the joy of the enthusiastic buyer, having left the shop, the book paid for and safely tucked under his arm, to find, as he turned into a quiet street to take a look at his new purchase, to find, I say, hidden between the leaves, a letter in the well-known handwriting of Dr. Johnson himself.

It was almost too much to believe, and the question immediately arose in the young publisher's mind, "to whom does this letter belong?" At one moment the fortunate possessor would shut up the book and start for home, in the next he rapidly retraced his steps, and at last did not pause until he had again reached the door of the small shop where his purchase had been made. By this time he had resolved what to do; he would first discover if the seller of the book knew of the existence of this treasure, and then they could decide together upon the right step to take. The bookseller was astonished at the sight of the letter, and confessed at once that he could make no claim upon it, as he was ignorant of its existence until that moment. However, the matter was soon settled to the satisfaction of both parties; they decided upon the price such a letter should bring, and one-half of the value was paid to the bookseller, who had unconsciously allowed such a prize to slip through his fingers. In "My Friend's Library" the letter appears in print for the first time, but a fac-simile is given on pp. 344–45.

It is addressed to the Rev. Mr. Compton, who was a Benedictine monk living in Paris when Dr. Johnson first went there, in 1775. The monks entertained him in the most friendly way, giving him one of their own cells for his headquarters. James Compton questioned Dr. Johnson upon the Protestant faith, and asked if he might come to see him in Bolt Court. "In the summer of 1782 he paid the Doctor a visit and informed him of his desire to be admitted into the Church of England. Johnson managed the matter satisfactorily for him, and he was received into Communion. . . . Through Johnson's kindness he was nominated chaplain at the French Chapel of St. James. . . . Thus by the friendly hand of the hard-working lexicographer, Mr. Compton was led from poverty up to a secure competency, and a place among the influential dignitaries of London society." Recalling some of the fine humanities of the men of that period, Thackeray speaks out in a burst of eloquence: "O you, fine gentlemen! You Marches and Selwyns and Chesterfields, how small you look by the side of these great men!" And again, after quoting "the verses—the sacred verses" on the death of Levett, which it goes hardly with me not to copy again here, he continues: "I hold old Johnson (and shall we not pardon James Boswell some errors for embalming him for us?) to be the great supporter of the British Monarchy and Church during the last age. . . . What a humanity the old man had! He was a kindly partaker of all honest pleasures. . . . When he used to frequent Garrick's theatre, and had 'the liberty of the scenes,' he says, 'All the actresses knew me, and dropped me a curtsey as they passed to the stage.' That would make a pretty picture; it is a pretty picture in my mind, of youth, folly, gayety, tenderly surveyed by wisdom's merciful pure eyes."

Standing near the above-mentioned copy of "Rasselas" is a "First Edition" of "Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides," a book which brings one as near to shaking hands with the author as anything now in existence. It wears a coat of brown leather, lined with the marbled paper of that period, and the title-page reads "A Tour to the Western Islands of Scotland, 1775." The matter has that rare quality in an old book of travel of preserving its interest to this day. The wild scenery of the north of Scotland has seldom been more vividly portrayed. Sir Walter Scott has thrown

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his enchanting light upon it, and we have seen much in company with the "Princess of Thule," but the truthful and often bald narratives of the experiences of Johnson and Boswell on the "Tour" are not outworn.

The American reprint of the work, issued in 1810, stands by the side of the original edition with a coat made to match! Inside the cover of the first edition is written in pencil, "With suppressed passages, see Davies's 'Journey Round the Library of a Bibliomaniac.'" This volume belonged to a certain Davies whose initials are indistinct, but presumably to Thomas Davies the bookseller, to whom there are a good many references in the "Life and Letters of Johnson." *

In the American edition of the "Tour" there is also a pencil inscription referring to a beautiful verse of which Johnson was a sincere admirer —often was this quatrain quoted by the lovers of true poetry who lingered a century later around the London breakfast-table of Samuel Rogers. Mr. Fields wrote it on this fly-leaf, with a reference to the page upon which it is introduced. Boswell narrates the occasion as follows:

"We came to Nairn to breakfast; though a county town, and a royal burgh, it is a miserable place. Over the room where we sat, a girl was spinning wool with a great wheel, and singing an Erse song: 'I'll warrant you (said Dr. Johnson) one of the songs of Ossian.' He then repeated these lines:

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound.
All at her work the village maiden sings;
Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.

"'I thought I had heard these lines.'

"'I fancy not, sir,' Johnson replied; 'they are in a detached poem, the name of which I do not remember, written by one Giffard, a parson.'"

This verse is not a single instance of the manner in which a perfect line or quatrain, as in this case, will sometimes avoid the sweeping waters of oblivion. Long after the generations of men who first heard it, and the generations of poets who loved it, have passed on, the living verse still lingers to sweeten the toil of life.

The latest editor of Johnson's letters, Dr. Birkbeck Hill, who is not easily foiled in any research, determined to hunt up the author of the stanza. He discovers him to have been the Rev. Richard Gifford, not Giffard, who wrote a poem called "Contemplation," two years after Gray's "Elegy," and perhaps suggested by it, in which the verse in question occurs. Mr. Gifford "mentioned with much satisfaction that Johnson quoted the poem in his Dictionary," but it is quoted with changes which make it the beautiful thing we know. Gifford wrote:

Verse softens toil, however rude the sound;
She feels no biting pang the while she sings,
Nor as she turns the giddy wheel around
Revolves the sad vicissitude of things.

Dr. Johnson has, with a few touches, shown us what a poet can do to help the verse-writer. The second line, which is his own:

All at her work the village maiden sings,

is a drama moving to music, the centre and life of the verse.

I have elsewhere referred to an edition of Boswell's Johnson, owned by Leigh Hunt; but in this connection I may speak of it more fully in relation to Dr. Johnson and his editors. Croker, against whose work Dr. Birkbeck Hill empties the vials of his just wrath, has, nevertheless, by means of the skill of John Murray, the publisher, made a very pretty edition in ten comfortable little volumes, containing illustrations and dignities commensurate with the name on the title-page: "The Right Honorable John Wilson Croker, M.P."

Mr. Fields has pasted upon the fly-leaf of the first volume the following description, from the *Ladies' Magazine*, London, 1784, December 20th, of Dr. Johnson's funeral.

"This day," the paragraph reads, "the remains of the much-lamented Dr.

* Boswell says: "Mr. Thomas Davies, the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russell Street, Covent Garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him. . . . At last, on Monday, May 16th, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back parlor, after having drank tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop. . . . I never pass by it (Boswell adds in a note) without feeling reverence."

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Samuel Johnson were interred in Westminster Abbey. The procession, consisting of a hearse and six with the corpse, and ten mourning coaches and four, set out from Bolt Court, Fleet Street, a few minutes after twelve o'clock, being followed by several gentlemen's carriages, most of the company in which were in mourning. At one o'clock the corpse arrived at the Abbey, where it was met by Dr. Taylor (who read the funeral service) and several prebendaries, and conducted to the Poets' Corner, and laid close to the remains of David Garrick, Esq. The principal mourners on this solemn occasion were Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Edmund Burke, Sir John Hawkins, Mr. Coleman, and the deceased's faithful black servant. There were present besides, Dr. Priestly, Dr. Horsley, General Paoli, and other distinguished persons. A great concourse of people were assembled, who behaved with a degree of decency suitable to the solemn occasion."

The brevity and dignity of this account contrasts with the "scare-heads" and flaming lines and portraits sometimes given in notices of the "great occasions" of to-day; nevertheless there is a nearness to facts and persons which enables us to review the whole scene.

In this edition also there is an engraving, from a portrait by Bartolozzi, of Dr. Johnson, inserted in the fly-leaf, which differs from Reynolds's portraits by giving a look of kindly inquiry to the face. There is less intellectual assertion and a gentle look of human interest which must have been native to it in certain moods, because it belonged to his character.

The notes from Thomas Holcroft also, to which a former reference has been made, cover several finely written pages in Leigh Hunt's hand; their bearing is chiefly upon the character of Boswell, from whose snobbishness Holcroft had evidently suffered. Miss Mitford* gives the sketch of the life and history of Holcroft, who was a man of great talent; but being the son of a shoemaker he suffered more keenly from Boswell's meanness than others who have written of him from more favorable points of view. Sastres, an Italian, is also quoted as disliking Boswell, and Hunt remarks that "the omission of Boswell's name in Johnson's will is remarkable, and, I cannot but think, very damaging." All the extracts from Holcroft are worthy to be read as a part of the history of the time, and of individuals who have made that time memorable.

Leigh Hunt's notes usually have something which makes them interesting; they do not possess always the highest value by any means, but there is either a personal or a literary flavor about them which will doubtless give most of them a place in the editions of the future. For instance, where Johnson is speaking of his first London lodgings and says, "It used to cost the rest a shilling for their dinner, for they drank wine; but I had a cut of meat for sixpence, and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny; so that I was quite as well served, nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing." "Lord Byron," says Leigh Hunt in a note, "in repeating this story, of which he was fond, used to dwell upon these particular words, 'a cut of meat,' with great and pleasant gusto." This scrap gives us a glimpse of the every-day Byron, and reminds us of another exclamation of his quoted by one of his biographers, that he hated to see women eat.

There would be a much greater pleasure in turning over the old pages of what is now a very rare book, "Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson by Mrs. Piozzi," if our faith in that lady had not been very rudely shaken of late by certain newly found letters. But it smacks of the daily life of the great man, and must always be precious to us, remembering the days and hours he passed in affectionate intercourse under the roof of Mrs. Thrale. We must take the bitter with the sweet when we accept such benefactions as were conferred upon the world by herself and James Boswell; and if we are sometimes inclined to feel that we wish to hear nothing further from either of these personages, let us reflect for one instant what the world of letters would suffer if their work were withdrawn. Let us recall what John-

* Miss Mitford's paper upon Thomas Holcroft may be found in her "Recollections of a Literary Life." She speaks of his memoirs, begun by himself and concluded by Hazlitt, as being a very curious history, both for the vicissitudes of the life and the indomitable character of the man.

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son himself said, quoted by Mrs. Piozzi in this same book: "The cup of life is surely bitter enough without squeezing in the hateful rind of resentment."

He was indebted to Mrs. Thrale for a delightful house of refuge, and if in later years she was less kind to him than the angels, he was not ungrateful nor willing to think ill of her. There are one or two extant portraits of her, but in the picture by Hogarth called "The Lady's Last Stake," her features are said by some adventurous believers in the legend to be more truly portrayed than anywhere else [p. 346]. Miss Lynch was about eighteen years old when she sat to Hogarth for the figure in this picture. It was engraved, at Lord Macaulay's suggestion, in 1861, for Hayward's edition of the "Autobiography of Mrs. Piozzi."

Johnson used to say that "the size of a man's understanding might always be justly measured by his mirth." His own love of wit and humor found scope and appreciation in his friendship with Garrick. The life of the great actor by Arthur Murphy, printed in Red Lion Passage in 1801, is likely to be rather a rare book now. It contains a copy of the fine portrait of Garrick by Reynolds, engraved by Schiavonetti, and is in itself most pleasant reading.* Here we find Dr. Johnson and Garrick going to London together, the former with a tragedy in his pocket; here we find descriptions of the great actresses of the period, of Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Woffington, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Abington, Mrs. Clive, and the rest of that delightful galaxy; all of them only too glad to share the stage and the applause with Garrick. And here also we find Johnson writing a Prologue for his friend "in a stile, if we except Pope's to the tragedy of 'Cato,' superior to everything of the kind in the English language."

Garrick at length brought out Dr. Johnson's tragedy of "Irene," but although it held the stage nine nights "the united powers of Garrick, Barry, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Pritchard could not raise it into vogue."

"The celebrated Dr. Smollett," too, appears upon the stage of life presented in these pages, with a farce in his hand which seems to have made no great effect. Altogether, Arthur Murphy produced a friendly book, and he was evidently quite worthy of the strong liking which Dr. Johnson had for him.†

One good thing among others which should have been in his pages he has failed to record. There is an epigram made by one of the wits of the period, which was often upon Mr. Fields's lips when the actors of that day were discussed; it refers to the rivalry between Garrick and Barry at the time when "the town" was divided upon the subject of their merits. The author of the verses is not known, but they read as follows:

The town has found out diff'rent ways
To praise the diff'rent Lears;
To Barry they give loud huzzas!
To Garrick only tears.‡

A king! ay, every inch a king,
Such Barry doth appear;
But Garrick's quite another thing,
He's every inch King Lear!"

The verses and Johnson's favorite stanza, quoted above, both carry us to the breakfast-table of the poet Rogers, where these good things were to be heard, having been stored away in his capacious memory. Rogers was very friendly to the young American publisher from the first moment of their acquaintance, and it was at one of these famous breakfasts that he called his old attendant Edmund to his side, and

* The Athenæum of May, 1894, says, in commenting upon a new and excellent "Life of Garrick," just published, that "Tom Davies's volumes are interesting and perfectly unaffected; Murphy's a turgid performance, amusing from its florid bursts, but valueless from its emptiness of facts and details."

Valueless it may be to the lovers of research, but full of the flavor of contemporaneous writing.—A. F.

† It was Arthur Murphy who first introduced Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale, and doubtless the sentiment of gratitude also mingled with his liking for the young man.

‡ A slight difference will be seen in the reading of this first stanza, as found in the old renderings and in the verse as it stands in "Yesterdays with Authors." In the latter version, which was repeated from a memory of Rogers's recitation, we find it set down as follows:

The town have chosen different ways
To praise their different Lears:
To Barry they give loud applause—
To Garrick only tears.

Surely there is better grammar as well as a flavor of the antique in the old stanza which is delightful and superior to this. The second stanza I have been unable to find in the older records of that time, although it may be in the "Life of Garrick" by Tom Davies, which I have not at hand.

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bade him bring a copy of his poems to present to Mr. Fields.

When the man returned he handed Rogers the small edition; he was again despatched to find one of the beautiful copies in two volumes which were already famous for their exquisite illustrations and book-making. This edition will long be a model for its perfect binding and printing, apart from the uncommon excellence of the reproductions of original designs, made for Rogers chiefly by Stothard and Turner. The pictures from which the engravings were made by Goodall, Finden, and others already adorned the walls of his house. The external beauty of these volumes almost makes one forget to speak of their contents; but any true lover of letters will rejoice in the scholarly character of the verses, and will find the notes most interesting reading.

The word "scholarly" easily leads us to Gray, whose work was especially venerated by the owner of this library. During Mr. Fields's first visit to England, Stoke Pogis, where Gray lies buried, was one of the places he chose to visit, and where we find him in the twilight copying the inscription from the monument. Later in life he came into possession of two books which belonged to Gray, both of them containing interesting autographs and notes.

His sincere admiration of the poet led him to gather everything which fell in his way belonging to his work or to his life. Among these relics is an autograph fragment, consisting of many pages of a chronological history which Gray was preparing at the time of his death. The clear, neat writing is to be envied; there is no mistaking the letters, nor are they cramped or formal. There is also an old quarto volume containing "The Poems of Mr. Gray, to which are prefixed Memoirs of his Life and Writings, by W. Mason, M.A., 1775." As Gray lived to 1771, this is probably the first edition of his life and works given to the world. Prefixed to the poems stand these words of Quintilian: "Multum et veræ gloriæ, quamvis uno libro, meruit."

It would be a weariness to the reader were the various editions and readings of Gray scattered through other shelves to be enumerated—some quaint, others magnificent "specimens of book-making," others simply a "last edition." But they bear witness to the love of at least one reader in spite of the devouring waves of a whole century of time.

Mr. Fields mentions, in "My Friend's Library," the volume of "The Rape of the Lock," which belonged to Charles Lamb. The missing pages torn from the little book (for which it appears Lamb paid sixpence) are restored in his own beautiful handwriting. It seems to bring us somewhat nearer to Lamb to find that thirteen years after his death, when Mr. Fields was calling upon Moxon, the publisher—who married, it will be remembered, Emma Isola, the adopted child of Charles and Mary Lamb—Moxon showed his American friend the remnant of "Elia's" library, and gave him at the same time this precious book from the collection.* A new and beautiful edition of Lamb's works, edited by Thomas Noon Talfourd, had then been published only a few years (1840). It was evidently one of Mr. Fields's most valued books. He also managed to find a copy of "Mrs. Leicester's School," by Mary Lamb, to which, Talfourd says, "Lamb contributed three of the tales. The best, however, are his sister's, as he delighted to insist: and no tales more happily adapted to nurture all sweet and childlike feelings in children were ever written." "The Poetry for Children," also another joint publication, is safely kept among the rest, and Lamb's "Ulysses." These are all pretty little books, and early editions, though probably not the first. One of the autograph letters of Lamb, laid among these memorials, has an amusing anecdote connected with its transfer to our shelf. Barry Cornwall (Mr. Procter) was talking of Lamb one

*Mr. Fields says: "Perhaps the most interesting to me of all the private libraries I have ever seen in England, was the small collection of Charles and Mary Lamb, which Edward Moxon, the publisher, unlocked for me when I was first in England, before the books were dispersed, as they never ought to have been. Then and there I lovingly handled his Kit Marlowe, his Drummond of Hawthornden, his Drayton, his Cowley, and his Burton! I remember how Moxon's whole family stood around that 'Life of the Duke of Newcastle by his Duchess,' and told stories of Lamb's enthusiasm over the book, a volume about which he has written: 'No casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable to honor and keep safe such a jewel.'"

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day with Mr. Fields, speaking of his own tender love for him and looking over his letters. "I will give you this one!" he said. "Cram it into your pocket, for I hear my wife coming down-stairs, and perhaps she won't let you carry it off."

Mrs. Procter was for the larger part of a century one of the most brilliant women in London society. Dickens said of her that, no matter how brilliant the men were who surrounded her—and they were all that London had of the best—she always gave the last and wittiest rejoinder. Her social powers of endurance were wonderful. The last time I had the pleasure of seeing her she had long passed her eightieth birthday. She had "assisted" in the morning at a marriage in the family of Lord Houghton; she had lunched in company; she was holding a reception at her own house, and, in speaking with a young lady who was taking leave, I heard her say: "But I shall see you this evening!" "No," said the young lady; "I am rather tired after our day, and I shall not go out again." "Nonsense, my child," answered the old soldier. "Why, I am going to dine out first, and go to the reception afterward. What is the matter with you young people?"

When she passed away, a few years ago, the world lost almost the last person acquainted nearly and socially with the brilliant group of poets who made the first quarter of the century an epoch in English literature. The *London Academy* said of her: "By her mother's marriage with Basil Montagu she was brought, when quite a child, into contact with Lamb and Coleridge, Keats and Leigh Hunt, and other men of note, who frequented the house of the editor of Bacon, and she speedily learned to hold her own among the wits, her masterful and clear intellect early asserting itself. By her own marriage with Barry Cornwall, whose 'Mirandola,' had three years before stirred the town, with Macready in the title part, and Charles Kemble as *Guido*, she cemented her connection with the world of letters, and became the close friend of a younger generation—of Thackeray and Dickens, the Laureate and Mr. Browning. She survived to be looked up to with respect and curiosity by a third generation, to whom the friends of her youth were English classics —*quietis ascripti ordinibus Deorum.* Not that Mrs. Procter was at all a mere repository of reminiscences. She took a keen interest in the topics of the day, and her talk was admirable, both for what she said and the way in which she said it. She held strong opinions of her own on most subjects, and about most people, and often her expression of them was more emphatic than cautious, and this earned her a reputation for bitterness she did not deserve, for she was essentially kind-hearted."

Mrs. Procter had at one time written down a number of recollections of the eminent men she had known; but she was so shocked by the posthumous publication of Carlyle's "Reminiscences" that she is believed to have destroyed her diaries as well as the letters in her possession. Thackeray's letters to her, which were numerous and interesting, were thus irrevocably lost among the rest.

Lowell, who saw Mrs. Procter frequently, was, of course, justly esteemed by her as one of the most delightful of all her shining company. "Something might be written about her," he said, when the news of her death came to America; "but unless Mr. Henry James can do it for us, we now seem to lack the mental camera which will throw on paper the portrait of this distinguished woman as she moved through a long half-century of London society."

In one of Mrs. Procter's letters to Mr. Fields, after her husband's death, she says: "You knew and loved my dear one! He never blew his own trumpet, and the foolish world requires you to say, 'Fall down, adore me: I am the cleverest man living.'" There is a true story of Sidney Smith and Macaulay. The latter had been on a visit to the great wit, and, on seeing him off in the stage-coach, he said: "Farewell, Macaulay; let no man persuade you that you are not the greatest man in the world. . . . The fault of the memoirs is that there are no letters of my husband's. Forster had destroyed his, and the Brownings also. . . . And

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his letters to me were too tender to be printed in my lifetime.

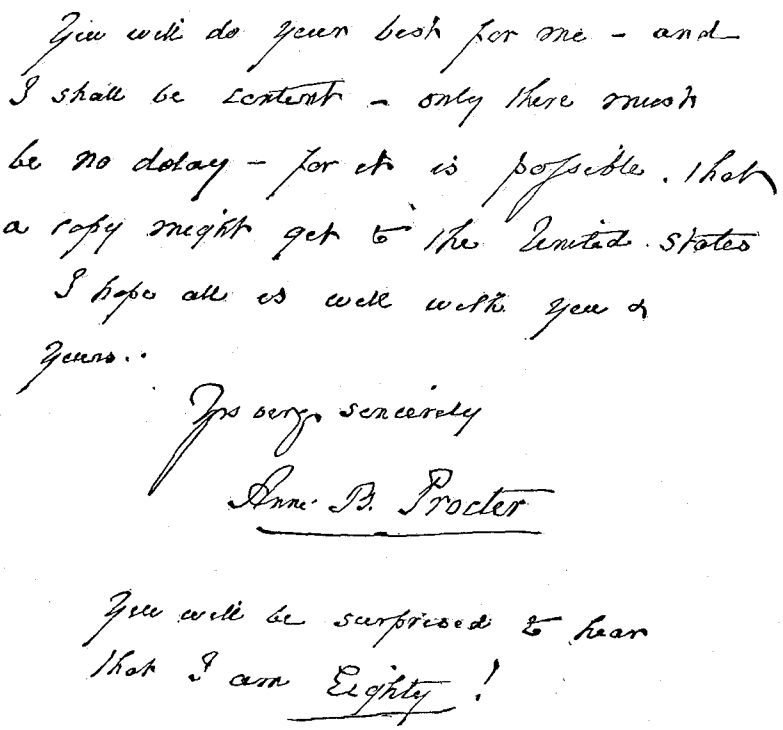
"Your old friend,

"ANNA B. PROCTER."

QUEEN ANNE'S MANSION,
S. W. LONDON.

. . . . . .

We have left Charles and Mary Lamb, while we hold the letter of the former



in our hands, in order to speak of the donors; but we cannot willingly leave them yet altogether. Near by are the letters and books and manuscripts of Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, who knew Lamb, and through whom we have, as it were, been in touch with him. Mrs. Cowden Clarke says of Lamb: "It seems as if it were yesterday that I noted his eager way, when he was at Margate, of telling me about an extraordinarily large whale that had been captured there; of its having created lively interest in the place; of its having been conveyed away in a strong cart, on which it lay a huge mass of colossal height: when he added, with one of his sudden, droll, penetrating glances, 'The eye has just gone past our window.'"

In one of his letters he says: "Your books are as the gushing of streams in a desert. By the way, you have sent no autobiographies. Your letter seems to imply you had. Nor do I want any. Cowden, they are of the books which I give away." A copy of the final "Memorials of Lamb," given to Mr. Fields by Moxon, begins to look like one of the books of which Lamb was fond. He used to hug a rare folio all the nearer to his heart for its worn edges and shabby binding.

Talfourd speaks in this book of the *London Magazine* as being the exciting cause of the "Essays of Elia." Even in those days it appears a great stimulus was given to the world of literature by the creation of a magazine; and we cannot fail to look with inter-

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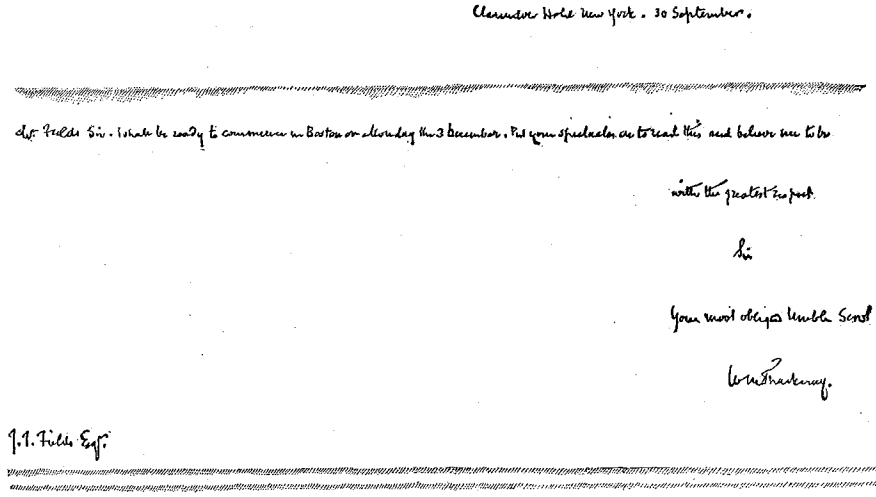
est upon the tall ragged volumes of *The Tattler, The London Journal* and other survivors of those times.

The London Magazine itself, however, presents a noble front, perfect in its line and brave in leather binding, with gilt letters. "Never," says Talfourd, "was a periodical work commenced with happier auspices. . . . There was Lamb, at his indiscreetest, best; Barry Cornwall, . . . streaking the darkest passion with beauty; John Hamilton Reynolds . . . and Hazlitt, who was giving some of his best work to the world for the first time through this medium." The name of John Hamilton Reynolds is sailing safely down to posterity upon the wing of Keats. The following exquisite verses are among the poems which are connected with his name. These lines are too little known. Buxton Forman says: "Keats seems to have been really writing in a kind of spiritual parallelism with the thrush's song, . . . following in a sense the bird's methods of repetition." Therefore he entitles them, "What the Thrush said; Lines from a Letter to John Hamilton Reynolds:"

O thou whose face hath felt the winter's wind,
Whose eye hath seen the snow-clouds hung in mist,
And the black elm tops 'mong the freezing stars,
To thee the spring will be a harvest time;
O thou whose only book has been the light
Of supreme darkness which thou feddest on
Night after night when Phœbus was away,
To thee the spring shall be a triple morn.
O fret not after knowledge: I have none.
And yet my song comes native with the warmth.
O fret not after knowledge; I have none.
And yet the evening listens. He who saddens
At thought of idleness cannot be idle,
And he's awake who thinks himself asleep.

In the year 1796 a small book was printed with the title "Original Letters, etc., of Sir John Falstaff." The copy before me bears the inscription "See Charles Lamb's reference to this little book." Following this lead, we find in Talfourd's life that it was written by "Jem White," of whose humor Lamb once said, "There never was the like! We never shall see such days as those in which Jem flourished."

"All that now remains of Jem," Talfourd continues, "is the celebration of the supper which he gave to the young chimney sweepers, in the Elia of his friend, and a thin duodecimo volume which he published in 1796, under the title of 'The Letters of John Falstaff,' with a dedication (printed in black letter) to Master Samuel Irelaunde, which those who knew Lamb at the time believed to be his." "White's Letters," said Lamb, in writing to a friend about this time, "are near publication. His


Clarendon Hotel New York. 30 September.

Dear Fields Sir. I shall be ready to commence in Boston on Monday the 3 December. Put your spectacles on to read this and believe me to be

with the greatest respect

Sir

Your most obliged Humble Servt

W. M. Thackeray.

J. T. Fields Esqr.

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frontispiece is a good conceit, Sir John learning to dance to please Madame Page, in dress of doublet, etc., from the upper half, and modern pantaloons, with shoes of the eighteenth century, from the lower half, and the whole work is full of goodly quips and rare fancies, 'all deftly masked like poor antiquity.'"

It is said that Lamb never found one of these little books in a stall, or thrown aside among a pile of unsalable writings, that he did not buy it. He could always get it for sixpence a copy. In this way he kept all his friends provided. In writing to Manning, to whom he had evidently sent a copy, he says: "I hope by this time you are prepared to say the 'Falstaff Letters' are a bundle of the sharpest, queerest, profoundest, humorous, of any these juice-drained latter times have spawned." It is rather a curious fact, also, that there was an American reprint of these "Letters" in 1813, nearly eighteen years after their issue, because we cannot help whispering, in spite of Charles Lamb's enthusiasm for his friend's work, that they seem to good judges at this period to be quite unreadable. Southey, Moxon, Talfourd, and Ainger all seem to agree that Lamb had a hand in the editorship, and surely the preface is full of his wit. It is a precious little book, because Lamb loved it, and Mr. Fields wrote inside, "Oh, be careful of it!"

As I turn to review the books once more, I seem to see one kindly face—large, full of humor, full of human sympathies, which makes me forget the shelves and consider "first editions" as childishness. The face belongs to Thackeray, and I can recall his goodness to one who, although married already, was hardly more than "a slip of a girl," and very much afraid of him. Afraid, let me say, rather of the idea of him, the great author and famous lecturer who was making his crowded audiences laugh or cry at his simple word every evening; the great man of the moment whom everybody was "running after," yet of whom they said that he liked his friends so much better than all their noise about himself that he was always trying to escape from it—and here he was!—coming to see—whom? Well, it

appears it did not so much matter, for he was bent on kindnesses, and he took it all in at a glance, and sat down by the window and drew me to him and told me about his "little girls" at home. How he walked down the wrong side of Piccadilly one day, and so lost what money he had out of his pocket—money which belonged properly to these same dear girls of his; therefore it came about that he made up his mind, though it was hard enough, to come away from them and get something to take back to them in place of what he had lost, and how they were the dearest girls in the world, and when I came to England I should find them more like two old friends, and should have somebody, I am sure he thought, "to play with," though under the circumstances he could not use just those words!

And then, soon after, he went away, leaving a great trail of sunshine and kindness behind him, which has never faded.

The next time I saw him among the

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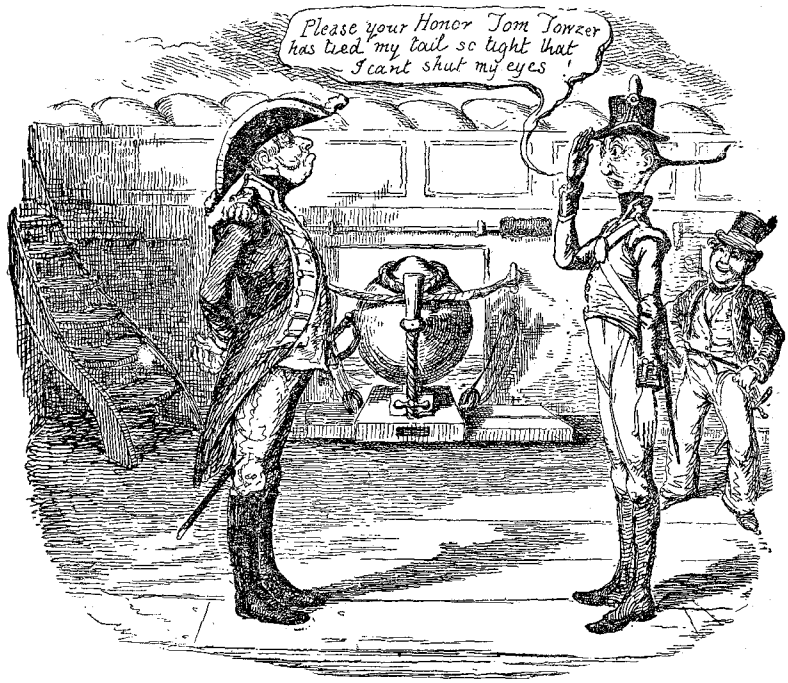
books was with a company of gentlemen who had been asked to meet him. I remember he was told that Rufus Choate was among the invited guests, but he had not yet made his appearance. A note from Mr. Choate came in after the little group was assembled, and it was a great amusement to them all, the effort to decipher the almost undecipherable handwriting. The gist of the matter was at length reached—he could not come. And Thackeray, who had never heard—but only heard of—his eloquence, was greatly disappointed.



Tell Tale

By Cruikshank.

The joy of hearing the immortal lectures then began! How "everybody" went! How the matter and the manner were upon every tongue! There are two drawings on the shelf of him, made by a young artist of the time, caricatures which, in spite of their absurdity, recall his delightful manner and looks, as he stood before his audiences, to the life. I remember one other interview with Thackeray during his visit to America, in New York (and it is a digression to speak of it here, to be forgiven I trust). He was coming down a long flight of steps into the street after one of the lectures. We were in front, and we were with Washington Irving (ah! what a joy that was, and what a gladness still to recall him!). Thackeray startled the little group by overtaking us and striking Irving briskly on the shoulder (they were evidently very much at home together); then, turning to us, "And here's the very little woman I was telling you of to-day!" at which sally, since he evidently had not been telling anything very serious, we all laughed, and then he began to relate the experiences of the evening. It was only a touch, a glance, a nothing as one may say, but that warmth and sunlight of his nature always seemed to waken a new flower of existence into being, where it shone even for an instant.

Here are the first editions of some of his books: "The Rose and the Ring," "Dr. Birch and His Young Friends," "Rebecca and Rowena," and a review of Cruikshank's work made in-

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to a pretty little volume with original illustrations; but how we almost forget to speak of them when we are thinking of the dear writer himself.* I sometimes wonder if the "Unwritten Memoirs" will not some day recall one of the *Punch* dinners in Onslow Square, where I was allowed to sit upstairs "with the ladies," his own "dear girls" (I do not recall any strangers), and how some of the good things were brought to us for dinner on a small table in the hall, if I remember well, where Thackeray came now and then in the course of the evening to have a little jollity and see that the ball was rolling merrily up stairs as well as down. The good things which came with him were so much better than any of the good things which were brought for dinner, that I forget everything, what was said or what was done, or what we ate, save that kind, loving, beneficent presence, which will always remain in our hearts when the things of this world have passed away.

It need not be told here that Thackeray loved the great world and the strange, noble, and even ignoble creatures it contains; he loved delightful women always, and "liked to see them straight," as he says somewhere; and would have said to his favorites, as Dr. Johnson said to Mrs. Thrale, "Be brisk, and be splendid, and be publick;" but he loved above all his fireside corner and his "little girls," and the friends they drew about them. Not the least characteristic incident of his life is his flight home from America, leaving his engagements to lecture and everything else to take care of themselves, because he saw Christmas approaching and stockings which might be otherwise unfilled. He bravely said he was homesick; and with no excuse to anyone he stepped on board a Boston steamer, and vanished thus from the centre of his admirers.

* Thackeray's charm was never more delightfully exercised than in this paper upon Cruikshank. He says in it, "He is the friend of the young especially. Have we not all read the story-books that his wonderful pencil has illustrated? Did we not forego tarts, in order to buy his 'Breaking-Up' or his 'Fashionable Monstrosities' of the year eighteen hundred and something? . . . But though in our eyes Mr. Cruikshank reached his *apogée* some eighteen years since, it must not be imagined that such was really the case. Eighteen sets of children have since then learned to love and admire him, and may many more of their successors be brought up in the same delightful faith. . . . The reader will examine the work called 'My Sketch-Book' with not a little amusement, and may gather from it, as we fancy, a good deal of information regarding the character of the individual man, George Cruikshank. . . . Our artist loves to joke at a soldier. . . . Tall lifeguardsmen and fierce grenadiers figure in many of his designs, and almost always in a ridiculous way."

THE WORLD KNOWN

By Inigo R de R. Deane

This world that was so vast to dream antique,
With golden realms hard by the break of day,
With virgin seas and wondrous folk that lay
Beyond all snows and storms, to what a spanned
And common thing 'tis shrunk! who now shall seek
For Happy Isles along that vulgar way
Which was the ocean-sea? or who shall say
Things yet unlearned of any maiden land?

We know, now, know it all, and small the good
To you or me the tedious knowledge brings;
But, oh! if one might stand where Jason stood,
And dream like him of regions strange and fair
Beyond the wild, white sea-bird's baths, or where
The utmost albatross dips lonely wings!

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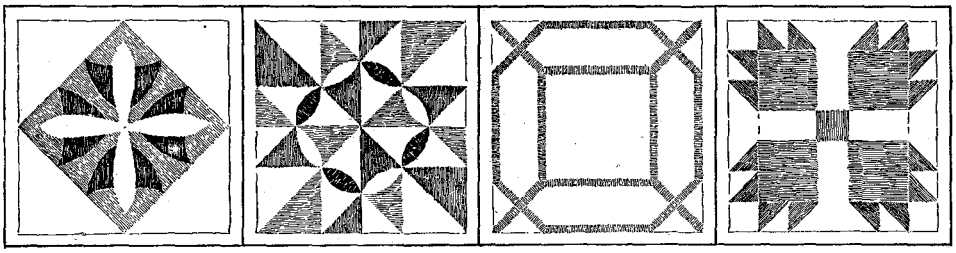

Biloxi Pattern. Biloxi. Link and Chain. Bear's Paw.

THE TAPESTRY OF THE NEW WORLD

By Fanny D. Bergen

ONE of my earliest and pleasantest recollections is of sitting beside my invalid grandmother's bed, and examining the various designs of the cotton-cloth of which were made the blocks of its patchwork bed-quilt, and listening to stories about the women and children whose gowns were there represented. Or sometimes it was my delight to sit up in bed before rising in the morning, tracing with my finger certain favorite calico patterns on my bed-covering, while, after waking my aunt from her morning nap, I asked questions that drew forth story after story of characters that, by her oft-repeating, had become most familiar to me. Where is the child who does not love to hear father, mother, or other older friends tell about "when I was young?" Now, I fancy there are few objects which, by association of ideas, are more fertile in recalling bygone times and people than an old home-made quilt.

It was not only the friends and neighbors suggested by the scraps of their clothing, with whom I became familiar in these bed-quilt talks, but I also incidentally heard much of the romantic Lake George country, where the quilts which I have in mind had been made. I learned of trees, shrubs, and flowers not found in our part of the West. The white birch, whose bark the country children stripped off and used for paper, seemed to me an enchanted tree. Hearing of another kind of birch—the black I now know it to have been—that afforded a spicy, edible bark, and of the scarlet-fruited checkerberry that decked the woodland pastures, favorite haunts of the school-children, I envied the latter their paths to school and their noon-time rambles. To this day, I cannot contentedly pass a black birch-tree without securing a twig, remembering my childish desire to know its oft-described flavor, which my imagination had made wonderful as ambrosia. Then the beautiful lakes, the distant mountains, the forests still peopled with deer; and perhaps most like a fairy-tale of all, was the vivid description of a still-hunt. No old tale of a German forest has left with me a more weirdly beautiful impression than this account, heard when I was but a few years old, of the bevy of hunters all clad in white, to be invisible against a background of snow, armed with their long flint-lock rifles, setting forth on their expedition after deer and moose.

One of these patchwork quilts, made of as many colors as Joseph's coat, is an album of family and neighborhood history in which are preserved in cipher, to be translated only by the maker or one who by tradition has inherited them, the tales, character-sketches, and so on, clinging about the homely collection of odd patches.

Besides gossip about people and places, one finds recorded in an old quilt much of interest regarding fabrics and their prices. Have you never been

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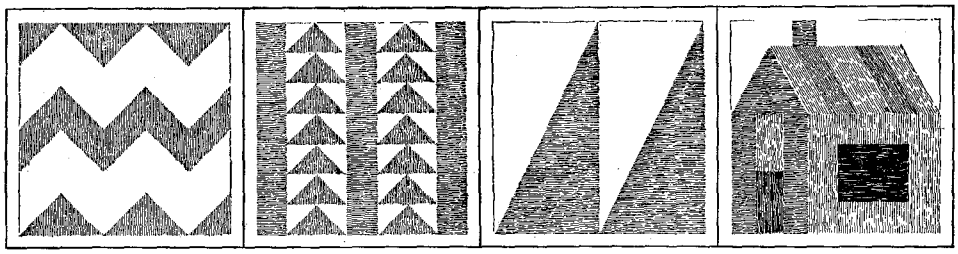
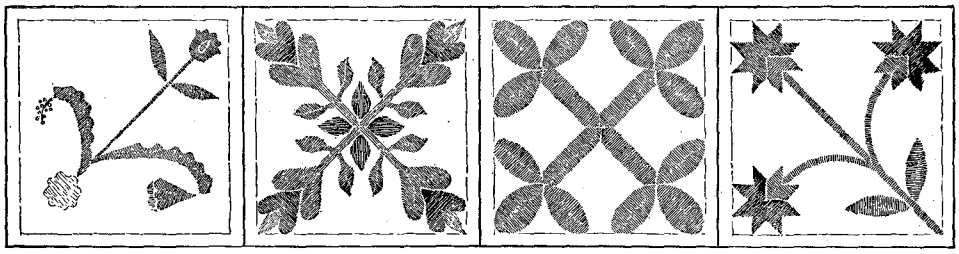


Fence Row. Goose Chase. Saw Teeth. Log Cabin.

entertained by some "old-time" lady, as the Southerners say, while she points out the incomparable difference between the texture of the old-fashioned chintz or French calico of fifty to a hundred years ago, and the cheap American prints of to-day, that can be bought for from five to twelve cents per yard? I have beside me a holder, cut out of a fragment of a quilt made of two dresses that when partly worn had been used, the one for the top, the other for the lining. One is of cotton goods made to look as if twilled, the background of mixed white and browns that give a neutral tint, from which stand out small geometrical figures of pale grass-green and a clear red, undimmed by all these years. The other side is of fine French calico, printed in similar colors that are still fresh, in one of the graceful patterns of interwoven vines, leaves, and flowers, so conventionalized as to bear little resemblance to any plant of land or water, but which remind one of the borders of pieces of tapestry. This calico was bought almost sixty years ago in Boston, and cost sixty-two and a half cents a yard. I also recall a woollen comforter, whose lining was of home-made white flannel, and the upper side of the less worn parts of a fine plum-colored cloak of camlet cloth, and another of a fadeless dark blue. The permanence, both of fabrics and colors, would compare well with that of antique, oriental rugs. It used to be not uncommon to manufacture both quilts and comforters out of partly worn garments, when stuffs were more durable than at present, and were so cared for that years of wear might be had from them when put to some second service, after the original dress or cloak had quite gone out of fashion, or else the wearer had become tired of it.

The silk and velvet patchwork bedcoverings, often elaborately decorated with embroidery or painting, that have been the fashion for a dozen years or more, are by no means the only survivals of this art, once general in American households. In not a few villages or country towns within a short distance of Boston, many common calico or woollen quilts are yet made every year. In the more rustic parts of New England, as well as in similar places in the Middle and Western States, such quilts are still more common.

The Pennsylvania German women have long been famous quilt-makers. In a thinly peopled part of one of the earliest settled counties of northern Ohio are some farmers of "Pennsylvan-



Tulip. Tulip. Poplar Leaf. Double Peony.

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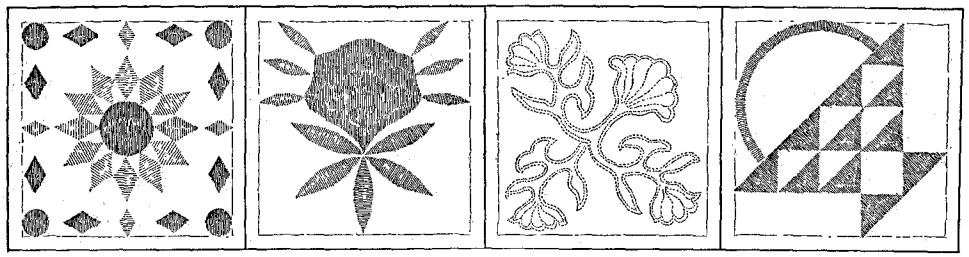
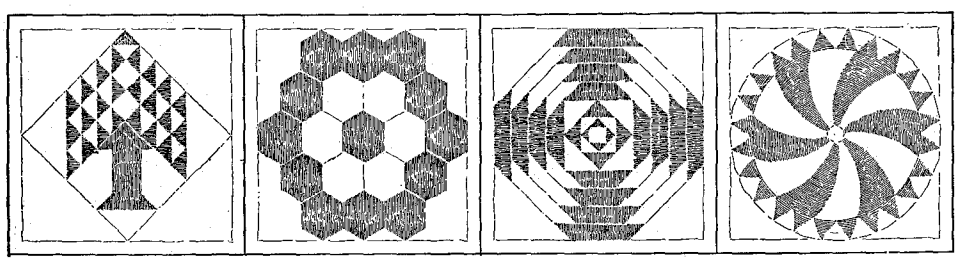


Sunflower. Tea Leaf. Quilting Design. Basket.

ia Dutch" extraction, sometimes a generation or two removed. It was once my fortune to spend a few days in a roomy two-and-a-half-story frame-house on a mill-farm in this neighborhood. The traditional cleanliness of the best North German housekeepers kept the numerous large, but unhome-like, rooms as fresh and neat as a new barn. From the shining, small-paned windows and the much-swept rag-carpets and speckless whitewashed walls, to the sand-scoured porches and doorsteps, all was clean from constant scrubbing and dusting. I slept in the big spare-chamber, a long room with several windows, a bare floor, and a bed built so high with straw and feather-beds, that, to mount it I was almost compelled to climb from a chair. In one corner of this barren chamber stood a large stool, on which, piled one on top of another, was a stack of bed-quilts that reached half-way to the high ceiling. They were the work of the last unmarried member of the family, who was not more renowned for her quilting than for her skill in knitting and crocheting.

But it is to the more remote districts of the Southern States, that one must go to find this domestic industry carried on most zealously. A folk-lore correspondent from North Carolina writes thus: "The quilt-making is in general confined to the farmers' wives and daughters. Their winter's work is piecing and quilting the quilts. In fact, the young ladies do not consider themselves marriageable until they have made and are the owners of a goodly number of home-made quilts. The latter part of the winter is the time for the finishing up of quilts, and is quite a gala season. They often make quiltings, *i.e.*, a number of ladies who can handle needle and thimble dexterously, are invited to spend the day and quilt. A great dinner is prepared; by night the gentlemen gather to help eat supper, and to take the quilt out of the frames, and have a general good time." It is not strange that, with their love of gay colors, the negroes of the South often take kindly to this sort of handiwork. It has also, to some extent, been taken up by some of the least nomadic of our American Indians. Rev. J. Owen Dorsey, of the Bureau of Ethnology, has kindly sent me three designs which were drawn for him by a Biloxi Indian from quilts pieced by his Indian wife.

In consonance with the simple, sometimes even rough, surroundings of a pioneer life, the women of the English colonies in America and in provincial regions, in their primitive art of patch-



Tree of Paradise. Job's Troubles. Church Steps. Rising Sun.

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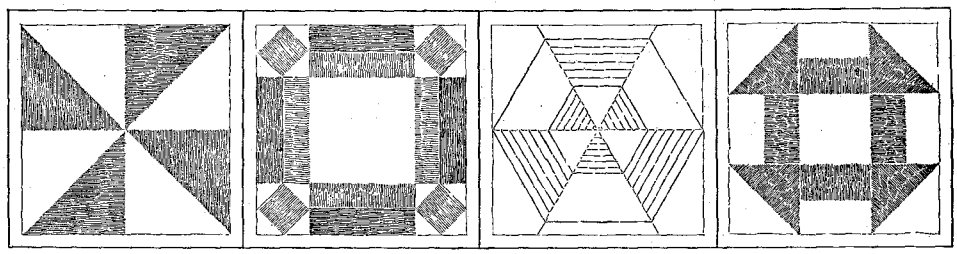


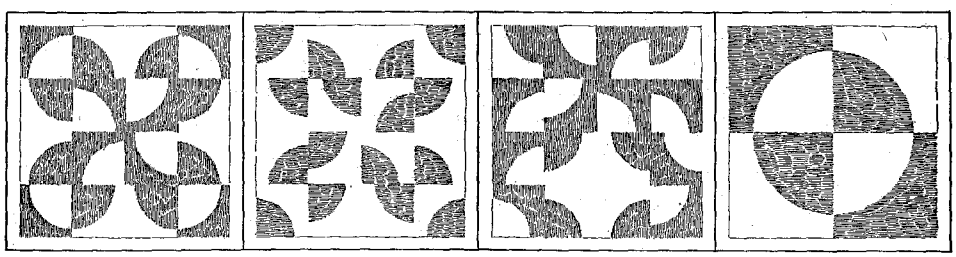
Fan Mill. Johnnie Around the Corner. Spider-web. Screw Plate.

work suggest, even to this day, their environment by fashioning out of cloth such patterns as the "log-cabin," "link and chain," "bear's paw," "duck's-foot-in-the-mud," "fence-row," "goose-chase," "state-house-steps," or "Washington's march." To be sure, in these patchwork designs we have, instead of portraits and pictures, but the rudest symbolism.

The tulip, in all parts of the United States a very favorite appliqué design for quilts, is perchance a survival of the tulip mania, that for a time seized the Dutch burghers of the New Netherlands. Other floral designs, the sunflower, double peony, rose of Sharon, basket of flowers, etc., hint at flower-borders lovingly tended by the over-taxed hands of a busy housewife, who still made time to put this bit of color into a very practical, prosaic life.

To me these home-made quilts are chiefly interesting because of the glimpses they give of the makers and their lives. Minstrels and troubadours, and the glamour of distance, have combined to surround the high-born lady of the age of chivalry with a halo of poetry and romance; but, after all, was the semi-conventual existence of the Lady Margaret, or Eleanor, or Rosamond of lay or ballad, as she embroidered away her years shut in by thick castle walls, really as free and rounded out as the lives of women in American pioneer days or in country life to-day? Is not the lot of the backwoodsman's wife or daughter in her log-house, with her marigold and larkspur border in front, and it may be a cluster of tall sunflowers in the back corner of the garden, with a life of hard work, homely fare, and the simplest joys and sorrows, a far more enviable one than that of the noblewomen of the mediæval castles? Less sweet and wholesome too, by far, was the career which lay before those same noblewomen, than that which offered itself to our stately colonial matrons, or that which awaits those who now toil at our latter-day tapestry, whether they are women in quiet village homes or in roomy farm-houses, east or west, on valley farms among the mountains of Tennessee or North Carolina, or in Southern mansions, shut away from the neighborhood of busy towns by long stretches of cypress-swamp or pine-barrens.

The tale of Penelope's patient loyalty to her long-tarrying lord, as she puts off the clamoring suitors by her vow never to re-marry until the web still in her loom be finished, might be matched in our unromantic New World by the



Fool's Puzzle. Around the World. Chinese Puzzle. Robbing Peter to Pay Paul.

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true story of many an old patchwork quilt, could the poor bits of printed cotton speak out and recall the story of some Melinda, Ruth, or Mary Ann, whose deft fingers sewed together the flimsy mosaic. Many a love-dream has been sewed into one of these crude attempts at art. Have you not seen a matron gently smooth an old quilt, as with lowered voice she tells you, "This is one I quilted the winter before I was married." You may be sure that any chance scrap of chintz, gingham, or calico once gay, now, it may be, faded by time, wear, and frequent washings, may bring to her mind as many tender memories as are recalled to another by the dried rose, the sprig of forget-me-not, or the true lover's knot put away with tender care in some private drawer.

Then, how far back into memory land may not one be carried by the "four-patch" or "nine-patch" quilt, made by childish fingers just learning to guide the needle? Anyone who thus took her first lesson in sewing, as she sat on a low stool beside mother or grandmother and performed the daily stint, either of stitching or over-and-over sewing, in putting into blocks the squares cut by older hands, can never see this work of earlier years without recalling many pictures of that time. Or if in childhood some pair of busy little hands were forever folded to rest, every bit of cloth which they once held, and every stitch which they once set with conscientious painstaking, will thereafter be more precious to someone than any piece of Gobelin tapestry.

Several years ago a brother of George Fuller, the artist, picked up from a pile of rags in a junk-shop in Greenfield, Mass., an old linen spread, elaborately embroidered in colored crewels, in the old-fashioned stitch very like that used in modern Kensington work. At the upper end, in cross-stitch, we read "Betsey Clark, her work," and that is all we know of her who patiently wrought the flower-pot from which straggle the long, nondescript vines and flowers which spread over the bed-cover. I have a little hypothetical romance for myself about this forsaken piece of embroidery, that was by a mere chance rescued from its ignominious destiny. The lady who owns it has another theory very different from my own. You, reader, may construct one for yourself, but we shall never know what loneliness, poverty, or desolation is back of the fact that such an elaborate piece of needlework should have come into a miscellaneous mass of paper-rags.

I have often slept under a wild-lily quilt, an unusually fine example of cotton appliqué, that was done more than forty years ago by an Ohio district school-teacher. Some of the squares were made as she sat with the family where she chanced to stay, in the odd hours before and after breakfast, or supper; for this was before "boarding around" had gone out of fashion, and the country school-mistress was a guest as well as boarder during her week or more at each of the various homes, and it would have been utterly contrary to usage for her to seclude herself in her own chamber. I dare say others of the blocks had their graceful patterns daintily cross-stitched on to the white background during the summer noon-time, as the teacher kept guard in some hot little frame school-house, while the boys and girls, whom she so zealously and wisely taught, rambled off to shady green woods, whence they came back laden with long pieces of wild grape-vine selected for skipping-ropes, and with leafy branches, flowers, mosses, and lichens with which they decked the poor barren school-room. Object-lessons were not talked of then, but these trophies voluntarily brought in by her pupils served this born teacher as texts on which she based many an informal talk that kept both teacher and pupil near to sweet out-of-door things.

I recall another quilt in appliqué work of about the same age as the wild-lily, and made in the same locality. Its pattern is called the "tea-leaf"—I cannot imagine why. The leaves of the bunch at the base of the large red and yellow patch are of green calico, with markings of black and yellow. Both these prints are of the quality that used to be known as oil calicoes, of remarkably fast colors. The border of this quilt is made of a row of very conventional flower-baskets. Here the

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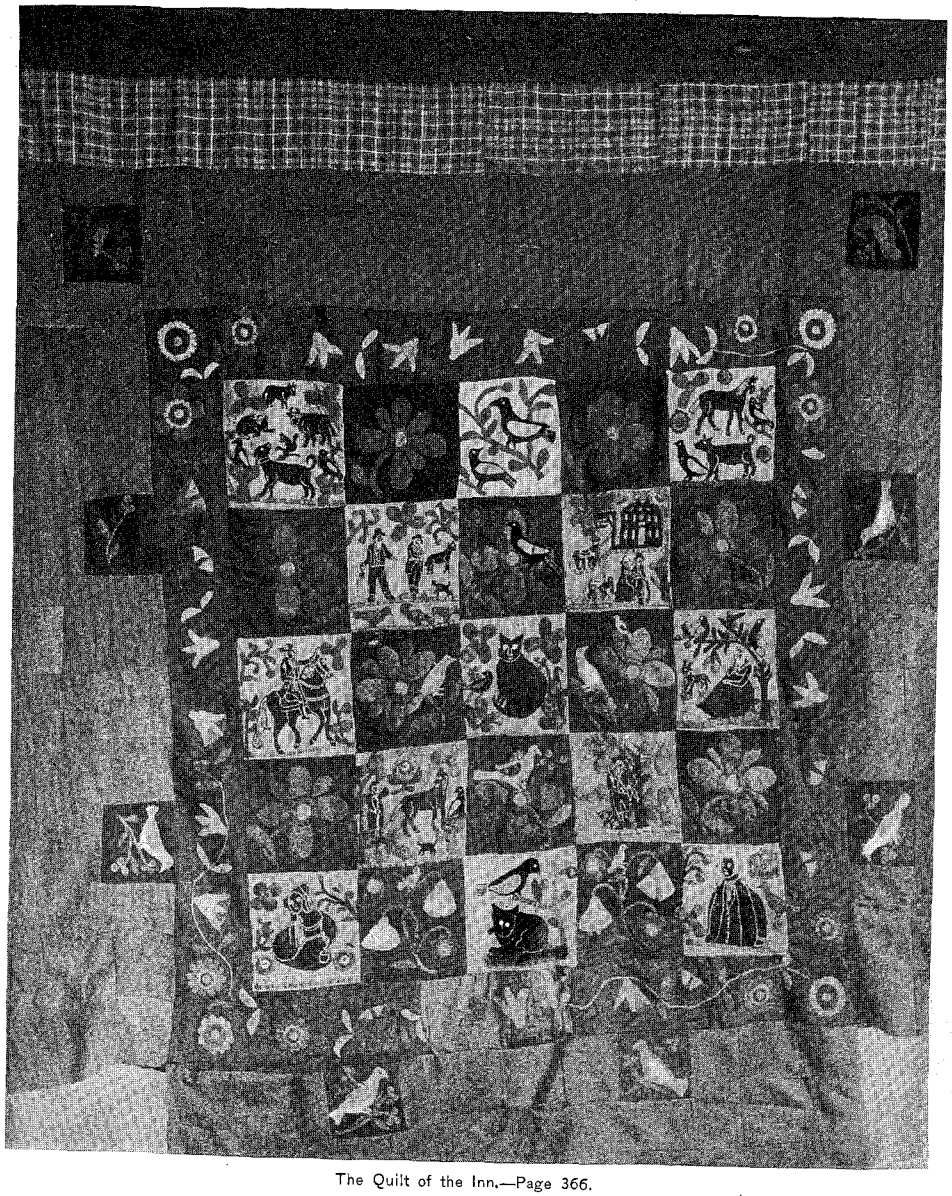

The Quilt of the Inn.—Page 366.

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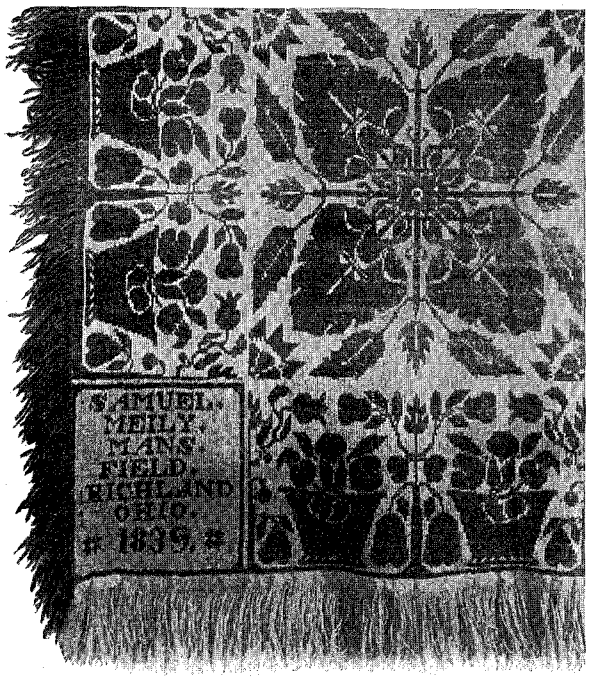
Perhaps the quaintest, though by no means the most beautiful, bed-cover that I ever saw is a very queer woollen counterpane, which I call the Quilt of the Inn. Its centre is made of blocks of appliqué work of the most varied designs, and its border of rough patchwork cut from red and green flannel, the latter apparently hand-woven. Between the patchwork border and the appliqué work squares is a broad stripe of black alpaca decorated with a vine made by sewing on, in a wavy line, a narrow red woollen braid. This most artificial vine is laden with large appliqué flowers, doubtless not copied from nature. The central squares are either of black broadcloth or of coarse buff flannel. The latter may once have been white, but become yellowed with age. This most grotesque bit of art needle-work is supposed to be more than one hundred years old, and to have been made by a long-ago occupant of an old tavern near Rye Beach, N. H. The inn itself and various members of the family are pictured. Many favorite animals are shown hereon in silhouette, and mine hostess herself sits in a most sentimental attitude, watching the gambols of what seems to be her pet goat, though I would not stake my head on the species of this quadruped. On another square, at a glance one may recognize General Washington, and one block is composed of a *genre* scene apparently representing the sale of a colt, a transaction which would seem, from the manner in which he holds his linen money-bag, to have been satisfactory to the seller. The black cloth figures that form the silhouette designs have the dress and features outlined in coarse stitching of white thread. The black velvet cat stares at one from white porcelain-button eyes. The needle-woman of the old inn must have had great taste for natural history subjects, since besides the multifarious floral designs and the familiar animals of the home and farmyard, she has fashioned out of her crude appliqué work numerous birds of various kinds. There are blue birds with yellow wings and yellow birds with blue wings, green birds with bright-red wings and eyes! there are black birds with red wings and red birds with blue wings, and other interesting ornithological vagaries. To be sure, there is an utter lack of perspective, and the pigeons (?) sitting on the ridge-pole, whose heads considerably overtop the great square chimney, are somewhat out of proportion. What a giant pie such birds would have made for some hungry wayfarer seeking entertainment at the roadside tavern!



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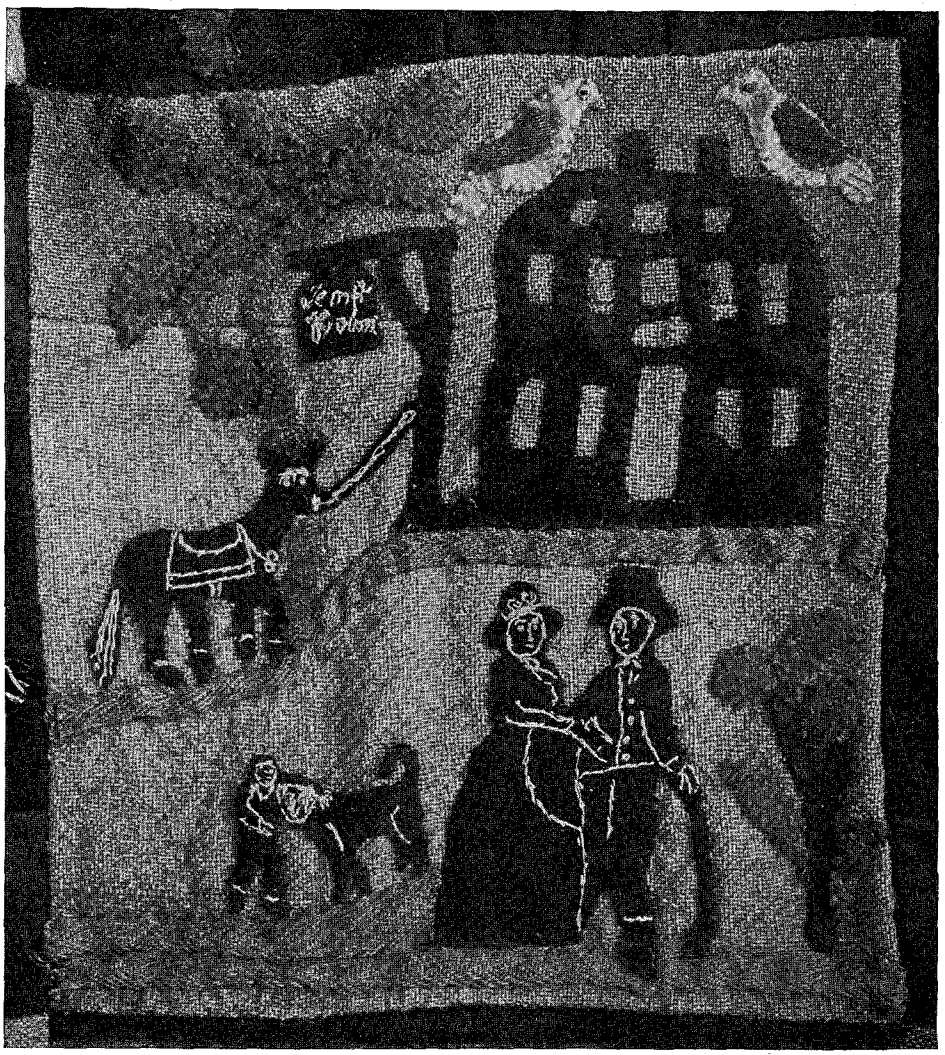

Large Block from the Quilt of the Inn.

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As to the date at which our modern patchwork and appliqué quilt began to be made, it is impossible to do more than guess that the early examples of European quilts are but remains of earlier specimens, which may well have been imitations of oriental originals. We shall have to rest satisfied with such statements as that of one of the curators of the South Kensington Museum, that all experts differ as to origins. At the present time patchwork of silk, woollen, and cotton is more or less made by Parsee, Hindoo, and Mohammedan women in India. In Europe the art is familiar to Italian, German, and Scandinavian women, as well as to the women of Great Britain and Ireland. In the Azores the peasants make cotton patchwork bags that they carry about the streets as we do baskets or shopping-bags, and sometimes these are used by workmen to carry their lunch.

Out of between two and three hundred quilt patterns which I have collected, the great majority are made up of permutations of a few rectilinear plane figures such as the triangle, the rhombus, the square, and the rectangle. The floral designs are usually crudely symbolic rather than pictures of the flowers whose names they bear. The same pattern occurs in various parts of the country under the most diverse names. This is especially true of the mathematical combinations. Now and then there is an evident reason for the names given to those multitudinous designs, but oftener they are apparently purely arbitrary.

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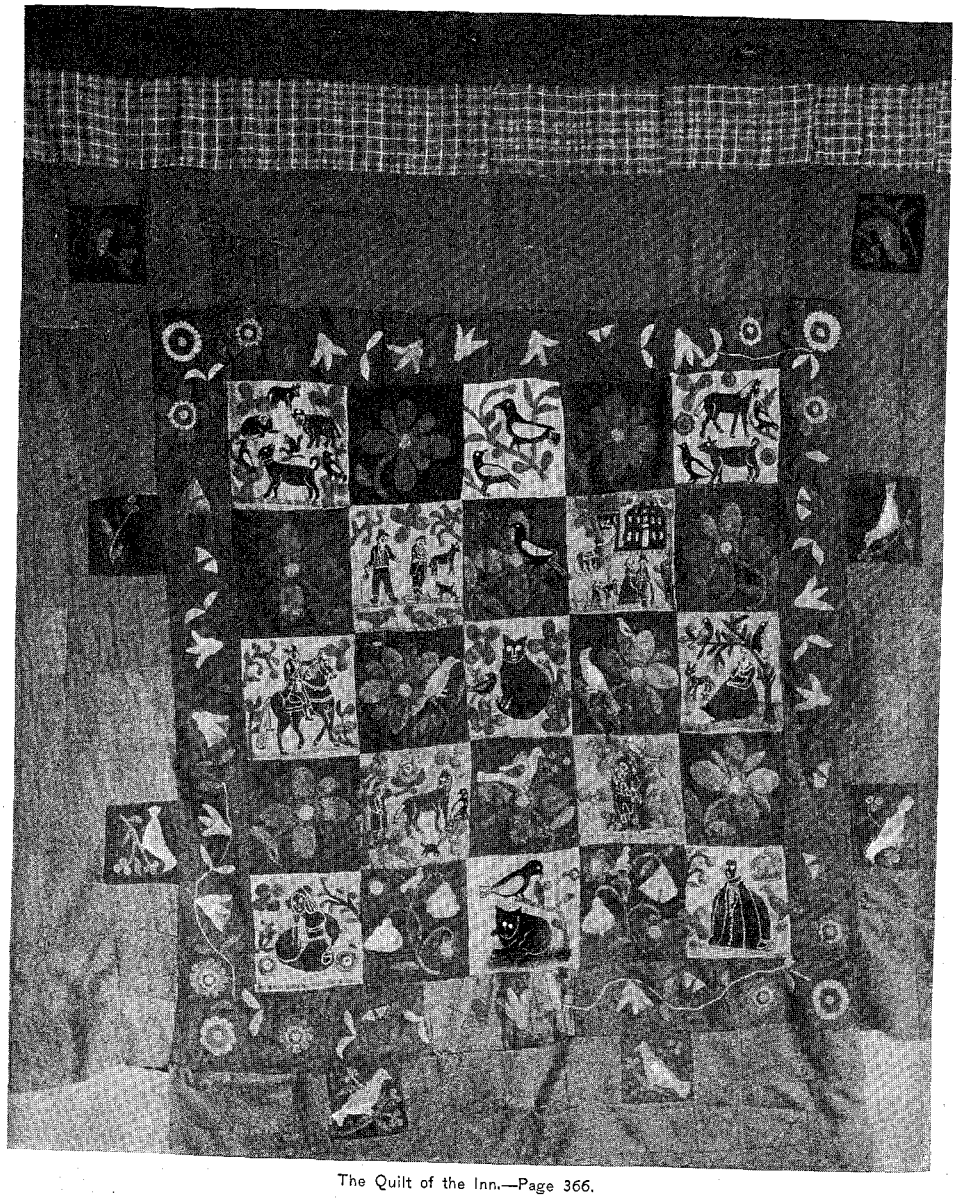

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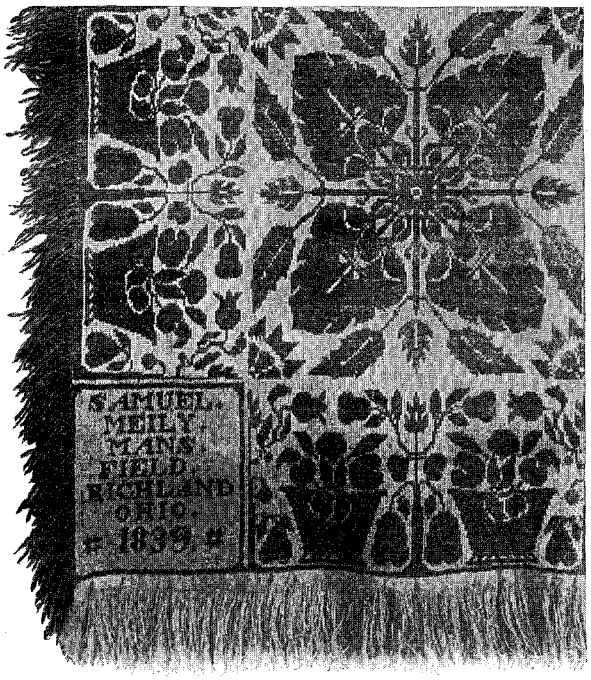

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countered, is made by cutting a number of small squares out of white cotton cloth and an equal number out of colored cloth. A quadrant of a circle is then cut from one corner of each of these squares. By various combinations of these quadrants with the remains of the squares, a number of patterns have been evolved, somewhat resembling one another, but bearing very different names. One of these combinations in Louisiana is called "the world's wonder," another in North Carolina is "the fool's puzzle." From quaint old Provincetown, Mass., comes still another under the name of "around the world." A different variant in western Massachusetts is called "Chinese puzzle." But in a little village in eastern Massachusetts I find the best name of all for this somewhat bewildering quilt pattern, viz., "Peter pay Paul." In Louisiana also the simplest form of this pattern is called "robbing Peter to pay Paul." If you look for a moment at this design and notice how the bit cut from one square exactly fills the vacancy left in another, you will at once see the applicability of this name. "Sugar bowl" and "fly" are two northern Ohio names for a block made up of eight alternate dark and light triangles radiating, as it were, from a common centre; while it appears in Maryland as "crow-foot," and in Pennsylvania as "fan-mill," a name in which one catches a glimmer of rationality. United, several of these little blocks constitute "Katy's ramble" in the eastern part of New York. The "old maid's whim" of one locality, in another is called "bachelor's puzzle." A very simple mathematical design, which in Louisiana bears the pretty but wholly arbitrary name of "rosebud," in Illinois is called "bear's paw." Quilt-makers in Massachusetts call the same pattern "duck's foot," while slightly modified in eastern New York it is called "the duck's foot in the mud." To a by no means unique pattern from northern Ohio, made up of squares, rectangles, and triangles, is attached the jingling name of "Johnny around the corner." Elsewhere it is known simply as "the wheel." A very popular pattern in all parts of the country, frequently known, and with reason, as "screw-plate," is so rich in names that I cannot refrain from giving the whole varied list. "Dove in the window," "hole in the barn-floor," "puss in the corner," "shoo-fly," "Lincoln platform," and "love-knot," are all names for this same design. And in southern Indiana it was very popular after the war as "Sherman's march."

Only very extended and careful research would make it possible to give even the briefest summary comparison of the decorative designs of primitive races of men, but in a general way it may be said that in the art-work of such peoples, whether of the earliest periods of which we have any knowledge or of tribes now living, large use is made of simple geometrical figures, such as circles, rectangles, diamonds, and so on; and without doubt many of the patterns formed by the combination of a few simple geometrically shaped pieces of cloth would lead us into strangely interesting by-ways, if we could trace out all their relationships and antecedents. I have studied many of which space does not permit the mention here, but perhaps no one design which we might find on a patchwork quilt has such a wonderful history and extended associations as one composed of twelve small right isosceles triangles of one color, and the same number of another color, that is sent to me from northern Ohio under the name of "catch-me-if-you-can," and which is known in western Massachusetts as the "windmill" pattern. Modifications of this quilt pattern under other names are to be met with elsewhere. The design is a very good representation of the sacred cross of India. The following account of the origin of this symbol is quoted from Edkins's "Chinese Buddhism:"

"Buddha, before his death, committed the secret of his mysteries to his disciple, Maha Kashiapa. He was a Brahman, born in the kingdom Magadha, in central India. To him was intrusted the deposit of esoteric doctrine, called *cheng-fa-yen-tsang*, 'the pure secret of the eye of right doctrine.' The symbol of this esoteric principle, communicated orally without

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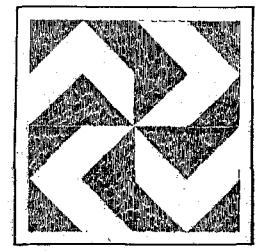
books, is 卍 *man* or *wan*. This, in Chinese, means, '10,000,' and implies the possession of 10,000 perfections. It is usually placed on the heart of Buddha in images and pictures of that divinity. It is sometimes called *sin-yin*, 'heart's seal.' It contains within it the whole mind of Buddha. In Sanscrit it is called *svastika*. It was the monogram of Vishnu and Shiva, the battle-axe of Thor in Scandinavian inscriptions, an ornament on the crowns of Bonpa deities in Thibet, and a favorite symbol with the Peruvians."

I hear a rumor that this far-spread emblem has been traced to ancient Troy. It is the mystic sign of the wise and humorous elephant-headed god Ganésa or Ganésh, whom the Hindus are wont to invoke at the beginning of enterprises, and whose image is frequently placed as tutelary deity on their doorways. The *svastika* stands on the first page of Hindu ledgers and day-books, and was a common stamp on East Indian coins. A saddle in the Chinese department at the Boston Art Museum bears a *svastika* in gold on the front of its pommel. Looking on a saucer, I find that it forms the connecting openwork in the panels of the light fence that skirts a part of the grounds about the palace home of the Chinese maiden, who is the heroine of the old legend that we can never forget, while a bit of dear old blue and white willow-ware pottery exists, bearing the pictured story of the two devoted lovers who lived and died together, and whose souls, as two doves, still hover over the island where rest their ashes. Variously modified, it is interlaced in the arabesque border of the plates of the same table service. Here I find it forming the basis of the pattern that borders a Persian rug, and a narrower stripe, used to separate the larger and more conspicuous designs of the same rug, is composed of a continuous row of diminutive brown crosses set on one of the ineffable blues of the Orient. It is unnecessary to cite further from the innumerable oriental instances where this religious symbol is used either as a stamp or in decorative art, but the thing interesting to ethnologists is its existence in the occidental world. The Spaniards found it in Yucatan when they first came there. A design essentially like the Buddhist cross is engraved on shell gorgets of the mound-builders, found in Tennessee. Among other relics of this ancient American people that were dug up during excavations recently made near the Scioto River, in Ross County, Ohio, under Dr. Putnam's direction, were several hammered copper plates, each bearing the *svastika*. Strangely enough, this sacred cross of India occurs as a mystic symbol of the wind powers on war charts of the Kansa and Osage tribes.*

If some learned traveller from the Orient chanced to stop overnight in an out-of-the-way corner of the United States, where patchwork quilts still sometimes take the place of woven counterpanes, and upon awakening in the morning should find his bed-cover besprinkled at regular intervals with this mystic sign of the religion of his own land, surely, if he recalled Hans Christian Andersen's dramatic tale of "The Tin Soldier," and of his final reappearance in the very room from which he had been so lucklessly borne away, he too would exclaim, "Nein, wie sonderbar kann es doch in der Welt zugehen!" "Nay, how wonderfully things can come to pass in the world!"

* J. Owen Dorsey: Kansa Mourning and War Customs, American Naturalist, July, 1885.



Svastika or Wheel.

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JOHN MARCH, SOUTHERNER

By George W. Cable

LIV

MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS

AT sunrise of the twenty-second Barbara started from her pillow, roused by the jarring thunder of a cannon. As it pealed a second time Fannie drew her down.

"It's only Charlie Champion in the square firing a salute. Go to sleep again."

As they stepped out after breakfast for a breath of garden air, they saw John March a short way off, trying to lift the latch of Parson Tombs's low front gate. He tried thrice and again, but each time he bent down the beautiful creature he rode would rear until it seemed as if she must certainly fall backward upon her rider. The pastor had come out on his gallery, where he stood, all smiles, waiting for John to win in the pretty strife. Which the rider presently did and glanced over to the Halliday garden, more than ready to lift his hat. But Fannie and Barbara were busy tip-toeing for peach-blossoms.

"Good morning, Brother March; won't you 'light? I declare I don't know which you manage best, yo' horse aw your temper!" The parson laughed heartily to indicate that, however doubtful the compliment, his intentions were kind.

"Good-morning, sir," said John in the gateway, as his pastor came bareheaded toward him; and after a word or two more of greeting—"Mr. Tombs, there's to be a meeting of stockholders in the parlor of the hotel at ten o'clock. My friend, Mr. Fair, got here yesterday evening, and we want him to see that we mean business and hope he does."

"I see," said Parson Tombs, with a momentous air. "And I'll come. I may be a little late in gett'n' there, faw I've got to hitch up aft' a while and take Mother Tombs to spend the day, both of us, with our daughters, Mrs. Hamlet and Lazarus Graves. I don't reckon anybody else has noticed it but them, but, John, my son, Mother Tombs an' I will be married jess fifty years to-night! However, that's neither here nor there; I'll come. If I'm half aw three-quarters of an hour late, why, I reckon that's no mo'n than the rest of 'em will be, is it?"

John smiled ruefully and said he feared it wasn't. As his mare leaped from the sidewalk to the roadway he noted the younger pastor going by on the other side, evidently on a reconnoissance. For the committee on decorations was to come with evergreens to begin to deck the Tombs parsonage the moment the aged pair should get out of sight of it.

Three persons were prompt to the moment at the meeting of stockholders, Garnet, Gamble, and Jonas Crickwater, the new clerk of Swanee Hotel and a subscriber for one share—face value one hundred dollars, cash payment ten. A moment later a fourth man entered, stoop-shouldered, freckled, and with a peering smile.

"Howdy, Leggett?" said Garnet, affably; but when the tawny statesman moved as though he might offer to shake hands, the Major added with increased cordiality, "take a seat," and waved him to a chair against the wall; then, turning his back, he resumed conversation with the railroad president. Presently John March arrived, with a dignity in his gait and an energy in his eye that secretly amused the president of the road. John looked at his watch with an apologetic smile.

"I supposed you had gone some place to get Mr. Fair," said Garnet.

"He's in Jeff-Jack's office; they're coming over together." John busied himself with his papers to veil his immense satisfaction. Looking up from them he saw Leggett. "Oh!" he ex-

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claimed, stepped forward, and, with a constrained bow, for the first time in his life gave him his hand. The mulatto bowed low and smiled eruptively, too tickled to speak.

At the end of half an hour the gathering numbered nine, and everybody was in conversation with somebody. Mr. Crickwater, after three gay, but futile, attempts to tell Gamble that they were from the same State in the North, leaned against a wall, with anguish in his every furtive glance, hopelessly button-holed by Leggett.

"Ah!" cried Garnet, as Jeff-Jack and Fair entered together. The Major laughed out for joy. In a moment it was—"Mr. Fair, this man, and Mr. Fair, that one—you remember President Gamble, of course?—and Captain Champion? Mr. Fair, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Hersey. Mr. Weed I think you met the last time you were here. No! this is Mr. Weed; that's our colored representative, Mr. Leggett. He'd like to shake hands with you, too, sir."

"Mr. Fair," said Cornelius, "seh, to you; yass, I likes to git my sheer o' whateveh's a-goin'."

He was about to say much more, but Garnet purposely drowned his voice. "Gentlemen, we'll proceed to business. Mr. Crickwater, will you act as doorkeeper?" Mr. Crickwater assumed that office.

Secretary March, having occasion to mention the number of subscribed shares represented by those present as six hundred and eleven, Garnet explained that besides his own subscription he represented one of fifteen shares and another of ten, for two ladies, and Champion unintentionally uttered a lurid monosyllable as Shotwell stuck him under the leg with a pin. They were the shares, Garnet added, that General Halliday had failed to take.

Business went on. When, by and by, Mr. Crickwater admitted Parson Tombs, the pastor found the company listening to the Honorable Cornelius Leggett as he expounded the reasons for, and the purposes of, the various provisions of An Act to Authorize the Counties of Blackland, Clearwater, and Sandstone to subscribe to the capital stock of the Three-Counties Land and Improvement Company, Limited, and to declare said counties to be bodies politic and corporate for the purposes therein mentioned.

"You see, gentlemen," interposed Garnet, "we make Mr. Leggett one of the principal advocates of this bill in order to secure the support of those, both in the Legislature and at the polls, who are likely to vote as he votes on the question of the three counties subscribing to this other thousand shares, the half of our capital stock reserved for the purpose."

Mr. Weed asked how many shares offered to voluntary subscribers on the ten-dollar-instalment plan had been taken, and Garnet replied, "All. Those, together with the shares assigned me in exchange for the mortgages I hold on Widewood and propose to surrender, the forty for which Mr. Leggett pays five hundred dollars, and the two hundred retained by Mr. March and his mother, make six hundred and forty, leaving three hundred and sixty to be placed with capitalists willing to pay their face value. We have to-day an increased confidence that these reinforcements"—he smiled—"are not far off. When this is done we shall have raised the three-eighths of the face value of the one thousand private shares, as required, before the three counties subscription to the other thousand shares can become effective. I have to state, gentlemen, that General Halliday has been compelled by the weight of other burdens to resign the treasurership, but on the other hand I have the pleasure to announce that Captain Charles Champion has consented to act as treasurer, and *also*, that Colonel Ravenel expresses his willingness to serve as one of the two trustees for the three counties on the—(applause)—on the very reasonable condition that he be allowed to name the other trustee. I believe there's no other formal business before the meeting, but before we adjourn I think a few brief remarks from one or two gentlemen who have not yet spoken will be worth far more than the time they occupy. I'll call on our vice-president, Mr. Gamble." (Applause.)

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Gamble said his father used to tell him a man of words and not of deeds was like a garden full of weeds. Here he was silent so long that Champion whispered to Shotwell, "He's stuck!"

But at length he resumed, that he attributed his own success in life to his always having believed in deeds!

"Indeed!" whispered Shotwell in so audible an echo that half the group smiled.

Gamble replied that his statement might surprise some that had been asleep for the last twenty years, but he guessed there wasn't any such person in this crowd. (Laughter.) However, he proposed to say in a few words, which should be as much like deeds as he could make 'em, what he was willing to do. He paused so long again that Champion winked at John and was afraid to look at Shotwell.

He remembered, the speaker finally began again, another good saying—couldn't seem to be sure whether it was from Shakespeare or the Bible—that "a fool and his money are soon parted." Now, he was far from intending that for anyone present——

"No-o," slowly interrupted Hersey, turning from a large spittoon, "we ain't any of us got any money to part with."

"Well, I haven't mistook any of you for fools, neither. But I think that proverb, or whatever you call it, is as much's to say just like this, that if a man ain't a fool, 'tain't easy to part him from his money!" (Applause.)

"How about a fool and his land?" asked John, with a genial countenance.

"O *you*'re all right," eagerly replied Gamble, and smiled inquiringly as the company roared with laughter. "Why, gentlemen, our able and efficient secretary *is* all right! Land ain't always money, and the fool is the man who won't let his land go when he's got too much of it. (Applause.) But that's not what I was driving at. What I was driving at was this: that if we want to get any man or men to put big money into this thing out o' their own pockets, we've got to make 'em officers of the company an' give 'em control of it. Of course, our secretary is in to stay; that's part of his pay for the land he gives; but except as to him, gentlemen, there'll have to be a new slate. How's that, Mr. President?"

"Certainly, we're all protem except Mr. March—and Colonel Ravenel."

"Yes, Colonel Ravenel, of course; but the man he selects for the other trustee must be someone satisfactory to the men on the new slate, eh, Colonel?"

Ravenel smiled, nodded, and as Gamble still looked at him, said, "All right."

"Now, gentlemen, if any of you don't agree to these things, now is the time to say it." A long pause. "If we are all agreed, then all I've got to add, Mr. President, is just this: you say there're three hundred and sixty shares for sale at their face value; I'll take two hundred when anybody else will take the balance." (Applause.)

As Gamble sank down Garnet glanced over to Fair, who was sitting next to Jeff-Jack; but Fair began to read some of the company's printed matter and the whole gathering saw Ravenel give Garnet a faint shake of the head.

"Ravenel!" suggested Champion, but Jeff-Jack quietly replied, "Father Tombs," and five or six others repeated the call. The pastor rose.

"I'm most afraid, my dea' friends an' brethren, I oughtn't to try to speak to this crowd. I'm a man of words and not of deeds, an' yet I'm 'fraid I shan't even say the right thing. I belong to the past. I've been thinkin' of the past every minute I've been a-sitt'n' here. Yo' faces ah all turned to the future an' ah lighted"—he lifted his arm and waggled his hand—"by the beams of a risin' sun reflected from the structu'es o' yo' golden dreams. As I look back down the long an' shining stair-steps o' the years I count seventy-two of 'em in the clear sight o' memory's eye besides fo' or five that lie shrouded in the silve'y mist of earliest childhood." The pastor ceased and his hearers were very still.

"I don't tell my age to brag of it, but if I remind you-all that I've baptized mo' Suez babies than there are now Suez men an' women alive, an' have seen jest about eve'y cawnehstone laid in this town that's eveh been laid here, I

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needn't say my heart's in yo' fawtunes whether faw this world aw the next.

"An' I don't doubt you goin' to be prospe'd. What I'm bound to tell you I've my private fears of, an' yet what I'm hopin' and trustin' an' prayin' the Lord will deliveh you fum—ev'n as a caw-p'ate company—is the debasin' sin o' money greed. Gentle*men*, an' dea' friends an' breth'en, may Gawd save you fum that as he saved the two Ezra Jaspers, the foundeh o' Suez an' his cousin the grantee of Widewood, f'om the folly o' lan' greed. For I tell you they may not 'a' managed either tract as well as some otheh men think they might 'a' done it, but they were saved the folly whereof I speak. They's been talk an' laugh here this mawnin' about John March a-partin' with so much o' his lan'. Well, if that makes him a fool, he's a fool by my advice! Faw when he come to me with his plans all in the bud, so to speak, I said to him there an' then, an' he'll remembeh: Johnnie, s'I, I've set on the knees of both Ezra Jaspers, an' I'm tellin' you what I know of the one that was yo' fatheh's grandfatheh, as you say you know it of yo' own sainted fatheh: that if the time had eveh come in his life when paht'n' with Widewood tract would of seemed any ways likely to turn it into sco'es an' hund'eds o' p'osp'ous an' pious homes he would 'a' givm ninety-nine hun'd'edths away faw nothin' rather than not see that change; yes, an' had mo' joy oveh the one-hund'edth left to him than oveh the ninety an' nine to 'a' kep' 'em as the lan's of one owneh an' of one home!

"Gentlemen, I'm free to allow, as I heah the explanations o' all the gue-ards an' counteh gue-ards o' this beautiful scheme—schools faw the well-to-do an' the ill-to-do, imperatively provided as fast as toil is provided faw the the toiler and investments faw the investor—I have cause to rejoice an' be glad. An' yet! It oughtn't to seem strange to you-all if an' ole man, a man o' the quiet ole ploughin' an' plantin', fodder-pullin', song-singin', cotton-pickin', Christmas-keepin' days, the days o' wide room an' easy goin', should feel right smaht o' solicitude an' tripidation when he sees the red an' threatenin' dawn of anotheh time, a time o' mines an' mills an' fact'ries an' swarmin' artisans an' operatives an' all the concomitants o' crowded an' complicated conditions, an' that he should fall to prayin' aloud in the very highways an' hotels, like some po' benighted believer in printed prayehs an' litanies, the petition: Fum all Ole Worl' sins an' New Worl' fanaticisms, fum all new-comers, whetheh immigrants aw capitalists, with delete'ious politics at va'iance fum ow own, which, heavm knows, ah delete'ious enough, an' mos' of all fum the greed o' money, good Lawd deliv' us!

"An' I have faith that he will. Uphel' by that faith, I've taken fifteen shares myself. But O, if faith could right here an' now be changed into sight, then would this day be as golden in my hopes faw Suez an' her three counties as it already is faw my private self in memory o' past joys."

The speaker was sinking into his chair when Garnet asked with a smile that everyone but the pastor understood, "Why, how's that, Brother Tombs; is this day something more than usual to you?"

"Brother Garnet, if I've hinted that it is, it's mo' than I started out to do, but I'm tempted, seein' so many friends in one bunch so, to jest ask yo'-all's congratulations on"—the eyes glistened with moisture—"the golden anniversary o' my weddin' day."

The walls rang with applause, men crowded laughingly around the Parson to shake his hand, and in ten minutes the room was silent and the company gone, "every man to his tent," as the happy Parson said, each one as ready for his noontide meal as it was for him.

LV

THE CHIEF BUTLER, THE CHIEF BAKER, AND THE JAMBOREE

The social event of that midday was not the large family dinner where Mother Tombs sat between Hamlet and Lazarus, and Father Tombs between their wives; where Sister March was in the prettiest good humor conceivable and the puns were of the sort that need

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to be italicized, and the anecdotes were family heirlooms, and the mirth was as spontaneous as the wit was scarce, and not one bad conscience was hidden beneath it all. The true social event of that hour was the repast given by John March to Mr. Fair in Hotel Swanee, at which General Halliday, Captain Champion, and Dr. Coffin were on John's left, Ravenel sat at the foot of the board, and at John's right were Fair, in the place of honor, then Garnet, and then Shotwell in the seat appointed for Gamble, who had suddenly found he couldn't possibly stay.

Here were no mothers' quotations of their children's accidental wit, nor husbands' and wives' betrayals of silly sweetnesses of long gone courtships and honeymoons. Passing from encomiums upon Parson Tombs's powers to the subject of eloquence in general, the allusions were mainly to Edmund Burke, John C. Calhoun, Sargent S. Prentiss, and Lorenzo Dow. The examples of epigram were drawn from the times of Addison, those of poetic wisdom from Pope, of witty jest from Douglas Jerrold and Sidney Smith, of satire from Randolph of Roanoke. John March told, very successfully, how a certain great poet of the eighteenth century retorted impromptu upon a certain great lord in a double-rhymed and triple-punned repartee. Champion and Shotwell, in happy alternation, recited two or three incredible nonsense speeches attributed to early local celebrities, and Garnet and Halliday gave the unpublished inside histories of three or four hitherto inexplicable facts, or seeming facts, in the personal or political relations of Marshall, Jackson, Webster, and Clay. Burns and Byron were there in spirit, and John could have recited one of his mother's poems if anyone had asked for it.

As for Ravenel and Fair, they had their parts and performed them harmoniously with the rest, so that John could see that he himself and everyone else were genuinely interesting to those two and that they were growingly interesting to each other. Both possessed the art of provoking the others to talk; they furnished the seed of conversation and were its gardeners, while the rest of the company bore its fruits and flowers. Ravenel seemed always to keep others talking for his diversion, Fair for his information.

John pointed this out to Miss Garnet that evening, at the Parson's golden wedding, and simultaneously made, in the secret of his own thought, another note, as to her, to wit: that she listened to him with a perfectly beautiful eagerness.

"It's because I talked about Fair," he said to himself as he left her—"Aha! there they go off together, now."

The scene of this movement was that large house and grounds, the "Usher home place," just beyond the ruined bridge where Cornelius had once seen ghosts. There was a very good way of approach to it by another lane around the head of the ravine, and a pretty sight it was to come out on the veranda, as John did, and see the double line of parti-colored transparencies meandering through the dark grove to the gate and the lane beyond. Shotwell met him.

"Hello, March, looking for Fair? He's just passed through that inside door with Miss Garnet."

"I know it—I'm not looking for anyone—in particular."

Out here on the veranda it was too cool for ladies; John heard only male voices and saw only the red ends of cigars; so, although he was not — of course he wasn't—looking for anyone—in particular—he went back into the crowded house and buzzing rooms.

"Hunt'n' faw yo' maw, John?" asked Deacon Sexton as he leaned familiarly on his old friend Mattox; "she's——"

"Why, I'm not hunting for anybody," laughed March, "do I look like I was?"

He turned away toward a group that stood and sat about Parson Tombs.

"I never suspicioned a thing," the elated pastor was saying for the third or fourth time. "I never suspicioned the first thing till Motheh Tombs and I got into ow gate comin' home fum the Graveses! All of a sudden there we *ware* under a perfec' demonstration o' pine an' ceda' boughs an' wreaths an' arborvitæ fastoons! Evm then I never suspicioned but what that was all until Miss Fannie an' Miss Barb come in an'

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begin' banterin' not only Motheh Tombs but *me*, if you'll believe it, to lie down an' rest a while befo' we came roun' here to suppeh! Still I 'llowed to myself, s'I, it's jest a few ole frien's they've gotten togetheh. But when I see the grove all lightened up with those Chinee lanterns, I laughed, an' s'I to motheh, s'I, 'I don't know what it is, but whatev' it is, it's the biggest thing of it's kind we've eveh treed in the fifty years that's brought us to this golden hour!' An' with that po' motheh, she just had to let go all ho-holts; heh—heh cup run oveh."

The old man contrived to laugh and added, "You wouldn't think so now, to see heh sett'n' ove' there smilin' like a basket o' chips, an' that little ba-ag o' gold dollahs asleep in heh lap, would you? But that smile ain't change the least iota these fifty years. What a sweet an' happy thought it was o' John March, tellin' the girls to put the amount in fifty pieces, one fo' each year. But he's always been that original. Worthy son of a worthy motheh! Why, here he is! Howdy, John. I'm so proud to see Sisteh March here to-night; she told me at dinneh that she 'llowed to go back to Widewood this evenin'."

"I see in the papeh she 'llowed to go this mawnin'," said Clay Mattox.

John showed apologetic amusement. "That's my fault, I reckon; I understood mother to say she couldn't stay this evening."

A finger was laid on his shoulder. It was Shotwell again. "John, Miss Fannie Halliday wants Jeff-Jack. Do you know where he is?"

"No! where's Miss Fannie?"

Shotwell lifted his hand again, with a soothing smile. "Don't remove yo' shirt; Ellen is sa-afe, fo' that thaynk Heavm, an' hopes ah faw the Douglas givm."

March flung himself away, but Shotwell turned him again by a supplicating call and manly, repentant air. "Law, John, don't mind my pla-ay, old man; I'm just about as sick as you ah. Here! I'll tell you where she is, an' then I'll tell you what le's do! You go hunt Jeff-Jack an' I'll sta-ay with heh till you fetch him!"

"That would be nice," cheerfully sneered John.

In the next room he came upon Fannie standing in a group of Rosemont and Montrose youths and damsels. They promptly drew away. She exchanged only one or two remarks with him before she said,

"John, I want to ask a favor of you, may I?"

"You can ask any favor in the world of me, Miss Fannie, except one."

"Why, what's that?" risked Fannie.

"The one you've just sent Shotwell to do." He smiled with playful gallantry, yet felt at once that he had said too much.

Fannie put on a gayety intended for their furtive observers, as she murmured, "Don't look so! a dozen people are watching you with their ears in their eyes." Then, in a fuller voice—"I want you to get Parson Tombs away from that crowd in yonder. He's excited and overtaxing his strength."

"Then may I come back and spend a few minutes — no more — with you— alone? This is the last chance I'll ever have, Miss Fannie—I—I simply must!"

"John, if you simply must, why, then, you simply—mustn't. You'll have the whole room trying to guess what you're saying."

"They've no right to guess!"

"We've no right to set them guessing, John." She saw the truth strike and felt that unlucky impulse of compassion which so often makes a woman's mercy so unmercifully ill-timed. "Oh!" she called, as he was leaving.

He came back with a foolish hope in his face. She spoke softly.

"Everybody says there's a new John March. Tell me it's so; won't you?"

"I" — his countenance fell — "I thought there was, but — I — I don't know." He went on his errand. Champion met him and fixed him with a broad grin.

"I know what's the matter with you, March."

"O pooh! you think so, eh? Well, you never made a greater mistake! I'm simply tired. I'm fairly aching with fatigue, and I suppose my face shows it."

"Yes. Well, that's all I meant. Anybody can see by your face you're in a perfect agony of fatigue. You

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don't conceal it as well as Shotwell does."

"Shotwell!" laughed John. "He's got about as much agony to conceal as a wash-bench with a broken leg. O, I'll conceal mine if anybody'll tell me how."

Champion closed his lips but laughed audibly, in his stomach. "Well, then, get that face off of you. You look like a boy that'd lost all his money at a snake-show."

When Fair came up to Barbara, she was almost as glad to see him as John supposed, and brought her every wit and grace to bear for his retention, with a promptness that satisfied even her father, viewing them from a distance.

"Miss Garnet, I heard a man, just now, call this very pleasant affair a jamboree. What constitutes a jamboree?"

"Why, Mr. Fair," said Barbara, in her most captivating drawl, "that's slang!"

"Yes, I didn't doubt. It's interesting. Don't you find it has a very piquant tang?"

"I never tried it on my own tongue."

"Try it now, then. I hope you're not guilty of never using slang, are you?"

"O no, sir, but I never use it where I can't wear a shawl over my head. Still, I say a great many things that are much worse than slang."

"Miss Garnet, you say things that are as good as the best slang I ever heard."

"Ah!—that's encouraging. Did you ever hear the Misses Kinsington's rule: Never let your slang show a lack of wit or poverty of words! They say it's a sure cure for the slang habit. But if you really need to know, Mr. Fair, what con-sti-tutes a jam-bor-ee, I can go and ask Uncle Leviticus for you; that is, if you'll take me to him. He's my butler to-night, and he's one of the old slave house-servants that you said you'd like to talk with."

"But I want to talk with you, just now; definitions can wait."

"O you shall; there's every facility for talking there, and it's not so crowded."

The consumption of refreshments had been early and swift, and they found the room appropriated to it almost empty. Two or three snug nooks in it were occupied by one couple each. Leviticus was majestically superintending the coming and going of three or four maid-servants. Just as he gathered himself up to define a jamboree, Virginia happened in and stood with a coffee-cup half wiped, eyeing him with quizzical approbation.

"A jamboree? You want to know what constitutes a jamboree? Well—What you want, Fudjinia?

"Go on, seh, go on. Don't let me amba'as you. I wants jess on'y my civil rights. Go on, seh." She set her arms akimbo.

"A jamboree!" repeated Leviticus, giving himself a yet more benevolent dignity. "Well, you know, Miss Barb, to ev'ything they is a season, an' a time to ev'y puppose. A weddin' is a weddin', a infare is a infare, a Chris'mus dinneh is a Chris'mus dinneh. But now, when you come to a jamboree—a jam—Fudjinia"—he smiled an affectionate persuasion—"we ain't been app'inted the chiefs o' this evenin's transactions to stan' idlin' round, is we?"

"Go on, seh, go on."

"Well, you know, Mr. Fair, when we Southe'nehs speak of a jamboree, a jamboree is any getherin' wherein the object o' the getherin' is the puppose fo' which they come togetheh, an' the joy and the jumble ah equal if not superiah to each otheh."

Virginia brought up a grunt from very far down, which might have been either admiration or amusement. "Umph! dat is a jamboree, faw a fac'! I wond' ef he git dat fum de books aw ef he pick it out'n his own lahnin'?"

"Miss Garnet," said Fair, "there are wheels within wheels. I am having a jamboree of my own."

LVI

BUSINESS

"THIS," replied Barbara, "has been a bright day for our whole town." And then, more pensively, "They say you could have made it brighter."

Whereat the young man lowered his voice. "Miss Garnet, I had hoped I could."

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"And I had hoped you would."

"Miss Garnet," he said, "honestly, I'm glad I did not know it at the meeting. It was hard enough to disappoint Mr. March; but to know that I was failing to meet a hope of yours would have drawn me into a—a mistake."

Presently he added:

"Your hope implied a certain belief in me. Have I diminished that?"

"Why-y, no-o, Mr. Fair, you've rather aug-men-ted it."

He brightened almost playfully. "Miss Garnet, you give me more pleasure than I can quietly confess."

"Why, I didn't intend to do that."

"To be trusted by you is a glad honor."

"Well, I do trust you, Mr. Fair. I'm trusting you now—to trust me—that I really want to talk — man-talk. As a rule," continued Barbara, putting away her playfulness, "when a young lady wants to talk pure business she'd better talk with her father, don't you think so?"

"As a rule, yes. And, as a rule, I make no doubt, that's what you would do."

Barbara's reply was meditative. "One reason why I want to talk about this business at all this evening is also a strong reason why I don't talk about it to pop-a."

"I see; he's almost as fascinated with it as Mr. March is."

"It means so very much to the college, Mr. Fair, and you know he's always been over eyes and ears in love with it; it's his life." She paused and then serenely seized the strategic point at which she had hours before decided to begin this momentous invasion. "Mr. Fair," she drawled, "why do you reckon Mr. Ravenel has consented to act as commissioner?"

Fair laughed. "You mean is it trust or distrust?"

"Yes, sir; which do you reckon it is?"

He laughed again. "I'm not good at reckoning."

"You can guess," she said archly.

"Yes, we can both do that. Miss Garnet, I don't believe your *father* is actuated by distrust; he believes in the scheme. You, I take it, do not, and you are solicitous for him Do I not guess rightly?"

"I don't think I'm any more solicitous than a daughter should be. Pop-a has only me, you know Didn't you believe in Mr. March's plan at one time, sir?"

"I believed thoroughly, as I do still, in Mr March. I also had, and still have, some belief in his plan; but"—confidentially—"I have no belief in——"

"Certain persons," said Barbara so slowly and absently that Fair smiled again as he said yes. They sat in silence for some time. Then Barbara said, meditatively, "If even Mr. March could only be made to see that certain persons ought not to have part in his enterprise—but you can't tell him that's your conviction. I didn't see it so until now. It would seem like pique."

"Or a counter scheme," said Fair. "Would you wish him told?"

"You admit I have a right to a daughter's solicitude?"

"Surely!" Fair pondered a moment. "Miss Garnet, if the opportunity offers, I am more than willing you should say to Mr. March——"

"I rarely meet him, but still——"

"That I expressed to you my conviction that unless he gets rid of——"

"Certain——" said Barbara.

"Persons," said Fair, "his scheme will end in loss to his friends and in ruin to him."

"And would that be"—Barbara rose dreamily—"a real service to pop-a?"

Fair gave his arm. "I think it the the best you can render; only, your father——" He began to smile, but she lifted a glance as utterly without fear as without hardihood and said:

"I understand. He must never know it's been done."

"That's more than I meant," he said, as Fannie Halliday came up. The two girls went for their wraps.

"March?" said Ravenel, as he and Fair waited to escort them home. "O, no, he left some time ago with his mother."

On the way to the Halliday cottage Fair said to Barbara:

"I'm glad of the talk we've had."

"You can afford to be so, Mr. Fair. It showed your generosity against the background of my selfishness."

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"Selfishness? Surely it isn't selfish to show a daughter's care and affection for a father."

By her hand in his arm he felt her shrink at the last word. "I love my father, yes. But you're making mistakes about me that I mustn't allow and can't correct. Let's talk about Miss Fannie; she's our pet theme in Suez, you know, and she'll only be Miss Fannie about two weeks longer. You ought to stay to see her married, Mr. Fair."

"And you are to be bridesmaid! I wish I might, but I go to-morrow. I should be glad if my father and mother could reach here in time for the wedding on their way home from New Orleans, but when they get this far your bridal party will have been two days married and gone."

Barbara mused a moment and then said: "You know, this plan for me to give a year to study in the North has been as much mine as pop-a's; but pop-a's responsible for putting me into your father's and mother's care on the journey. It took me as much by surprise as it must have taken them. I've been in a state of alarm ever since."

"Really, that's wrong! You're going to be a source of great pleasure to them. And you'll like them, too, very much. They are interesting in many ways and good in all, and as travellers they are perfect."

"You give me new courage, Mr. Fair. But"—she spoke more playfully—"I'm afraid of New England yet. There's a sort of motherly quality in our climate that I can't expect to find there. Won't the snow be still on the ground?"

"Very likely; the higher mountain tops, at least, will be quite covered."

"Well, I'm glad that doesn't mean what I once thought it did. I thought the snow in New England covered the mountain tops the same way the waters covered them in the Deluge."

Fair looked down into his companion's face under the leafy moonlight and halted in a quick glow of inspiration. "When first you see New England, Miss Garnet, nature will have been lying for four months in white sacramental silence. But presently you will detect a growing change——"

"A stealing out of captivity?"

"Yes!—each step a little quicker than the one behind it. One day a fall of sleet turns into a cold, windy rain. In the next myriads of swelling buds flush the mountain sides. You have seen a robin—you have heard a bluebird sing. Then come days when the sun is warm, the mountain streams foam down, the rivers break their icy bonds, a south wind blows, and the forests blossom overhead and underfoot. The airs may grow chill for a moment and all things seem to hesitate; but soon some day, or even some night, the doubt vanishes, and as it goes the orchards burst into glory, the whole land is one wide garden, and everything between earth and sky one great ritual of fragrance and song."

Barbara listened with the delight all girls have for flowers of speech plucked for themselves.

"You know," she responded, as they moved on again, "it doesn't come easy for us Southerners to think of your country that way, but we notice that nearly all the landscapes in our books are made in barren New England, and we have a private cu-ri-os-i-ty to know how you-all invent them."

"If New England does not charm you, Miss Garnet"—Fair hurried his words as they drew near Ravenel and Fannie waiting at the cottage gate—"my disappointment will last me all my life."

"Why, so it would me," said Barbara, "but I do not expect it. Well, Fannie, Mr. Fair has at last been decoyed into praising his native land. Think of——" She hushed.

A strong footstep approached, and John March came out of the gloom of the trees, saluting buoyantly. Ravenel reached sidewise for his hand and detained him.

"I took my mother away early," said March. "She can't bear a crowd long. I was feeling so fatigued myself I thought a brisk walk might help me. You still think you must go to-morrow, Mr. Fair? I go North, myself, in about a week."

The two girls expressed surprise.

"For the land company?" quickly prompted Fannie.

"Yes, principally. I'll take my mother's poems along and give them to some good publisher. O no-o, it's not ex-

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actly a sudden decision; it's taken me all day to make it. My mother—O—no, she seems almost resigned to my going, but it's hard to tell about my mother, Miss Garnet; she has a wonderful control of her feelings."

LVII

DARKNESS AND DOUBT

THE paragraph in the *Courier* which purported to tell the movements of Mrs. March silently left its readers to guess those of her son. Two men whose abiding-places lay in different directions away from Suez had no sooner made their two guesses than they proceeded to act upon them without knowledge of, or reference to, the other.

About an hour after dark on the night of the golden wedding both these men were riding, one northward, the other southward, toward each other on the Widewood road. Widewood house was between them. Both moved with a wary slowness and looked and listened intently, constantly, and in every direction.

When one had ridden within a hundred yards or so of the Widewood house and the other was not much farther away, the rider coming up from the southward stopped, heard the tread of the horse approaching in front, and in hasty trepidation turned his own animal a few steps aside in the forest. He would have made them more but for the tell-tale crackle of dead branches strewed underfoot by the March winds. He sat for a long time very quiet, peering and hearkening. But the other had heard, or at least thought he had heard, the crackle of dead branches, and was taking the same precautions.

The advantage, however, was with the rider from the south, who knew, while the other only feared, there was something ahead it were better to see than be seen by. About the same time the one concluded his ears might have deceived him, the other had divined exactly what had happened. Thereupon the shrewder man tied his horse and stole noiselessly to a point from whose dense shade he could see a short piece of the road and the house standing out in the moonlight.

The only two front windows in it that had shades were in Mrs. March's bedchamber. This room was brightly lighted and the shades drawn down. The rest of the house was quite dark. The man hiding so near these signs noted them, but drew no hasty conclusions. He hoped to consider them later, but his first need was to know who, or, at least, where, the person was whom he had heard upon the road.

Though already well hidden, he crouched behind a log, and upon the piece of road and every shadowy cover of possible approach threw forward an alert scrutiny supported by the whole force of his shrewdest conjectures. The sounds and silences that belong to the night in field and forest were far and near. Across the moon a mottled cloud floated with the slowness of a sleeping fish, a second, third, and fourth as slowly followed, the shadow of a dead tree crawled over a white stone and left it in the light; but the enigma remained an enigma still. It might be that the object of conjecture had fled in the belief that the conjecturer was none other than Widewood's master. But, in that same belief, who could say he might not be lying in ambush within close gunshot of the horse to which the conjecturer dared not now return. In those hills a man would sometimes lie whole days in ambush for a neighbor, and one need not be a coward to shudder at the chance of being assassinated by mistake. To wait on was safest, but it was very tedious. Yet soon enough, and near and sudden enough, seemed the appearance of the man waited for, when at length, without a warning sound, he issued from the bushy shadow of a fence into the bright dooryard. In his person he was not formidable. He was of less than medium stature, lightly built, and apparently neither sinewy nor agile. But in his grasp was something long and slender, much concealed by his own shadow, but showing now a glint of bright metal and now its dark cylindrical end; something that held the eye of the one who watched him from out the shadow. Neither the features nor yet the complexion of the one he watched were discernible, but the eyes were evidently on a third window of the lighted

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room, not at its front, but on a side invisible to the watcher. This person rose from his log and moved as speedily as he could in silence and shadow until he came round in sight of this window and behind the other figure. Then he saw what had so tardily emboldened this figure to come forward out of hiding. This window also had a shade, the shade was lowered, and on it the unseen lamp perfectly outlined the form of a third person. Without a mutter or the slightest gesture of passion, the man under the window raised the thing in his grasp as high as his shoulder, lowered it again and glanced around. He seemed to tremble. The man at his back did not move; his gaze, too, was now fastened, with liveliest manifestations of interest, on the window-shade and the moving image that darkened it.

As the foremost of the two men began for the third time that mysterious movement which he had twice left unfinished, the one behind, now clearly discerning his intention, stole one step forward and then a second, as if to spring upon him before he could complete the action. But he was not quick enough. The black and glistening thing rose once more to the level of its owner's shoulder and the next instant on the still night air quivered the plaintive wail of—a flute.

At mortal risks both conjectured and unconjectured, it was an instrument of music, not of murder, which Mr. Dinwiddie Pettigrew was aiming sidewise.

LVIII

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT

YET the pulse of the man behind him, who did not recognize him, began to quicken with anger. Almost at the flute's first note the image on the window-shade started and hearkened. A moment later it expanded to grotesque proportions, the room swiftly grew dark, and in another minute the window of a smaller one behind it shone dimly as with the flame of a lamp turned low. The flutist fluted on. From the melody it appeared that the musician had at some date not indicated, and under some unaccountable influence, dreamt that he dwelt in marble halls with vassals and serfs at his side. The man at his back had come as near as the darkness would cover him, but there had stopped.

Presently the music ceased, but another sound, sweeter than all music, kissed, as it were, the serenader's ear. It was the wary lifting of a window-sash. He ran forward into the narrow shade of the house itself and lost to the restraints of reason, carried away on transports of love, without hope of any reply, whispered,

"Daphne?"

And a tender whisper came back—"Wait a minute."

"You'll come down?" he whisperously asked; but the window closed on his words, the dim light vanished, and all was still.

He was watching, on his left, the batten shutters of the sitting-room when a small, unnoticed door near the dark, rear corner of the house clicked and then faintly creaked. Mr. Pettigrew became one tremolo of ecstasy. He glided to the spot, not imagining even then that he was to be granted more than a moment's interview through an inch or two of opening, when what was his joy to see the door swiftly spread wide inward by a dim figure that extended her arms in gracious invitation.

"O love!" was all his passion could murmur as they clasped in the blessed dark, while she, not waiting to hear word or voice, rubbed half the rice powder and rouge from her lips and cheeks to his and cried,

"O you sweet, speckle, yalleh niggeh liah, you tol' me you on'y play de fife in de similitude o' ligislation!"

As Dinwiddie silently but violently recoiled Daphne-Jane half stifled a scream, sprang through a stair door, shot the bolt on the far side and rushed upstairs. At the same instant he heard behind him a key slipped from its lock. He glanced back in affright, and trembling on legs too limp to lift, dimly saw the outer door swing to. As the darkness changed to blackness he heard the key re-enter its lock and turn on the outside. The pirate was a prisoner.

Daphne-Jane, locking everything as

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she fled, whirled into her mistress's room and out of her mistress's clothes. Though quaking with apprehension so that she could scarcely button her own things on again, she was filled with the joy of adventure and a revel of vanity and mirth. The moment she could complete her change of dress and whisk her borrowed fineries back into their places she stole to a window over the door by which she had let the serenader in, softly opened it, and was alarmed afresh to hear two voices.

The words of the one in the room were quite indistinguishable, but those from the other on the outside, though uttered in a half whisper, were clear enough to be plainly heard.

"No, seh, I ain't dead-sho' who you is, but I has ezamine yo' hoss an' whilce I wouldn' swear you ah Mr. Pettigrew, thass the premonition I espec' to express to my frien' Mr. March, lessn you tell me now, an' tell me true, who you ah.

"Yass, seh, I thought so. Yass, seh. No, seh, I know they ain't a minute to lose, but still I think the time ain't quite so powerful pressin' to me like what it is to you ; I thought jess now I hyeard buggy-wheels, but mebbe I didn't.

"Yass, seh, I *does* think I has cause, if not to be mad, leas'wise to be ve'y much pa-ained. You fus' kiss the young lady I destine faw my sultana, an' now you offeh me a bri-ibe! Well, thass how I unde'stood it, seh.

"Seh? No, seh! that wouldn't be high tone'! But I tell you what I will do, seh. I'll let you out an' take yo' place an' make the young lady think her on'y mistake was a-thinkin' she was mistakened.

"Seh? Yass, I'm jess that se'f-sacrificin'. I'm gen'ous as the whistlin' win'. An' I'll neveh whisp' a breath o' all this sha-ameful procedu'e evm to my dear frien' March, ef so be that—an' so long as—yo' gratichude—seh?

"O nothin'. I wus jess a-listenin' ef that soun' was buggy wheels, but I know that don't make no diff'ence to you, yo' courage is so vas'. I'm the bravess o' the brave, myseff, an' yit jess to think o' takin' yo' place fills me as full o' cole shivehs as a pup und' a pump.

"Seh? O I say, I'll neveh whisp' it so long as yo' gratichude continue to evince itseff fresh an' lively at the rate of evm on'y a few dollahs per month as a sawt o' friendship's offerin'.

"Seh? I cayn't he'p it, seh ; thass the ve'y bes' I can do, no otheh co'se would be hon'able."

The listening maid heard the door unlock and open and beheld liberty bartered for captivity with love for boot, and Mr. Pettigrew speed like a phantom across the moonlight and vanish in the woods. Before she could leave the window a sound of galloping hoofs told at last the coming of John March. Cornelius had barely time to scamper out into the night when the master of Widewood came trotting around the corner of the house and thence off to the stable.

LVIX

AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE

Ravenel and Fannie were married in church on an afternoon. The bridesmaids were Barbara and a very pretty cousin of Fannie's from Pulaski City, who would have been prettier yet had she not been revel-worn. The crowded company was dotted with notables. Garnet and Gamble took excellent care of the governor. But the bride's father was the finest figure of all.

"Old Halliday looks grand!" said Gamble.

"I'm glad he does," kindly responded Garnet ; "it would be a pity for him to be disappointed in himself on such an occasion."

Parson Tombs kissed the bride, who, in a certain wildness of grateful surprise, gave him his kiss back again with a hug ; when Ravenel's sister, from Flatrock, said :

"Well, Colonel Ravenel, aren't you going to kiss me?" he gracefully did so, as if pleased to be reminded of something he might have forgotten. And then he kissed the aged widow with whom he had lived so long. Her cottage, said rumor, was not to be sold, after all, to make room for the new brick stores. No, the Salters' house had been bought for that purpose—it was ready to tumble down, anyhow—and on Miss Mary's marriage, soon to be, Miss Martha

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and her mother would take the Halliday cottage, the General keeping a room or two, but getting his meals at the hotel.

"It's a way of living I've always liked!" he said, tossing his gray curls.

The bridal pair, everybody understood, were to leave Suez on the Launcelot Halliday, and turn northward by rail in the morning on an unfamiliar route.

John March chose not to see the wedding. He remained in Pulaski City, where, for three days, he had been very busy in the lobbies of the Capitol, and was hoping to take the train for the North that evening. Between what he called "the trifling of one sort of fools and the dickering of another," he was delayed to the last moment; but then he flung himself into a shabby hack, paid double fare for a pretence of double speed, and at the ticket window had to be called back to get his pocketbook. The lighted train was moving out into the night as a porter jerked him and his valise on to the rear platform.

He stood there a moment alone silently watching the lamps of the town sink away and vanish. His thought was all of Fannie. She was Fannie Ravenel now. Fate had laughed at all his idle hopes and their object was married and gone. He calculated that the pair must be about this time rising from supper on the boat.

"Happy bridegroom!—and happy bride!"

As the dark landscape perpetually spun away from him, he began with an inexperienced traveller's self-consciousness to think of the strangeness of his own situation; but very soon Fannie's image came before him again in a feverish mingling of gratitude and resentment. Had she not made his fate? But for her he might yet be teaching school in the hills of Sandstone. No doubt he would have outgrown such work; but when? how soon? how tardily? how fatally late? She had lured and fooled him; but she had lured and fooled him into a largeness of purpose, a wideness of life, which, without her, might never have come to him.

"I cannot be with her, I must not go near her; but I am here!" he exclaimed, catching a certain elation from his unaccustomed speed. "The prospect may be desert, but it's wide; it's wide!"

She had been good for him, he mused, not to him. She had been wiser than she meant; certainly she had not been kind. She was not cold-hearted. Indisputably she had a certain affection for him. His welfare was dear to her. Neither was she false-hearted; and yet she had cold-heartedly amused herself with him. She was light-minded. There! The truth was out! He had thrust it off a hundred times, but it fastened now upon his conviction. Just what he meant by it was not so clear; but there it was, half comforting him, half excusing her; she was light-minded! Well, she was Fannie Ravenel now. "Happy Fannie Ravenel!" He said it with a tempered bitterness and went in.

It was the sleeping-car he was on. Two steps brought him to the open entrance of its smoking-room—they were enough. With drooping eyelids its sole occupant was vacantly smiling at the failure of his little finger to push the ash from a cold cigar.

"Jeff-Ja'!" exclaimed March, "O my Lord!"

The bridegroom looked up with a smart exaggeration of his usual cynicism and said, "J—(h-h)—Johnnie, this 's 'nun'spec'—'spected pleasure!"

"I thought you was aboard the——" faltered John, and stood dumb, gnawing his lip and burning with a conflict of fierce emotions.

"John, o' frien', take chair." The speaker waved a hand in tipsy graciousness. "What make you think I was a board—I look like one? Wha'—(h-h)—kind o' board—sideboard? S' down, John, make 'seff 't home. Happin have car all t' ourselves. Mr. March, this 's ufforshnate, ain't it? Don't y' sink so? One o' my p'culiar 'tacks. Come on 'tirely since leavin' Suez. Have—(h-h)—seat. My dear frien,' I know what you're thinkin' 'bout. You're won'rin' where bride is an' feel del'cacy 'bout askin'. She's in state-room oth' end the car, locked in. She's not 'zactly locked in, but I'm 'zactly locked out. Mrs. Ravenel is—(h-h)—annoyed at this, Mr. March; ve'y mush annoyed."

He put on a frown. "John, 'll you do me a—(h-h)—favor?"

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"I'm afraid I can't, Ravenel. I'm a good notion to get off at the next station."

"Tha's jus' what I's goin' t' ash you t' do. I'll stan' 'spence, John. You sha'n't lose anything."

"O no, if I get off I'll stand the expense myself. You've lost enough already, Jeff-Jack."

"No, sir; *I'll* stan' 'spence. I can be gen'rous you are. Or 'f you'll stay 'n' take care Mrs. Ravenel I'll—(h-h)—get off m'seff!"

John shook his head and with a sickened smile took up his bag and returned to the rear platform.

The train had stopped and was off again, when the porter came looking everywhere, the rear platform included.

"Whah dat gemman what get on at P'laski City?"

Ravenel waved his cigar.

"He's out in back garden pickin' flowers! Porter—you—f—ond o' flowers? 'f you want to go an' pick some I'll—(h-h)—take care car for you. Porter!—here!—I—(h-h) don't want to be misleading. Mr. March's simply stepped out s—see 'f he can find a f—four-leaf clover."

LX

HOME-SICKNESS ALLEVIATED

On the second morning after the wedding and next trip of this train, the sleeping-car was nearly half filled with passengers by the time it was a night's run from Pulaski City. To let the porter put their two sections in order, a party of three, the last except one to come out of the berths, had to look around twice for a good place in which to sit together. They were regarded with interest.

"High-steppers," remarked a very large-eared commercial traveller to another.

"The girl's beautiful," replied the other, remembering that he was freshly shaved and was not bad-looking himself.

"Yes," said the first, "but the other two are better than that; they're comfortable. They're done raising children and ain't had any bad luck with 'em, and they've got lots of tin. If that ain't earthly bliss I'll bet you!"

"They're gett'n' lots of entertainment out of that daughter, seems like."

"Reason why, she's not their daughter."

"How d'you know she's not?"

"I mustn't tell—breach o' confidence. Guess."

"O I guess you're guessing. George! she's—what makes you think she's not their daughter?"

"O nothin', only I'm a man of discernment, and besides, I just now heard 'em call her Miss Garnet."

Their attention was diverted by the porter saying at the only section still curtained, "Breakfus' at next stop, seh. No, seh, it's yo' on'y chaynce till dinneh, seh. Seh? No, seh, not till one o'clock dis afternoon, seh."

"Is that gentleman sick?" asked the younger commercial man, wishing Miss Garnet to know what a high-bred voice and tender heart he had.

"Who? numb' elevm? Humph! he ain't too sick to be cross. Say he ain't sleep none fo' two nights. But he's gitt'n' up now."

The solicitous traveller secured a seat at table opposite Miss Garnet and put more majestic gentility into his breakfasting than he had ever done before. Once he pushed the sugar most courteously to the lady she was with, and once, with polished deference, he was asking the gentleman if he could reach the butter when a tardy comer was shown in and given the chair next him. As this person, a young man as stalwart as he was handsome, was about to sit down, he started with surprise and exclaimed to Miss Garnet,

"Why! You've begun—— Why, are we on the same train?"

And without any definable alteration she grew visibly prettier as she replied smilingly,

"You must be Number Eleven, are you not?"

Coming out of the place the young lady's commercial admirer heard her introduce Number Eleven to "Mr. and Mrs. Fair," and Mr. Fair, looking highly pleased, say,

"I don't think I ever should have recognized you!"

Something kept the train, and as he was joined by his large-eared friend—

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who had breakfasted at the sandwich counter—he said,

"See that young fellow talking to Mr. Fair? That's the famous John Marsh, owner of the Widewood lands. He's one of the richest young men in Dixie. Whenever he wants cash all he's got to do is to go out and cut a few more telegraph-poles—O laugh if you feel like it, but I heard Miss Garnet tell her friends so just now without a smile, and I'd bet my head on anything that girl says." The firm believer relighted his cigar, adding digressively, "I've just discovered she's a sister-in-law"—puff, puff—"of my old friend, General Halliday"—puff, puff—"president of Rosemont College. Well, away we go."

The train swept on, the smoking-room filled. The drummer with the large ears let his companion introduce "Mr. Marsh" to him, and was presently so pleased with the easy, open, and thoroughly informed way in which this wealthy young man discussed cigars and horses that he put aside his own reserve, told a risky story, and manfully complimented the cleanness of the one with which Mr. March followed suit.

A travelling man's life, he further said, was a rough one and got a fellow into bad ways. There wasn't a blank bit of real good excuse for it, but it was so.

No, there wasn't! responded his fellow-craftsman. For his part he liked to go to church once in a while and wasn't ashamed to say so. His mother was a good Baptist. Some men objected to the renting of pews, but, in church or out of it, he didn't see why a rich man shouldn't have what he was willing to pay for, as well as a poor man. Whereupon a smoker, hitherto silent, said, with an oratorical gesture,

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates, the rich and the poor meet together, yet the Lord is the maker of them all!"

March left them deep in theology. He found Mr. and Mrs. Fair half hid in newspapers, and Miss Garnet with a volume of poems.

"How beautiful the country is," she said as she made room for him at her side. "I can neither write my diary nor read my book."

"Do you notice," replied he, "that the spring here is away behind ours?"

"Yes, sir. By night, I suppose, we'll be where it's hardly spring at all yet."

"We'll be out of Dixie," said John, looking very far away.

"Now, Mr. March," responded Barbara, with a smile of sweetest resentment, "you're ag-grav-a-ting my nos-tal-gia!"

To the younger commercial traveller her accents sounded like the wavelets on a beach.

"Why, I declare, Miss Garnet, I don't want to do that. If you'll help me cure mine I'll do all you'll let me do to cure yours."

Barbara's reply was meditative. "I think mine must be worse than yours, for I don't—wa-an't it—cu-ured."

"Well, I didn't mean cured, either; I only meant solaced."

"But, Mr. March, I—why, my homesickness is for all Dixie. I always knew I loved it, but I never knew how much till now."

"Miss Garnet!" softly exclaimed John with such a serious brightness of pure fellowship that Barbara dropped her gaze to her book.

"Isn't it right?" she asked, playfully.

"Right? If it isn't then I'm wrong from centre to circumference!"

"Why, I'm glad it's so com-pre-hen-sive-ly cor-rect." The commercial traveller hid his smile. "It's about all I learned at Montrose," she continued. "But, Mr. March, what is it in the South we Southerners love so? Mr. Fair asked me this morning and when I couldn't explain he laughed. Of course I didn't con-fess my hu-mil-i-a-tion; I in-ti-ma-ted that it was simply something a Northern-er can't un-der-stand. Wasn't that right?"

"Certainly! They *can't* understand it! They seem to think the South we love is a certain region and everything and everybody within its borders."

"I have a mighty dim idea where its Northern border is sit-u-a-ted."

"Why, so we all have! Our South isn't a matter of boundaries, or skies, or landscapes. Don't you and I find it all here, now, simply because we've both

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got the true feeling—the one heart-beat for it?"

Barbara's only answer was a stronger heart-beat.

"It's not," resumed March, "a South of climate, like a Yankee's Florida. It's a certain ungeographical South-within-the-South—as portable and intangible as—as——"

"As our souls in our bodies," interposed Barbara.

"You've said it exactly! It's a sort o' something — social, civil, political, economic——"

"Romantic?"

"Yes, romantic! Something that makes——"

"No land like Dixie in all the wide world over!"

"Good!" cried John. "Good! O, my mother's expressed that beautifully in a lyric of hers where she says that though every endearing charm should fade away like a fairy gift, our love would still entwine itself around the dear ruin—verdantly— But I oughtn't to try to quote it without knowing it better. Doesn't her style remind you of some of the British poets? Aha! I knew you'd say so! Your father's noticed it. He says she ought to study Moore!"

Barbara looked startled, colored, and then was impassive again, all in an instant and so prettily, that John gave her his heartiest admiration even while chafed with new doubts of Garnet's genuineness.

The commercial man went back to the smoking-room to mention casually that Mrs. March was a poetess.

"There's mighty little," John began, but the din of a passing freight train compelled him to repeat much louder — "There's mighty little poetry that can beat Tom Moore's!"

Barbara showed herself so mystified and embarrassed that March was sure she had not heard him correctly. He reiterated his words, and she understood and smiled broadly, but would not express her opinion. She merely explained, apologetically, that she had thought he had said there was mighty little pastry could beat his mother's.

John laughed so heartily that Mrs. Fair looked back at Barbara with gay approval, and life seemed to him for the moment to have less battle-smoke and more sunshine; but by and by when he thought Barbara's attention was entirely on the landscape, she saw him unconsciously shake his head and heave a sigh.

LXI

CONCERNING FIRST LOVE

When the train stopped at a station they talked of the book in her hand, and by the time it started on they were reading poems from the volume to each other. The roar of the wheels did not drown her low, searching tones; by bending close John could hear quite comfortably. Between readings they discussed those truths of the heart on which the poems touched. Later, though they still read aloud, they often looked on the page together.

In the middle of one poem they turned the book face downward to consider a question. Did Miss Garnet believe—Mr. March offered to admit that among the small elect who are really capable of a divine passion there may be some with whom a second love is a genuine and beautiful possibility—yet it passed his comprehension—he had never seen two dawns in one day—but! did Miss Garnet believe such a second love could ever have the depth and fervor of the first?

Yes, she replied with slow care, she did—in a man's case at least. To every deep soul she did believe it was appointed to love once — yes — with a greater joy and pain than ever before or after, but she hardly thought this was first love. It was almost sure to be first love in a woman, for a woman, she said, can't afford to let herself love until she knows she is loved, and, so, her first love—when it really is love, and not a mere consent to be loved——

"Which is frequently all it is," said John.

"Yes. But when it is a re-al love—it's fearfully sure and strong *because* it has to be slow. I believe when such a love as that leaves a woman's heart, it is likely to leave it hope-less-ly strand-ed."

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"And you think it's different with a man?"

"Why, I hope it's sometimes different with a woman; but I believe, Mr. March, that with a man the chances are better. A man who simply must love, and love with his whole soul——"

"Then you believe there are such?"

"Yes, there must be, or God wouldn't create some of the women he makes."

"True!" said John, very gallantly.

"But don't you think, Mr. March, a man of that sort is apt to love prematurely and very faultily? His best fruit doesn't fall first. Haven't you observed that a man's first love is just what a woman finds hardest to take in earnest?"

"Yes, I have observed that. And still — are you too cynical to believe that there are men to whom first love is everything and second love impossible?"

"No," said Barbara, with true resentment. "I'm not too cynical. But — " she looked her prettiest—"still I don't believe it."

John turned on her a hard glance which instantly softened. It is a singular fact that the length and droop of a girl's eyelashes have a great weight in an argument.

"And yet," she resumed, but waited for John to wave away the train-boy with his books.

"And yet what?" asked March, ever so kindly.

"And yet, that first love is everything, is what every woman would like every man to believe, until he learns better." Her steadfast gaze and slow smile made John laugh. He was about to give a railing answer when the brakeman announced twenty minutes for dinner at the next stop.

"What! It can't——" he looked at his watch. "Why, would you have imagined?"

O yes; her only surprise—a mild one—was that he didn't know it.

At table she sat three seats away, with her Northern friends between; and when they were again roaring over streams, and through hills and valleys, and the commercial travellers were discussing aërial navigation, and March cut short his after-dinner smoke and came back to resume his conversation, he found Miss Garnet talking to the Fairs, and not to be moved by the fact—which he felt it the merest courtesy to state—that the best views were on the other side of the car.

Thereupon he went to the car's far end and wrote a short letter to his mother, who had exacted the pledge of one a day, which she did not promise to answer.

In this he had some delay. A woman with a disabled mouth, cautiously wiping crumbs off it with a paper napkin, asked him the time of day. She explained that she had loaned her watch—gold—patent lever—to her husband, who was a printer. She said the chain of the watch was made of her mother's hair. She also stated that her husband was an atheist, and had a mole on his back shaped exactly like the sole of a shoe, and that she had been called by telegraph to the care of an aunt taken down with measles and whose husband was a steamboat pilot, and an excellent self-taught banjoist; that she, herself, had in childhood been subject to membranous croup which had been cured with pulsatilla, which the doctor had been told to prescribe, by his grandmother, in a dream; also that her father, deceased, was a man of the highest refinement, who had invented a stump-extractor; that her sisters were passionately fond of her; that she never spoke to strangers when travelling, but, somehow, he, March, did not seem like a stranger at all; and that she had brought her dinner with her in a pasteboard shirt-box rather than trust railroad cooking, being a dyspeptic. She submitted the empty box in evidence, got him to step to the platform, and throw it away, and on his return informed him that it was dyspepsia had disabled her mouth, and not overwork, as she and her sisters had once supposed.

Still March did finish his letter. Then he went and smoked another cigar. And then he came again and found the travelling men playing whist, Mr. and Mrs. Fair dozing, and Miss Garnet looking out of a window on the other side in a section at the far end of the car, the only one not otherwise occupied.

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"I'm in your seat," she said.

"O don't refuse to share it with me, you take away all its value."

She gradually remarked that she was not the sort of person to wilfully damage the value of a seat in a railroad car, and they shared it.

For a time they talked at random. He got out a map and time-table and while he held one side and she the other he showed where and why they had had to lie five hours at a junction the night before. But when these were folded again there came a silent interval, and then John sank lower in his place, dropped his tone, and asked,

"Do you remember what we were speaking of before dinner?"

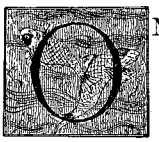
Barbara dreamily said yes and they began where they had left off.

Three hours later, on the contrary, they left off where they had begun.

(To be continued.)

THE FOLLY OF MOCKING AT THE MOON

By Gaston Fay



N the eastern portion of the south coast of Long Island there resided, some years since, an old sailor-man, "Bill" Waters by name, who for more than fifty years had followed the sea, now in ships of war and then in whalers or merchant-vessels, his last cruise being on the Kearsarge when that ship fought the Alabama. He was one of the crew of the after pivot-gun, which wrought such havoc to the last-named vessel.

Uncle Bill lived in a little cabin on the beach, where, in summer, through the sale of cakes, fruits, and nuts, he added measurably to his annual revenue. He was one of those quaint, old sailor-men of former days, the total disappearance of whom, now near at hand, will sever the last link which contributed so potently to the interest and humor of the seas.

Uncle Bill was a firm and consistent believer in signs and tokens. An ingrained pessimist, any manifestation in nature above or below the normal drew from him predictions which, if taken seriously, would have undermined and saturated with gloom the most hopeful spirit. To the moon he owed an unquestioning, abject, and loyal allegiance. If one in a hundred of the prognostications which he made, founded upon the movements and phases of our satellite, had been verified, it would have stamped it as the most malignant and terrifying of phenomena.

This blind adulation of Uncle Bill was a source of considerable amusement to summer visitors. Now and again some one of the clergy would take the thing seriously, and would reason with Uncle Bill upon his "heathenish worship of an innocent sphere of inert matter." Uncle Bill never vouchsafed but the one reply:

"I ne'er know'd no good a-comin' from a-cussin' and a-mockin' o' the moon."

The writer, who has had some experience with old-fashioned sailor-men, and who was cognizant of their innocent credulity, particularly in connection with the presumed potency of the moon, was a frequent visitor at Uncle Bill's cabin, who, when the day's work was done, being a widower and living alone, was disposed to talk freely concerning the incidents of his seafaring life. On one occasion, the conversation turning upon the fight between the Kearsarge and Alabama, Uncle Bill remarked:

"I nev'r know'd no good a-comin' from a-cussin' and a-mockin' o' the moon. Most fo'ks, princ'p'ly landlubb'rs and sich, thinks as how the guns of the Kearsarge dun the biz'ness for the Alabamy. So it wor, partic'l'r Bill Smith, the Capt'in of the aft'r pivot-gun, me and Joe bein' in the

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crew; but Bill ne'er wud a dun it so handy, but bein' fur the cussin' wot a off'c'r abo'rd the Alabamy give the moon, it a-skeerin' of the men, they bein' sail'r-men and allus a-tre'tin' on her prop'r.

"It wor e'rly in August, 1863, me and Joe Smith bein' shipm't's on the w'alin' bark Jane Mari'r, of New Bedf'd, Capt'in Buzzid, we bein' nigh onto three year aroun' the ice in S'uth'rn waters a-killin' w'ales, and nev'r hearin' nuthin' from home.

"We wor hom'rd boun', bein' in about lat'tude 30° South, we a-bowlin' along eight knots, w'en we sight'd a ste'mer a-he'din' fur us. Afore long she hove to off our bow, she a-firin' of a gun. Capt'in Buzzid, a-thinkin' it wor some gen'l'm'ly sail'r-man a-salutin' on 'im, dips his flag. W'ich bein' dun the ste'mer let go ag'in, a shell a-scre'm-in' across our bow. Capt'in Buzzid, a-takin' this fur a hint to he've to, hove the bark up mi'ty short.

"Afore long we see a boat a-puttin' off from the ste'mer full of men, a black-whiskey'd (whiskered) off'c'r a-sittin' in the starn. W'en she comes 'longside on us, the off'c'r a-yellin' fur a rope, and one bein' hove 'im, he h'ists hissel' abo'rd, foll'r'd by his crew, Capt'in Buzzid a-meetin' on 'im w'en he land'd on the deck.

"'Wot's the trubble?'" sez the Capt'in.

"'Nuthin,' sez the off'c'r, 'exceptin' yo're a prize to the Confidrit Stat's ste'mer Alabamy, Capt'in Sims.'

"'Wot's that fur?'

"'Ain't yer heerd the news?'

"'No,' sez the Capt'in, 'I ain't heerd nuthin', bein' nigh onto three year a-chasin' w'ales, without gittin' no word nor writin' from home.'

"'Why!' sez the off'c'r, 'the S'uthern Stat's is succeed'd from the Union, and is a-fightin' of the Yankees, and a-lickin' on 'em like blaz's.'

"'Wot's that fur?' sez the Capt'in.

"''Cause,' sez the off'c'r, 'we got tir'd o' them Yankees a-jawin' and a-sassin' on us, and a-grabbin' of our nigg'rs, so we's succeed'd from the Union, and Capt'in Sims is a-cruisin' and wipin' Yankee commus from the seas.

"'It ain't no use fur no more jaw' sez the off'c'r to the Capt'in. 'Go b'low,' he sez, 'and fetch yer pap'rs, and yer mon'y, and yer c'ronom't'rs and sich dunnige as is conven'ent!' A sayin' w'ich he yells to our mate:

"'Must'r of yer crew!' W'ich bein' dun and we a stan'in' in line, the off'c'r a-lookin' on us ov'r, he sez, a-grinnin' like:

"'We're a leet'l short-handed abo'rd the Alabamy,' sez he, 'and we're a-lookin' fur a few gen'l'm'ly men to jine our fam'ly circle. Lashins o' grub, and nuthin' to do but to sit aroun' and play on the pianer-forty and practis' singin'. If any of you gen'l'men,' sez he, 'is willin', ple'se step for'rd.'

"We bein' Amerikin sail'r-men, and nev'r heerin' no sich talk afore, nary one on us come for'rd.

"Aft'r waitin' a minit the off'c'r sez:

"'If yer won't jine us, we'll hev to take yer as vis't'rs. Go b'low,' he sez, 'and git yer dunnige!' and a-larfin like, 'and don't forgit yer swall'r-tail coats and w'ite crawats, fur Capt'in Sims is werry partic'lar how gen'l'men is togg'd wot grubs with 'im in the cabin.'

"W'en we goes b'low, Joe he sez to me:

"'Bill Waters, did yer ever heer a sail'r-man talk like that afore?'

"'Nev'r but wunst,' sez I. 'If I'm not mistook, me and that black-whiskey'd off'c'r wor shipm't's abo'rd the ole St. Mary's, durin' the Mexikin War, he bein' a midsh'pm'n and a-givin' us guff like that all the w'ile.'

"W'en we goes on deck with our dunnige, all han's bein' must'ed, the off'c'r ord'rs the low'rin' of the boats and we a-tumblin' in, we rows to the Alabamy, and we a-h'istin' on oursel's abo'rd, the boats wor sot adr'ft and our pedigr's took. Art'r w'ich me and Joe takes a squint aroun' a-lookin' fur some shipm'te among the Confidrits, wot we'd sail'd with afore.

"It worn't long afore we come across Tom McBurney, a Blue-Nose from Novy Scotie, wot hed sail'd along on us in a West'rn Ocean craft. Tom know'd us, and a-be'rin' no hard feelin's he takes us b'low, and a-leavin' on us and a-makin' off, he goes aft and art'r a jaw with Mr. Kell, the exec'tive off'c'r, he bill'ts

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us in Tom's mess, he bein' a petty off'c'r. Havin' plenty o' baccy and the grub bein' fair, we finds no fault.

"Art'r stowin' of our dunnige we goes on deck, the Alabamy a-steerin' a course fur the Cape, the Jane Mari'r bein' astarn blazin' fore and aft, the smoke a rollin' above her trucks, a-takin' along on it three years' pay and a lay fer me and Joe.

"The Alabamy wor a prop'r ship. I ne'er see one wot wor cle'ner—Mr. Kell, the exec'tive off c'r, bein' a sail'r-man wot know'd his biz'n'ss. He wor a driv'r, a-keepin' of the crew a-skippin'. Well he dun so, seein' as how they wor a hard lot, Tom McBurney a-le'din' on 'em, he bein' a sea-lawy'r, and knowin' how to keep a-stirrin' on 'em up. Mr. Kell wor a-chasin' on 'em day and night. Wot with handlin' sails, scrubbin' decks, polishin' bright work, a-drillin' at the big guns and small-arms, he kep' on 'em that tuck'r'd out, that ev'n Tom, as leery as he wor, wor beat at his own game.

"It bein' the fust night me and Joe wor abo'rd the Alabamy, and we a-goin' on deck, Joe takes a squint at the moon, she bein' in her fust qua'ter.

"'Bill,' he sez, 'I nev'r see the moon a-woll'rin' so far to the s'uth'rd on her fust qua'ter afore. If I'm not mistook, there's goin' to be a fracas o' the weath'r wot will set these 'ere Confidrits a-skippin'.'

"It bein' nigh the br'ge w'ere me and Joe wor a-talkin', we not knowin' the black-whiskey'd off'c'r wor on watch, he a-heerin' on us leans ov'r the rail and sez:

"'D—n the moon! My men,' sez he, 'don't yer know wot ye're a-sayin' ain't nuthin' but foolish'ess and ole women's talk? The moon,' sez he, 'ain't got nuthin' to do with the we'th'r, nor nuthin' else, no mor'n a black cat with reefin' tops'ls. Eddic'ted men w'en they wants to know consarnin' the we'th'r, they stud'es of the barom't'r'—and other jaw-br'akin' wurds w'ich I disrememb'r—'no one,' he sez, 'abo'rd this ship cares a d—n fur the moon.'

"A-heerin' this, me and Joe bein' skeert along o' sich a-cussin' of the moon, we goes for'rd, Joe a-saying to me,

"'Bill,' he sez, 'art'r sich talk, if I'm not mistook, afore two days ther'll be trubble abo'rd this ship!'

"Me and Joe a-goin' 'tween decks, we see Tom McBurney a-spinnin' yarns to the watch b'low. Art'r he'd reel'd off wot he wor a-spinnin', Joe sez to 'im:

"'Tom,' he sez, 'did yer nev'r know no good a-comin' from a-cussin' and a-mockin' o' the moon abo'rd ship?'

"'No, nor now'ere else,' sez Tom; 'who's be'n a-doin' that?'

"Then Joe he reel'd off wot the black-whiskey'd off'c'r hed b'en a-sayin'. W'en the Confidrits heerd this, they bein' sail'r-men and allus a-tre'tin' of the moon pro'p'r, they wor all on 'em one'sy and skeert exceptin' Tom.

"'I nev'r,' sez he, 'wor abo'rd but one craft w'ere th're wor any cussin' of the moon, and all along on it she a-found'rin' and her skipp'r hove to Davy Jones.'

"It worn't long afore it wor all ov'r the ship, wot the black-whiskey'd off'c'r hed been a-talkin', Capt'in Sims and Mr. Kell a-jumpin' and a-jawin' on 'im for sayin' sich foolish'ess. The Confidrits along on it, bein' that skeert and one'sy, anythin' a-comin' and a-tacklin' on 'em, they wor lick'd for sartin.

"W'en me and Joe goes on deck the nex' mornin', it wor ov'rcast and blowin' hard outen the nor'e'st, the sea a-makin' up. Along to'rds noon the Confidrits a-thinking th're wor goin' to be trubble, wor a-skippin' aroun' gittin' extry lashin's on the'r boats and guns, and a-batt'nin' down hatches. By sundown it wor blowin' fe'rf'l, a tremend'us sea a-runnin', the Alabamy a-lab'rin' and shippin' wat'r fore and aft. Along in the night me and Joe a-heerin' a thumpin' ov'rhe'd, we goes on deck, w'ere we see that one of the port guns wor bust'd loose, and a-rampagin', the Confidrits a-skippin' aroun' a-tryin' to git a tackl' onto her, w'ich they a-doin', but not afore three on 'em wor smash'd, two on 'em a-dyin' w'en they wer took b'low.

"Joe, w'en he see this, he sez to me, 'Bill, wot wor I tellin' on yer; all this comes along o' that off'c'r a-cussin' o' the moon.'

"I nev'r see a lot of sail'r-men so skeert as wor the Confidrits. Mr. Kell

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a-jumpin' and a-chasin' on 'em, they a-lookin' fur suthin' wuss to come, it still blowin' fe'rf'l and the Alabamy hove to; Tom McBurney a-stirrin' on 'em up, and a-keepin' on 'em skeert.

"Art'r a w'ile the we'th'r mod'ratin' and the Confidrits wot wor smash'd bein' hove ov'rbo'rd, the Alabamy wor put on her course fur Cape Town, w'ere we arrivin', we wor put ashore.

"Art'r hangin' aroun' a w'ile at Cape Town and a-seein' no chanc' of a passige home, me and Joe ships on a lime-juic'r (an English vessel) boun' for Rio to load coff'e for New York, w'ere we arrivin' along in the fust week in March, 1864, and we bein' pay'd off, we goes down on the Island (Long Island) to see our fo'ks.

"Me and Joe a-gittin' ole'sy and a-rampagin' for to ship on some man-o'-war wot wor lik'ly to tackl' the Alabamy, we goes to New York a-takin' along on us our discharg's. Ole man-o'-wars-men bein' skarce 'cause o' the war, they wor treet'd mi'ty perlite, so w'en we goes to the Navy Yard and comes to agin the yall'r buildin' wot they calls the Lyceem, a off'c'r all kiver'd with gold lace a-seein' on us comin', and he a-ey'in' on us werry leery, he comes alongside on us, and sez he:

"'If I'm not mistook ye're two ole men-o'-wars-men a-lookin' fur a job?'

"'Yess'r,' sez we.

"'Wot's ye're ratin'?' sez he.

"'Abl' seamen, s'r.'

"'Wot wor yer last ship?'

"Then Joe, a-reelin' off his yarn, tells 'im how we, a-shippin' on a w'aler fur a change, wor took by the Alabamy. He a-heerin' this and a-skippin' aroun', he sez:

"'Come with me!'

"W'ich we a-doin' and goin' up the steers into a room, he goes a-cruisin', and afore long he comes back, he a-makin' on us sign'ls to foll'r 'im, w'ich we a-doin', he sez:

"'A'miral Pawlin, the command'nt, wud like to hev a talk with yer.'

"He a-leadin', we goes into a room w'ere we see a fine ole sail'r-man, all kiver'd with gold, a-sittin' in a cheer. I know'd 'im as soon as I seen 'im, we bein' shipm't's abo'rd the old Powhatan. He wor a lufft'nt, bein' that leery that he know'd the name of ev'ry man abo'rd the ship, they bein' a lot on us. Abo'rd, he a-chasin' on us aroun', but w'en he wor ashore nuthing pleasin' on 'im bett'r than to be a-spinnin' yarns with ole Jack.

"W'en we come to alongside on 'im he sez, werry perlite:

"'Take cheers!' w'ich me and Joe a-doin', and he a-lookin' me ov'r as if he know'd me, he sez:

"'If I'm not mistook you and me's be'n shipm't's, and your nam's Will'am Waters?'

"Joe a-he'rin' me call'd Will'am and nev'r knowin' me by any but 'Bill,' he wor one'sy and skeert.

"'Yess'r,' sez I.

"'Wot mou't be the name of yer mate?' sez the A'miral, 'I dis'rememb'r on 'im.'

"'Joe, s'r,' sez I.

"'Joe wot?' he sez, he bein' werry partic'l'r consarnin' nam's.

"'Smith, s'r,' sez I.

"'Oh!' sez the A'miral, 'Josef Smith, is it? Well!' he sez, 'I onderstan' that you two wor took by the Alabamy; how wor that?'

"So I a-reelin' off the yarn, w'en I come to w'ere the black whiskey'd off'c'r wor a-cussin' and a-mockin o' the moon, the A'miral a-lookin' werry sol'm, he sez:

"'That will do, Will'am,' and he a-tinklin' of a bell and a marine a-comin' in, he sez to 'im:

"'Cop'ral,' sez he, 'see if Com'dore Jinks is aroun' to-day, if so bein' I wud like to talk with 'im.'

"Afore long we heers a-blowin' and a-wheezin', the ol'est sail'r-man I ev'r see a-comin' in the door. We bein' told arter'rds that he wor mor'n nin'ty year ole, bein' retir'd for mor'n thirty year. He wor a-leanin' on a cane, a ole sail'r-man, wot had been attendin' on 'im ev'r since he quit the sea, a-holdin' on 'im up on t'oth'r side. He wor as bald as a grape-shot, a long w'ite beard a-hangin' down his chist. He a-comin' to alongside A'miral Pawlin, and bein' low'rd keerf'l onto a cheer, a cushin' ag'in 'im for to ease 'im; he a-follerin' of the sea fur so many year it wor pro'bl his back wor kiver'd with barnicl's, and they a-aggrawat'n' on

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'im, the wind bein' to the suth'rd and damp'sh."

"The ole sail'r-man a-riggin' of a trumpit onto Com'dore Jinks's ear, he bein' stun deef, A'miral Pawlin h'ists hissel agin it, a yellin' in it the yarn wot I wor a-spinnin'. I nev'r heerd sich a n'ise, it a-makin' of the wind'rs rattl', yer cud a-heerd the jaw a mile off. A'miral Pawlin w'en he wor dun, bein' that blow'd he cudn't say no more; he a-sittin' in a cheer a-fannin' on hissel'. Com'dore Jinks a-blinkin' of his ey's and a-hitchin' of his back for to ease hissel' agin' the barn'cl's, and a-gittin' of his jaw und'rway, he sez, werry sol'm-like:

"'I nev'r know'd no good a-comin' from a-mockin' and a-cussin' o' the moon. With sich talk a-goin' on abo'rd the Alabamy she hev fur sartin' a bill't fur the bott'm o' the sea.'

"A-sayin' w'ich the Com'dore a-settlin' on hissel' in his cheer, he goes a-sleepin', a-snorin' fe'rf'l.

"A'miral Pawlin, a-gittin' of his w'nd and a-findin' of his v'ice (voice), he sez to me and Joe:

"'We hev a idee that the ship wot is lik'ly to tackl' o' the Alabamy is the Kearsarge. Afore long we're a-goin' to send a off'c'r and a small draft of men to jine her. Take this writin',' sez he, 'abo'rd the rece'vin'-ship, and give it to her capt'in.'

"W'ich we a-doin', and afore long ord'rs a-comin', we goes abo'rd a passin'g'r ste'm'r in New York, and in about two weeks we jines the Kearsarge on the coast of France.

"Me and Joe w'en we gets abo'rd the Kearsarge, we a-lookin' aroun', we see Bill Smith, he bein' shipm'tes along on us on a bark in the W'st Ingy trade. Bill know'd us, and we a-goin' b'low art'r he a-jawin' with Mr. Thornton, the exec'tive off'c'r, we wor bill't'd in Bill's crew, he bein' capt'in of the aft'r pivit-gun.

"Bill wor a down-e'st sail'r-man wot know'd his biz'ness. He wor e'sygoin', allus a-smilin', a-pullin' of his w'iske's, and spinnin' yarns; but w'en it come w'en a'most any man wor skeert, Bill wor jus' a wakin' up.

"On the 12th of June, we bein' anch'r'd off Flushin', in Holl'nd, and some writin's a-comin' abo'rd, we a-chasin' aroun', th're wor nev'r no anch'r hove up so suddin. We a-ste'min' to Cherb'ug, w'ere we see the Alabamy anch'r'd b'hin' the br'kwat'r.

"We a-stan'in' off an' on the port fur three or four days, it bein' Sund'y and all han's togg'd out in blue, a-waitin' for inspect'n, we see the Alabamy a-comin' out, follor'd by a French man-o'-war, a Ingl'sh craft a-taggin' on b'hin'. We a-be'tin' to quart'rs and ste'min' out to sea.

"Six or sev'n mile out the Alabamy bein' about a mile astarn, Capt'in Winslow hove the Kearsarge aroun', we a-goin' at it a-ham'rin' one and t'oth'r, both a-circlin' and fi'ntin' of our starb'd bat'r's.

"It wor fun to see Bill Smith, he allus a-smilin', a-namin' of his shots and a-plunkin' of the Alabamy reg'l'r, like drivin' nails in a bo'rd. On the last roun' he a-bustin' of a shell und'r her for'rd pivit-gun, a h'istin' on it up. That wor the end—the Alabamy wor lick'd. She a-settlin' aft, h'ists her bow in the air, and goes down starn for'm'st.

"We a-yellin' and a-cheerin', and the boats bein' call'd away, we tumbl's in, and a-rowin' to w'ere the Confidrits wor a-swimmin' aroun', we see the Brit'sh'r a-grabbin' on 'em and a-h'istin' on 'em in her boats, they a-makin' off w'en they see us comin'.

"Art'r pickin' up all wot wor left atop of wat'r, Tom McBurney bein' one on em, we rows back to the Kearsarge, and a-h'istin' in our boats me and Joe scuttl's aroun' a-lookin' for Tom, and soon a-findin' on' im Joe sez to 'im:

"'Tom,' sez he, 'wor that black-whiskey'd off'c'r wot wor a-cussin' and a-mockin' o' the moon, wor he kill'd or drownd'd?'

"'Nuth'r,' sez Tom, 'he a-le'vin' of the Alabamy dry foot'd, and the only man on the ship wot sav'd his dunnige. The last I seen on 'im,' sez Tom, 'he wor a-h'istin' on hissel' abo'rd the Brit'sh'r, she now bein' hull down a-makin' fur the Ingl'sh shore.'"

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THE POINT OF VIEW

THE strikes and their consequences opened to the American citizen even more subjects for profitable thought than have been liberally pointed out to him in the month of their discussion. Upon the more obvious of these latter, excepting perhaps the great question itself of the existence and adjustment of labor grievances, he has probably made up his mind in some fashion — influenced of course by temperament and tradition, but definitely enough for a working hypothesis, the majority result of which we shall see in votes, the tone of stock-exchanges, and the trend of business. We shall know by the evidence of these whether the confidence gained from the attitude and decisive action of the central government quite balanced the sense of a new danger coming to light in the Populist governors and the California militia; whether the final sharp stand of press and people left the dominant impression, or the local dilatoriness and incapacity. The optimistic opinion will prevail, as it always does, and as on the whole it always should —a pessimistic people is probably as abhorrent to nature as a vacuum; but I believe that this time it will not be a complacent optimism; it seems impossible that some of the dangers we have seen should go neglected, or that such an object-lesson should be forgotten. It is not necessary that the prophecy of Macaulay, which Mr. Gordon quoted in the Senate, should be fulfilled— that the Republic would either lose its civilization by mob law, or in putting down mob law with a strong hand would lose its liberties. After all, there was always plenty of sailing-room between Scylla and Charybdis for a careful pilot. Only, if we do not use the advantages of modern civilization to put a search-light on Scylla's rock and buoy out the Charybdis currents, we shall not have the excuses of our primitive forerunners.

As to the main question, probably no reasonable man is disposed to deny that the employment of great aggregations of labor by great aggregations of capital has in it the inevitable possibility of abuses— the wise man would probably add, on both sides; and he would certainly add, not to be entirely settled by any science which altogether ignores the human element in the question. We are in the period of discovery in this matter; just before its great discoverers, let us hope; and everybody is trying it with his nostrums, as mediæval doctors did disease before intelligent medicine and hygiene. But surely what the strikes did, if anything, was to add another to the many proofs that no cure can be effected by any systematic interference with the liberty of the individual. It is never safe to dogmatize on what the wisest still hold to be in debate; but probably it would be the nearest approach to safe dogmatizing to say that only that degree of organizing and combining will ever be permanent or successful, which secures the best opportunity for the individual's development; and the moment it does more and despotizes him, it loses its power and reacts like any other despotism. This is the theory of all successful government; and not all the plans of Socialism or Trades-unionism, when they go beyond it, will ever change the result. There is only one permanent despotism: "Nature is not democratic, nor limited-monarchical, but

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despotic, and will not be fooled or abated of any jot of her authority, by the pertest of her sons." Whoever forgets that society is an aggregation of individuals, and that you cannot permanently change its insistence on the pursuit of its needs and wishes, or the nature of those needs and wishes, without changing individual human nature by saner and slower processes of education than those of Mr. Debs, seems to be in danger of this "pertness."

It is Emerson, of course, who says this about Nature; and in the passage in which it occurs is further this: "Republics abound in young civilians who believe that the laws make the city; that grave modifications of the policy and modes of living and employments of the population, that commerce, education, and religion may be voted in or out; that any measure, though it were absurd, may be imposed on a people, if only you can get sufficient voices to make it a law. But the wise know that foolish legislation is a rope of sand, which perishes in the twisting; that the state must follow and not lead the character and progress of the citizen . . . . and that the form of government which prevails is the expression of what cultivation exists in the population that permits it." Probably one could in no way so merit the derision of earnest Populists as to sit in the East and quote Emerson at them; yet surely, even by a Populist this may be read with benefit.

THERE was a hot, close fight in the Board of Education in one of the largest cities of the Union, this year, over the choice of a president, who names the committees, and so largely determines the general policy of the board. The "issue" was the relative attention to be paid to what are called "primary" pupils, and to pupils of the "higher" grades. Those who believed that the former should have the greater consideration won the day, and their candidate announced, when he took his seat, that he should do what he could to direct the expenditures for buildings, so that the number of children in each primary class, under the care of one teacher, might be "reduced to sixty." He is regarded in that blessed board of so-called education as a radical, and his programme was received with appropriate applause or derision by the respective parties. Sixty little ones in one class, in the care of one teacher, who is possibly not more than twenty years old, or long out of the "high" school, and who receives at most $600 a year! In the columns of the paper that reported these curious proceedings, I found an anecdote of a Sunday-school class who designed a banner for their festival, on which was rudely but effectively portrayed a wide-jawed lion, with the legend, "Suffer little children to come unto me." The banner should be presented to this board of education and hung above the president's chair, until, in the evolution of the community, some idea of the function of the public school less ravening and savage shall prevail.

Yet the respectable gentlemen who constitute this board are not themselves cruel or indifferent, nor are the instructors of various grades who have developed this amazing state of things. Nor are they, in general, ignorant. Many of them I know are honest and faithful business men, giving much time and work without pay to what they consider their duties, or teachers with a real purpose to serve their pupils and a genuine respect for their profession. They are victims of the feeling that the later stages of schooling are more important than the earlier, when, whether we consider the nature and permanence of the influence possible or the number influenced, the exact reverse is, in the public schools at least, the truth.

It is one of the curiosities of democracy, that by far the greater part of the money and effort expended on general instruction should be for the benefit of by far the smaller number. This is not only a glaring anomaly, but it is a gross injustice. Why is it submitted to? Because the greater number are not and cannot well be represented in the governing bodies. No man gets into a board of education who, if he send his children to a public school at all, is obliged to take them out and set them to work at twelve or fifteen years of age. He could no more afford to serve in the board than he could afford to keep his children in school. Those who do get in belong to and represent the class to whom "advanced" instruction seems the more impor-

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tant;—which, by the way, goes to show that equality in suffrage does not secure equality in benefit from the common expenditures, and throws some dry light on the probable working of the socialist scheme for compulsory justice, which Professor Sumner, with rather brutal accuracy, calls "making the world over."

WHAT we like to call provincialism is, I suppose, a matter of incorrect perspective. A person dwelling with comparatively few associates, or in a larger community of nearly uniform ideas and habits, judges the world by the standard his experience and observation have supplied, as obviously he must; and the standard being a narrow (not necessarily a low) one, his views are correspondingly narrow. He is, we say, provincial. The essence of his provincialism is his general mistake as to the importance and value of what he sees and thinks, and wherever you find that mistake habitually made you have provincialism.

One of the brightest journalists of Paris recently remarked of the Republic, which through the stress and trial of a score of years has established itself with an apparent solidity and an acknowledged dignity possessed by no French government since the Revolution, that it had become *presque Parisienne*. This, it would seem, is provincialism of as pure a strain and as unconsciously petty as any province of France could produce. It is a fair counterpart of the traditional Western remark, that "New York would be a great town if it were not so far out of Chicago." And it is curious to remark how this grotesque habit of measuring great things by little things—for Paris, great as it is in many ways, some of which your confident *Parisien* fails to understand, is not so great as France—obtains more noticeably in France than in any other country of intelligence approaching that of the French. It is not a disagreeable habit altogether. There is a grace of sincerity and simplicity about it that redeems the conceit at the bottom of it. Its comparisons are not generally odious. There is an assumption that to call a thing French, or Parisian, or *gaulois* is to give it the last word of praise; but the corresponding assumption, that not to merit those adjectives is simply not to require notice at all, is not often put in words. It is implied, but unless you are very sensitive, you incline to ignore the implication rather than to take offence at what is to the Frenchman so inevitable.

This is provincialism, nevertheless, and its root is in a certain slowness of the French mind, nimble enough within its range, but indisposed to extend the range, and doing so only with effort often painful, sometimes amusing, "*Le vice de l'indolence*," says Jules Simon, "*c'est depuis longtemps notre vice national.*" By which certainly he does not mean that the French are not industrious, but that they move, when they move, with reluctance. By preference and contentedly, they rest in their "*huis clos*," and measure all things by the measure they are used to, not suspecting how inadequate and inapt it is. To that extent they are provincial.

ANY delusions that may have beset the summer vacationer from the city about the intensity of his own gregarious instincts, are apt to be widely dispelled about this time of year, when, after his month by the sea or in the country, he first strikes a considerable town. It need not be such a very big town, but only a city with the ordinary appliances of city life, with hotels that are real hotels, not summer hotels; with shops, newspapers, and people. It is really pitiable to see the poor creature's satisfaction in finding the commonest appurtenances of urban existence within his reach. The most ordinary sights bear a friendly aspect to him. The members of the Salvation Army that he sees in the streets seem to him like old acquaintances. The cigar-store Indians are his long-lost brothers. The conventional ornaments of the drug-stores, the soda-water fountains, and awful instruments, and sponges, and patent medicine boxes that garnish those repositories, seem cheerful and alluring to him, and the familiar drug-store smell rises in his nostrils like the very breath of life. There are barber shops—he can have his locks trimmed; there are saloons—he can quench his thirst; there are bookstores—he can learn what progress literature has made during his absence from the world, and can look at the outsides of the newest books and supply

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himself with all the latest magazines. It rejoices him, as he dodges a trolley car, to find his instinct of self-preservation still unimpaired. A bicycler grazes him as he whizzes by, and he swears more in glee than in irritation. Poor degenerate creature that he is, after viewing God's creation for a month, man's poor appliances possess a new charm for him. The visions he had in June of the delights of a life-long communion with nature have faded out, and he rejoices that his lot has been cast in the haunts of men. Even his work, that he had come so to despise, has charms for him again, and he thinks with relief, and even with enthusiasm, of having a desk to return to every morning, and of the set task which is to occupy his active hours and relieve him of the obligation to choose between rival forms of laborious amusement.

Bless the man! Don't imagine that the merits and blisses and attractions which he sees in cities really exist. Don't suppose that the sight of the blue sea or the blue hills is not intrinsically better than any sights he will find in town. It is just a case of *cœlum non animum*, that's all. He is a bundle of habits like all of us, and it is because he is getting back to his habits that he rejoices. He is a machine, and however it may benefit him now and then to stop for a time and repair his several parts, he is happiest on the whole when he is running, and he runs easiest and most profitably in the place that he has learned to fit. He may pose for a few weeks every year as a human creature, but the truth is that he is a mere appliance, and best off, as his own instincts tell him, in the place where he can best be applied.

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ADRIEN HENRI TANOUX'S "THREE WAIFS IN AN ALMSHOUSE."

[Selections by Philip Gilbert Hamerton from Types of Contemporary Painting. See p. 435.]

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